December 9, 1959

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Queensland re-enacts history . . pages 8, 9

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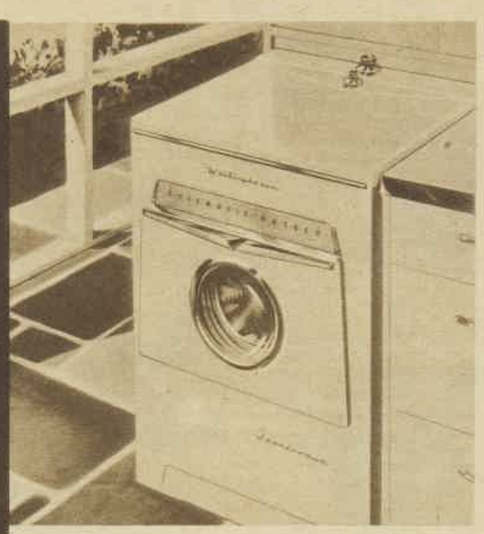

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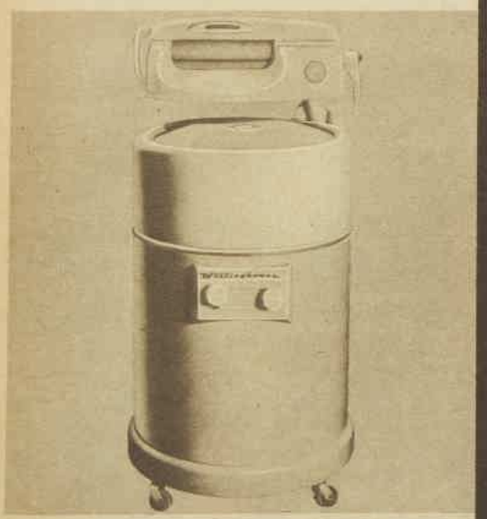

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DECEMBER 9, 1959 Vol. 27, No. 27

Our cover

● History will be re-enacted in Queensland's Proclamation Day Pageant on December 10. Our cover picture, taken during a Pageant rehearsal, shows the Dean of Brisbane, the Very Rev. William Baddeley, and Miss Nancy Knudsen studying the State's proclamation as a Colony. Mr. Baddeley is in costume as the Rev. J. Moseley and Miss Knudsen as Lady Bowen, wife of Queensland's first Governor. The baby is Diane Bain. Cover picture and the color pictures on pages 8 and 9 by Bob Millar, jun.

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Teenagers' Weekly, 16-page pull-out, featuring Listen Here, page 7; Here's Your Answer, page 10; and Teena, page 14.

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Queen Elizabeth insists on plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables for the Royal children, but 35-year-old Royal nursemaid Miss Mabel Anderson prepares the nursery menus.

HELEN CATHCART gives this sidelight of routine in the Royal nursery, where there are busy preparations for the Queen's third child (story, pages 36, 37).

She says: Nana, as Miss Anderson is called by the Royal children, decides the meals for the day from the 7.30 a.m. orange juice and shredded fruits and porridge to the plain staples of lunch and the 6.30 p.m. dinner.

She selects the fish or cottage-pie for the next day's lunch; says whether there will be honey sandwiches and gingerbread for tea.

The Royal nursery fare is that of thousands of British homes, but it is served at a Georgian table by the young nursery footman.

Travelling north to Balmoral, Miss Anderson has always liked to get Princess Anne on to the train and, if possible, asleep before it drew out.

Now the Princess will still have a sleeper, but a cot for the baby will be loaded aboard with the rest of the luggage.

★ ★ ★

UNTIL recently the piano-tuner who cared for the 14 pianos during the mammoth yearly spring-clean at Buckingham Palace (page 37) was an 80-year-old veteran who had been employed through four reigns.

He was so adept at ducking behind a door whenever members of the Royal Family entered the room that he claimed he had never once met them.

Now many new young craftsmen are taking over the intricacies of Palace care from the veterans.

Even the Palace housekeeper, Mrs. Findlater, is a newcomer.

In her office, filing cabinets are stuffed with photographs of every room in the Palace.

King George V was once annoyed after a spring-clean because all the old familiar things in his room were not precisely in place.

Photographs have been taken ever since to ensure that each piece of furniture is replaced in its exact position.

NEXT WEEK

● "Revolution in the Churches," a magnificent seven-page all-color section, is a special Christmas feature in our next issue. Some of the most striking color pictures ever published in Australia reveal a startling new approach to architecture in churches of all denominations.

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The new Governor-General

VISCOUNT DUNROSSIL, newly appointed Governor-General of Australia, with Lady Dunrossil at their English country house, Withington Manor, in Gloucestershire.

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Policeman's wife wins £1500 wardrobe

WINNER of our Paris Wardrobe Contest, Mrs. Norman Barwick, of Rockhampton, modelling one of her prize models, "Robe 612," a self-coin-spotted white tulle and organdie evening gown by Guy Laroche.

• A Rockhampton policeman's wife, who tries to dress on 10/- a week, has won our Paris Wardrobe Contest. She is Mrs. Norman Barwick, of 105 Rose St., Koongal, Rockhampton, Queensland.

HER prize is six Paris models worth £1500.

These were the models she listed in her competition entry as ideal garments for an Australian woman's spring-summer wardrobe.

Mrs. Barwick's prize-winning choice from a collection of 22 Paris models was:

"INVITATION" — a white linen suit by Patou.

"ROBE 139" — a yellow pleated silk dress by Nina Ricci.

"CORDE" — Carven's shantung cocktail dress.

"ROBE 612"—a white evening gown designed by Guy Laroche.

"PALAIS ROYAL" — matching raincoat, umbrella, and hat, by Lanvin.

"MANDARINE" — beach outfit with a white organza skirt, by Lanvin.

She was the only one of the many thousand entrants who selected the six models chosen by the judges as the best spring-summer wardrobe for a young Australian.

Fifty competitors chose five of the six in their entries, and 596 chose four of the six.

We flew Mrs. Barwick to Sydney to collect her prize.

When she arrived, the outfits were waiting for her, hanging up, cellophane-paper-covered, in the wardrobe at her hotel.

She at once recognised every garment by its competition name, and referred to them by their titles just as if she were discussing old friends.

"I'm going to really live in 'ROBE 139'," she exclaimed when she slithered into the Nina Ricci buttercup-yellow pure silk pleated frock, trying it on for the first time.

"And I've got such plans for wearing 'Mandarine' (the Lanvin beach ensemble with a white organza skirt) in a dozen different ways."

The collection could have been made to measure for Mrs. Barwick, who has a 34-inch bust, 24-inch waist, 36-inch hips, is 5ft. 7½in. in height, and weighs 8st. 8lb.

But losing a little weight because she was "too excited to eat for several days" resulted in some of the frocks needing a nipping-in round the waist.

Mrs. Barwick submitted eight entries in the competition.

She based her selections on fairly casual yet smart dressing which would fit in with Rockhampton's heat and social activities.

Mrs. Barwick and her husband haven't any children. She works as a switchboard operator in the office of a shipping firm.

Although her husband does a lot of shiftwork, they still find time to enjoy a busy social life, going to parties and entertaining friends at their home, as well as belonging to the Rockhampton Archery Club and the Field Naturalists' Society.

Dress-up on Saturday nights

"I made my choice to cover every occasion to suit Queensland life, from spending a hot, sunny day on the beach to being caught in an afternoon tropical thunderstorm," she explained.

"During the week we live simply in Rockhampton and don't bother about nightlife, but on Saturday nights we all get 'dressed up.'

"To counter the heat I chose cool fabrics, such as shantung silks, and light colors."

Mrs. Barwick has always been crazy about clothes, and, after leaving school in Brisbane, she attended classes at the June Dally-Watkins School of Deportment so that she would be able to show off what she wore to advantage.

After her marriage two and a half years ago to Norman Barwick, who is attached to the radio section of the Queensland Police Force, Mrs. Barwick admits her husband considered she was a rather extravagant dresser.

"So, to prove I was not, I felt it best to work to a budget of 10/- a week for clothes," she said.

"I wanted to save up for a car, too.

"We've also become keen on home-movie photography and archery as hobbies. It all takes money, so I have to economise wherever I can.

"Never wearing a hat, putting on stockings only on special occasions, because the weather is too hot for them anyway, and making nearly everything I wear means I now keep my dressing down to about 10/- a week."

Learned sewing from her mother

Apart from having a couple of lessons in dressmaking at the Polytechnic School in Brisbane, Mrs. Barwick learned everything she knows about sewing from her mother, Mrs. Walter Wheatley, of Kenmore, an outer suburb of Brisbane.

"Mum is a wonder," she said admiringly, describing her mother's flair for sewing.

While she was compiling her entry, Mrs. Barwick found herself mentally wearing and testing the suitability of the clothes she selected.

"I tried to get my husband to help me sort out the final list," she recalled.

"But he just said 'Uh' and went on reading the paper.

"So I talked it over with Joan Carlos—the girl I work with at a shipping-company office in Rockhampton.

"Whenever she wrinkled her nose at how a particular dress might look on me I struck it off the list.

"I was so in love with the entire Paris Wardrobe I kept the two pages from The Australian Women's Weekly illustrating it for weeks after sending in my entry.

"Finally I said to Joan one morning, 'It is no use my drooling over these clothes any longer,' and threw the pages into the office wastepaper basket.

"You have no idea how quickly I dived on that basket to rescue the precious 'wardrobe' again when a telegram arrived a few hours later, asking me to fly to Sydney to

MRS. BARWICK wearing one of her own frocks and the hairstyle she favored before her hair was restyled by a Sydney hairdresser to set off her collection of Paris models.

COOL AND ELEGANT. Prizewinner Mrs. Norman Barwick, explaining her wardrobe selection, wrote: "From chic day wear to elegant evening wear, from a hot sunny day on a tropical beach to an afternoon thunderstorm, this choice of models covers every occasion with the right outfit to suit the Queensland way of life. Cool fabrics, casual and also elegant designs, all are incorporated in this choice of models to be 'just right' for any time of the day at any place in my choice of an ideal Paris Wardrobe for tropical Queensland."

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"WITH this hat I'll want to go to church three times on a Sunday," Mrs. Barwick confided when she studied herself in the black net and grosgrain picture hat by Patou.

be photographed in these dream outfits, which were now mine!

"All our friends in 'Rocky' were absolutely wonderful helping me to get ready to make the rushed trip to Sydney.

"Joan Carlos even took her holidays a day later than planned so I could make the trip.

"But more proud and excited than anyone was my husband. He rushed round telling everyone.

"Making the trip to Sydney has been almost as exciting as winning the wonderful dresses.

Longed-for Bridge trip

"I had never been farther south than Lismore before.

"Norm, my husband, told me I could do whatever I liked while I was in Sydney, as long as I kept my mouth closed so my tongue wouldn't get sunburned!

"He also said I was not to let anyone sell me the Harbor Bridge."

But the Harbor Bridge *did* feature largely in Mrs. Barwick's Sydney stay.

One of the last things she did before taking the plane home was to have a taxi ride over the Bridge, "because I have always wanted to."

As she stepped up the carpeted stairway at Glen Ascham Hotel, a former wonderful old private mansion with its own swimming-pool, at the water's edge on Sydney Harbor at Darling Point, Mrs. Barwick's alert eyes caught sight of a chandelier in the hallway.

"I feel just like Grace Kelly in all this luxury," she said.

"JUST right for stepping out on Saturday nights," commented Mrs. Barwick when she paraded in "Corde," a white silk shantung frock by Carven.

"I COULD go anywhere in this," Mrs. Barwick pointed out when she modelled "Invitation," her white linen jacket suit worn with a black linen sleeveless blouse, designed by Patou.

"I AM going to live in 'Robe 139'," said Narelle Barwick when she stepped into this buttercup-yellow pure silk pleated frock by Nina Ricci.

"HOW wonderful to look smart in a tropical storm," Mrs. Barwick said, wearing "Palais Royal" — a Lanvin waterproof silk outfit.

"I'M in love with this outfit," smiled Mrs. Barwick when she tried on "Mandarine," an orange linen beach outfit by Lanvin.

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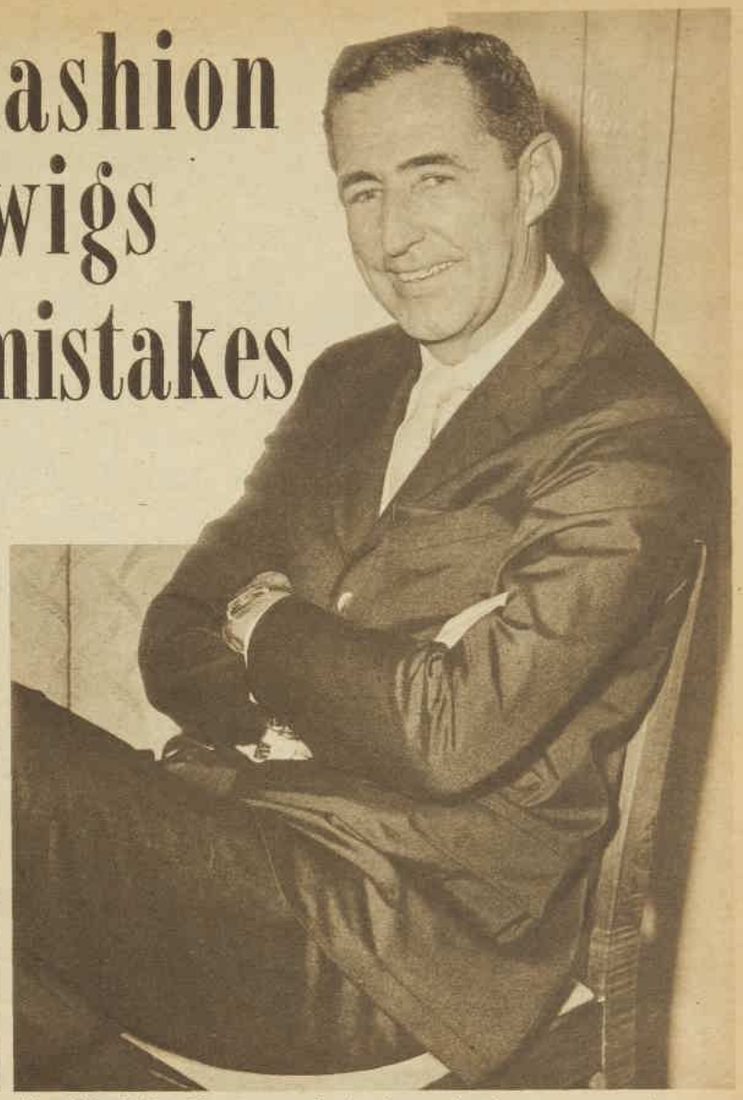
Even fashion bigwigs make mistakes



***AMERICAN DEPARTMENT STORE EXECUTIVES** Miss Marjorie Griswold and Mr. Robert Shannon are the first international experts to join the judging panel for the Australian Wool Bureau's annual fashion and wool-knit awards. Miss Griswold, sportswear buyer for Lord and Taylor, of New York, is Mrs. Richard Grisdale in private life; she has one son, who is a junior at Harvard University. Mr. Shannon, now vice-president of I. Magnin in San Francisco, began his career in the promotional training squad at Lord and Taylor.*

"We all make mistakes. That's why they have erasers on the top of pencils," said Mr. Robert Shannon.

By DAWN JAMES, staff reporter

IT was rather comforting to hear a generous statement about mistakes from someone like Mr. Shannon. He is vice-president of I. Magnin, San Francisco's most exclusive department store.

"You're so static if you don't make mistakes — occasionally," agreed Miss Marjorie Griswold, sportswear buyer for another big and elegant American store: Lord and Taylor, on New York's Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Shannon had the last word. "Besides," he remarked with finality, "no one could afford to pay you if you didn't."

They were discussing the job of a store buyer. It's one with an exciting challenge: summing up public demand, stocking up, then waiting for customers to buy.

It can also have very expensive pitfalls, like filling a department with merchandise that just won't sell.

These are the "mistakes." They force the stores into some of those tantalising (for the customer), below-cost, mark-down, or half-price sales.

But ask Miss Griswold what being a buyer is like and she says, "Wonderful . . . when you're at Lord and Taylor.

"Originally I had no intention of working. But there was a personal tragedy in my family, so I went to New York. Macy's put me on their executive training squad."

Miss Griswold stayed with Macy's for 10 years, then married Richard Grisdale.

The housekeeping routine pailed after about 18 months and — "with my husband's permission" — she joined Lord and Taylor.

That was 18 years ago. "In those days, the store didn't have the great reputation for fashion it has now. We brought people from all over the U.S. and developed their talents.

"I've had great fun," she added reminiscently.

No wonder Miss Griswold travels a lot of the time, all round America and to England and the Continent twice a year. "I get my clothes in Hongkong, India, Italy, France," she said.

She writes to the various sportswear designers all over the world and tells them what she wants, "something I think women will like, that will sell." Then the clothes are ready to see when she arrives.

Miss Griswold is one of the world's most influential fashion arbiters.

She's suntanned, with cropped brown hair—and she was wearing a minimum of make-up, comfortable cuban-heeled shoes, and a relaxed-line suit.

She's on first-name terms with all the couturiers. And she "discovered" Emilio Pucci, the Italian designer famous for his colorful, sometimes mad, and always imaginative casual clothes.

"I've just written to Emilio," said Miss Griswold. "He's going to try out an idea for me for a new type of dress in wool."

Considering Australia's bread-and-butter reliance on wool, that was encouraging news.

Wool is also the reason for the Griswold-Shannon visit to this country.

As the first international judges, they joined a panel of experts (including our fashion editor, Betty Keep) last week to choose the winners in the Australian Wool Bureau's 1960 awards. Which meant examining 1100 garments in four days.

Before going from Sydney to Melbourne for the judging, Mr. Shannon went out to run a critical eye over some of our biggest stores.

"There's a lot of 'sell' here," he said semi-disapprovingly. "They have more merchandise on show than we do.

"People go to a store because they want to buy something, or because they are attracted by the ads." And he explained that with less merchandise displayed there is the opportunity for a "better selling" job.

"We co-ordinate," he said. "The dress. Then shoes, bag, gloves, hat . . ."

Both Lord and Taylor and I. Magnin are run on similar lines to the renowned speciality store of Neiman Marcus in Dallas, Texas, but not in quite such an arbitrary manner.

Neiman Marcus are so proud of their reputation that they firmly refuse to sell anything they don't feel is "right" for the customer.

Once upon a time the store stood staunchly on its principles and wouldn't supply an 18-year-old heiress with a mink coat. They let her have it later, when she was 21.

That's selling all right, but selling with a long-range and subtle approach.

One of the stores' biggest problems, according to Mr. Shannon, is the customer who takes merchandise home and then decides she (or perhaps he) doesn't like it.

"Fifteen per cent. of the merchandise sold in America is eventually returned to the store," he said.

"It's very expensive for us: there's the time of the sales person, the box or packing, and the merchandise is out of stock, so it can't be sold to anyone else."

Mr. Shannon sat back in his chair and meditated. He's tall and rangy, a little like film actor Robert Ryan.

One woman who met him at a luncheon given by the Wool Bureau said, "You look like the hero of one of those Western films — you ought to go on TV." Mr. Shannon looked flattered but slightly taken aback.

And — a fashion note for the men — Mr. Shannon's dacron-and-wool suit sported flat gilt buttons. "It's a casual suit," he said hastily.

"The Ivy look—Ivy League — is still in for men in the States. Natural (not padded) shoulders, shorter coat, narrower pants."

But what makes a woman well dressed and chic?

Mr. Shannon leaned forward.

"She should dress in a way becoming to her," he said, obviously an adherent of the classic axiom. "She shouldn't be a mere fashion-plate."

"Now, that's a man's answer," Miss Griswold cut in. Then she agreed.

"The all-over impression is the most important."

Mr. Shannon offered a few approving words about Australians.

"I toured the city this morning," he said.

"Most of the girls showed good judgment with their hems: the ones with good legs had short skirts; not-so-good legs, longer skirts."

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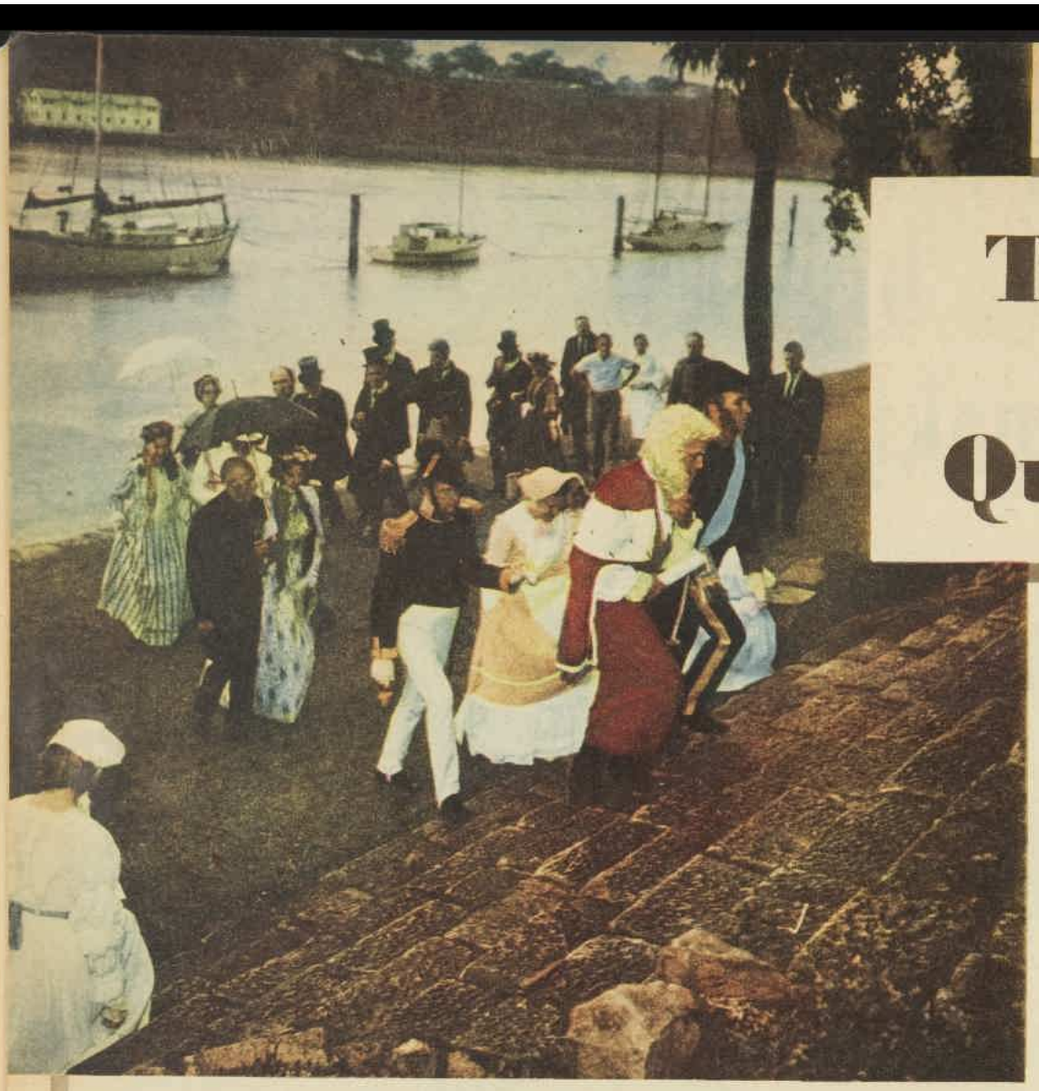
The birth of Queensland



By
MARJORIE STAPLETON

One hundred years ago, on December 10, 1859, Queensland was separated from N.S.W. and proclaimed a Colony in its own right.

ON that day Sir George Ferguson Bowen sailed up the Brisbane River in a paddle-wheel steamer, stepped ashore with Lady Bowen and their baby, and was proclaimed first Governor of Queensland.

All through this Centenary Year of 1959 Queensland has staged a series of commemorations. The anniversary of Proclamation Day itself, falling late in the year, will provide a grand finale.

The pictures on these pages were taken during a rehearsal for the Proclamation Day Centenary Pageant, in which Governor Bowen's landing will be re-enacted. The pageant will move from the Botanical Gardens through the streets of Brisbane to the present Deanery of St. John's Cathedral, which was Brisbane's first Government House.

Sir George Ferguson Bowen was a well-known personage of his time. After leaving Queensland he was successively appointed Governor of New Zealand, Victoria, Mauritius, and Hongkong. He retired in 1887, but the next year he was appointed Royal Commissioner in Malta to make arrangements for granting the island a Constitution.

His family was distinguished. His brother James served as an Army officer in the First Burmese War and was the first man over the walls of Pegu (a former capital of Lower Burma). James died in Burma.

Sir George's great-uncle was a young naval officer who was on board Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar in 1805 when Nelson was killed.

Lady Bowen, a woman of tranquil temperament, with a knack for "fitting in" in the various countries to which her husband's work took her, is also part of Queensland's history.

The town of Roma and the Diamantina River were both named after her.

Lady Bowen, Greek by birth, was christened Diamantina. She was the daughter of Count Roma, President of the Ionian Senate and a descendant of an ancient Veneto-Greek family.

Four days' holiday

It was in Greece that George Bowen and Diamantina Roma first met.

Bowen had been appointed President of the University of Corfu in 1847, and in 1854 became Chief Secretary of the Government of the Ionian Islands, being associated with an inquiry into the Constitution of those islands. He was knighted for his work and in 1856 married Diamantina. In 1859, when the Ionian Islands question had been settled, Sir George was appointed "Captain-General, Vice-Admiral, and Governor-in-Chief" of the new Colony of Queensland.

He sailed there, via Sydney, on the sloop H.M.S. Cordelia.

So uncertain were ships' arrivals that people began looking out for him on December 5 — "and upon that account a series of holidays lasting over four days until the actual arrival was commenced."

Steamers went down the Bay to sight him, visitors poured in from the country. Flags waved all day, fireworks brightened the sky all night.

RE-ENACTED in pageantry is the landing of first Governor, Bowen, at the Botanical Gardens, Brisbane (above).

A GUNNER and his mate, actors in the pageant, greet the Governor with a salute at the landing stage.

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NATIVES from Cherbourg settlement play the part of the native constabulary of the period. From left, Nimrod Reynolds, Senior Constable W. J. McArthur, Johnny Glenbar. Pageant producer is Joan Whalley.

A horse-patrol was stationed at Sandgate, on Moreton Bay, from which a message of the first sighting was to be carried to town for the hoisting of a flag.

But nobody would wait for this.

They sailed downstream in the paddlesteamers Breadalbane, Brisbane, Bremer, and Hawk.

Invited on board

Breadalbane didn't carry many sightseers, history records, because she had been chosen to carry the official party and tranship the new Vice-Regal party upriver from Cordelia, anchored in the Bay.

Contrary winds delayed Cordelia's arrival because the captain (Captain Vernon) did not wish to distress Lady Bowen by sailing against the weather.

On December 9, "about sunset," the troopers at Sandgate sighted Cordelia and galloped into Brisbane to a spot at Newstead, near Breakfast Creek, to announce the Bowens' arrival. Cordelia fired a gun by way of confirmation. Flags went up as the news spread.

Next morning at half past nine Breadalbane headed out into the Bay, "having on board Mr. Robert Herbert (the Colonial Secretary), Captain Wickham (Government Resident), Mr. Justice Lutwyche, Colonel Gray, Mr. Pring (the Attorney-General elect), and several ladies and gentlemen . . ."

Breadalbane's passengers were invited on board Cordelia, where the new Governor asked that all be introduced to him.

Mr. A. O. Moriarty, the Acting Private Secretary, who had been presented to Governor Bowen on a previous occasion, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

"The crowd had no eyes for any but the tall and portly figure of the Governor and the slender but graceful figure of his accomplished lady," says an early report . . .

"Her ladyship then chatted pleasantly with those about her."

Lady Bowen was handed down on to Breadalbane and was soon followed by His Excellency. The steamer left the ship's side and shaped her course back to the mouth of the Brisbane River. Cordelia fired a salute of seventeen guns.

At Bulimba the yacht Lady Bowen (the property of Mr. Gaskarth) was passed with the Greek flag flying at the peak in honor of Lady Bowen.

At the landing stage a salute of 21 guns was fired and a party of 12 young ladies dressed in white presented a bouquet to Lady Bowen.

Passing under a triumphal arch, His Excellency and Lady Bowen entered the Vice-Regal carriage and a procession was formed to escort them to the then Government House.

The Union Jack, blended with the Greek flag out of deference to Lady Bowen, waved "on every side."

Sir George and Lady Bowen went to the balcony and waved to everyone. Lady Bowen kissed her baby, Adelaide Diamantina, her first child, and held her up for the crowd to see.

Then they went inside for Sir George to take the oaths of office, which were administered by the Resident Judge (Mr. Justice Lutwyche).

Later the Proclamation was read from the verandah and a new State was born. From then on this land was known as QUEENSLAND, a name chosen by Queen Victoria herself. (Pictures taken by Bob Millar, jun.)

FIRST MAYOR of Brisbane, John Petrie, introduces Mrs. Petrie to Governor Bowen. Alex Perren plays the Governor, and John and Una Hollingworth the Petries, in the pageant.

THE PAGEANT'S Northern Command Band wear costumes of 100 years ago, authentic to the last curl and whisker. Jim Hartingdon is having his curls rearranged for a dress rehearsal.

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You risk stomach upset when you take ordinary aspirin—

THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MOST PAIN RELIEVERS

ORDINARY ASPIRIN—the main ingredient of most headache and pain relievers does not readily dissolve. This means that it may enter your stomach as coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these undissolved aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.

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FATHER

"Something on your mind?"

MOTHER

"Why have I always got to say 'Thangya favingmy,' Mum? What does it mean?"

It seems to me

By

"SORRY, WRONG NUMBER" is an apt title for the small comedy that attended the appointment of the new Governor-General.

The first version, since denied, came from the columnist of the London "Daily Mail." He said that High Commissioner Sir Eric Harrison talked for some minutes on the phone to Lord Morrison of Lambeth (Herbert Morrison, former Labor Minister) believing that he was connected to Viscount Dunrossil (W. S. Morrison). The official version is that the mistake never went past the Australia House switchboard.

It was a good story while it lasted and it is entertaining to speculate on the Prime Minister's plight if the error had been carried to a conclusion.

Pretty awful to have to say, "Sorry, old boy, we didn't want YOU."

Besides, so many people would have praised Mr. Menzies for his broadmindedness in choosing a Labor type.

It would have been the most diverting example of mistaken identity since the newspaper magnate in Evelyn Waugh's "Scoop" assigned the nature-notes writer as a correspondent for the Abyssinian War.

"Get me Boot," you may remember, the newspaper magnate said, and the editor's secretary pulled the wrong Boot out of the index.

* * *

A MOTHER reports the following dialogue with her eight-year-old son:

Son, looking at newspaper picture of Elvis Presley: I think he's fabulous.

Mother: Oh, Jimmie, he's revolting.

Son: No, he's not. I like him.

Mother (desperately): No, not at eight. I can't let you like him.

Son: Mummie, can't I have some life of my own?

* * *

WHILE the main battle for late shopping is being fought at Queanbeyan, New South Wales, there are echoes of the gunfire in Kings Cross.

Formerly if you ran out of—tea in Kings Cross at night you did not need to go thirsty. You could go out and buy a pound of tea.

In the past fortnight inspectors have been active. Delicatessens now carry notices like "Please don't ask for groceries after 5.30."

Shop assistants have every right to reasonable hours and to protection from exploitation. But some of the advocates of rigid shopping hours are owners who don't want what they call "unfair competition."

I have heard some people say that owners must be saved from themselves, must not be allowed to work themselves to death.

Nonsense. No one should be allowed work another man to death, but anyone should be entitled to risk his own health for his own profit.

THOSE theatre-goers who complain that Australian writers are obsessed with slum life may approve of Ray Lawler's new play, "The Piccadilly Bushman," now running in Sydney after its Melbourne season.

The setting is all they could wish for. It's a handsome contemporary sunroom overlooking Sydney Harbor. The backdrop — especially in the night scene with that beacon winking on top of the Bridge — is very effective.

It's an expensive setting—such a view costs money these days—and a long way from the slums. Unfortunately what takes place within it is a long way from a good play.

Eventually Ray Lawler is bound to write another as good as the "Doll," but this isn't it.

The "Piccadilly Bushman" is an Australian actor who has returned home with an English film company. He has spent the preceding ten years turning himself into a passable imitation of an Englishman, a process which has driven his wife to drink and casual lovers.

The other main characters are the film's Australian author (who doesn't like what the film company is doing to his script) and a rich Australian husband and wife who own the house in which the action takes place.

The author makes embarrassing speeches proclaiming his fondness for his own country. The rich woman (comic relief) is ashamed of her Australian accent.

In general the play tells you how vile the English are to colonials and how much viler are those colonials who ape the English.

To be fair, the production is good. There are some amusing wisecracks. The actors are smooth.

But one can't help wondering whether Lawler wrote the play in a fit of homesick depression on a wet day in London after an Englishman had patronised him.

* * *

NEW YORK furrier Joseph Bernham says that mink should not be worn over slacks. He adds: "It is the height of bad taste to wear a mink to the supermarket or the laundermat."

I do not don my diamonds in the morning,
I never wear my mink to buy the chops,
I heeded, long ago, my elders' warning,
"Tiaras are unsuitable in shops."

But circumstances take control of cases.
Not everyone encounters, it is true,
Temptations that the smarter woman faces.
For some of us it's easy to be U.

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WILLIAM SAROYAN

Beatnik of the 1930's

● American author William Saroyan once wrote a book called "The Whole Voyald," and explained that "voyald" stood for "void, voyage, and the world." He's here now on a voyald, seeing Australia for the first time.

DUBBED "The Beatnik of the Depression Era," Saroyan is now 51, still retains the brilliant black hair and eyes of his Armenian ancestry, the off-beat vocabulary which he has made his own on paper.

As a talker he's superb. And he's always been unconventional in the most conventional ways.

Carefully uncultivated, he likes to drink, mix with the rough-and-ready, bet on horses, and play poker.

But don't be deceived by the facade. He is a writer, first and last.

Born at Fresno, California, in 1908, to a poor migrant couple, Saroyan came up the hard way, working all the time, but not always as a writer.

After leaving school he worked in his uncle's vineyard, took on any odd jobs which would bring him money. A potted autobiography he once wrote for the "New Yorker" goes:

Holder of the first prize for Street Sales,
The Fresno Evening Herald, 1917.
Twice winner of the "Around the Block" race, 1918.
First to climb Guggenheim's water tank
And drop a cat.
Fastest Postal Telegraph messenger.
In the San Joaquin Valley, 1921.
And other things too recent
Or Too Numerous to mention.

When 16 he vowed he'd win recognition as a writer by the time he was 30.

At first, thinking that writing for the "pulps" would be easy — and profitable — he churned out ten stories. All were rejected.

Convinced by this that he should stick to his own style, he tried again, had his first story accepted by an American-Armenian paper in 1933, by 1934 had achieved bestseller-dom with "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Since then his output has been prolific.

He types fast, never takes a carbon copy, never rewrites, won't accept assignments, writes as he pleases, and won't let magazines tamper with his work.

Of independent mind, he once refused the Pulitzer Prize (and 1000 dollars) for his play, "The Time of Your Life."

He said: "I've always been opposed to awards. Material rewards . . . seem to be dangerous both to the recipient and to the art form."

Some critics have said that his short stories don't conform to the short-story convention. Saroyan retorts: "What the hell difference does it make what you call it, just so it breathes."

Some people have said that "Saroyan conducts an eternal love affair — with Saroyan."

He doesn't agree. He goes his own way in literature, travels around, keeps covering paper with words, once made the hit parade with the song "Come on-a My House, My House, I'm Gonna Give-a You Candy"; has been married and divorced. And has won the recognition he sought so long ago.

SHAH'S BRIDE:

***THE DIBA FAMILY.** Farah Diba, the 21-year-old Persian beauty who will marry the 40-year-old Shah of Persia on December 21, is the daughter of Captain Sohrab Diba (above right) and Mrs. Diba (above left). At right is Farah, aged four.*

***THE FUTURE QUEEN** of Persia (above) pictured last year when she was still a schoolgirl with pigtails in Paris. The niece of one of Persia's most prominent architects, Farah studied architecture at a French school. The group picture of the basketball team is one from the family album. It shows Farah, on the left, holding her team's victory cup.*

***THE EVOLUTION** of a beautiful Princess. Farah (left) as an unsophisticated architectural student in Paris just after rumors began to circulate about a possible marriage with the Shah; (centre) five years ago when she was a high-school student in Teheran; (right) as a newly sophisticated beauty after her Paris trousseau-buying excursion.*

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The evolution of a Princess

Romantic story of a girl with pigtails who won glamor — and a throne

THE Persian nation is now rejoicing in the romantic story of the pleasant, unassuming student who has been transformed, within weeks, into the sophisticated beauty who will marry their Shah on December 21. The Royal bride-to-be is 21-year-old Farah Diba, who was born into Persia's dying landlord class but had led a quiet, rather sheltered life till, earlier this year, rumors of her forthcoming betrothal to the 40-year-old Shah brought her into the limelight.

ROYAL COUPLE. Farah (above and right) pictured in Paris during the trousseau-buying and glamorising trip which preceded the official announcement of her engagement to the Shah of Persia. The bride-to-be, who is wearing a pecially created Paris hairstyle, will be married on December 21 to the Shah, who is pictured (left) on his 40th birthday on Oct. 27.

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SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THREE bridesmaids—Jan Fairfax, Deirdre Barriskill, and Anne Mowat — will precede Josephine Pilgrim down the aisle of St. Michael's, Vaucluse, for her wedding to Brett Falkiner, of "Foxlow," Bungendore, on December 17.

Josephine, who announced her engagement on her 21st birthday, in February last year, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Pilgrim, of Vaucluse.

Polo-playing Brett is the son of Mrs. F. N. Braund, and the late Mr. F. B. S. Falkiner.

• • •

I'M off to my first Christmas party this week . . . cocktails with the Sydney Hospital younger set at the hospital, in aid of the research fund, on December 4. We're all waiting to see the size of the cheque that president David Bradley will present to the hospital board.

• • •

THEY'RE engaged . . . Nancye Lees, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lees, of Strathfield, to Neil Hiddleston, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. U. Hiddleston, of Cronulla. Nancye and Neil are planning a wedding early in March.

• • •

SURFERS' PARADISE honeymoon for Jan and John Rose, who were married at the Church of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, at Milson's Point. Jan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Langley, of the Hotel Metropole, and John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rose, of Collaroy.

• • •

NICE to see Mrs. Lindsay Little, with daughter Delphine and son Harvey, home again at Palm Beach after their world tour. They visited 16 countries and came home via America.

AN all-day Christmas party at the Pennant Hills golf club should be fun this week, on December 3, when the combined Inner Wheel clubs of New South Wales — the wives of Rotarians — have morning tea, lunch, and Christmas carols.

• • •

SAW Helen Branch trousseau and Christmas shopping in town last week. Helen, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. I. Branch, of "Rosslyn," Roslyn, will come to town again after Christmas to stay until her wedding to Sam Nelson on January 22 at St. Stephen's.

• • •

DANCED the night away at Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron at Kirribilli last week to celebrate Caroline Yates' 21st birthday party. The 150 guests, including many old school friends from Ascham, admired Caroline's watch and jewel case—presents from her family.

• • •

THEY were married . . . Christina Gaven and Murray Wilcox at St. Peter's, North Sydney . . . Beverly Faulkner and William Clear at St. Andrew's Cathedral . . . Virginia Lahey and John Murray at St. Philip's, Church Hill . . . Margaret McCaw and Derek Tigwell at Chatswood South Methodist Church.

• • •

STRING of pearls and a diamond ring were the gifts which Lorraine Butler received for her 21st birthday from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Butler, of "Shangrila," Greenwich.

LUCKY bride-to-be Annette Nowland received some lovely gifts at the pre-wedding tea given last week by Mrs. Cecil Breydon. Annette will marry Frank Harding at St. John's College Chapel at the University on January 9.

• • •

DIARY dates . . . December 5 at the Castlecrag community centre for the Christmas dance of the Artarmon-Lane Cove Liberal younger set . . . December 10 at David Jones' for the Christmas party of the Purple and Gold Club.

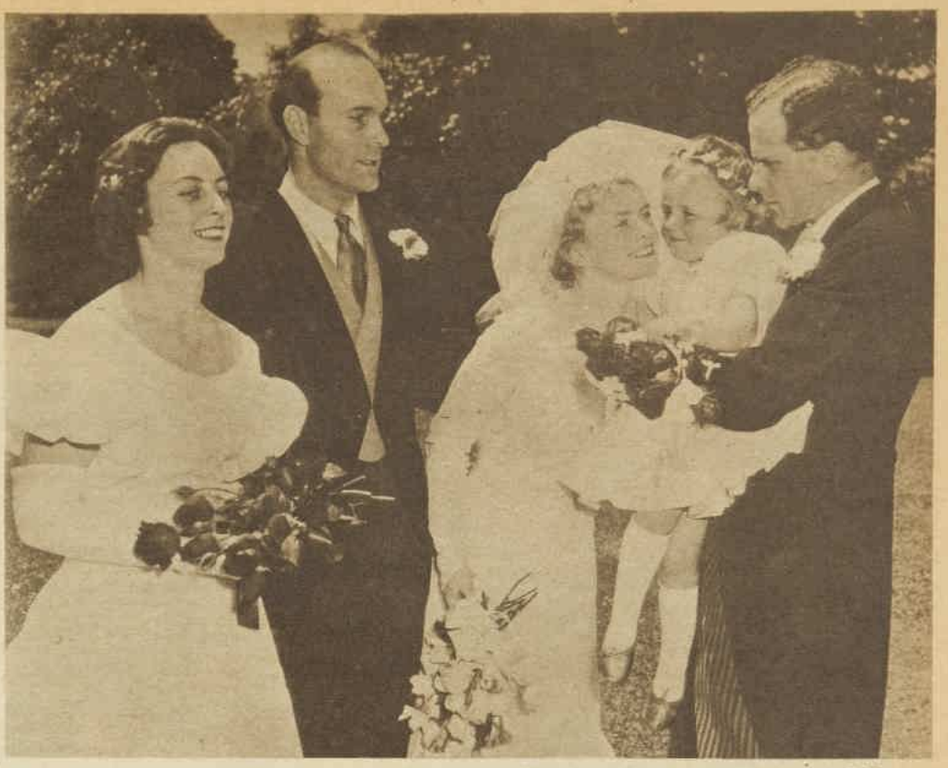
• • •

ALL the fun of the fair is promised for the fete being held at Tudor House on December 5 in aid of the swimming-pool appeal.

• • •

CHRISTMAS in Japan for Mrs. Gregory Madden, of Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. Vera Pfeiffer, of Double Bay, who left on the Taiping recently for a two months' cruise to the East.

Anne



SHY KISS for the bride from flowergirl Sally Anne Strapp outside Queen's College Chapel, Melbourne. The newlyweds are Mr. and Mrs. John Sumner, pictured with the bride's sister, Valerie King, and Sally Anne held by the best man, Professor Robert Quenton. The bride was formerly Patsy King, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. King, of East St. Kilda. The bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. T. H. Sumner, of Cornwall, and the late Mrs. Alicia Sumner, of London.

LITTLE GOLD ANGELS, displayed here by Kirsten Alexander to Mrs. John Street, were on sale at the official opening of the exhibition of Christmas decorations at David Jones' art gallery. Proceeds of the exhibition are in aid of the Forest Lodge Day Nursery.

CHRISTENING at St. Christopher's Church, Canberra, for the baby of the French Ambassador, M. Renaud Sivan (left), and Madame Sivan (second right), with the second secretary, Mlle Anne Lissac, and Archbishop Eris O'Brien.

STARS of "The Piccadilly Bushman," Diana Davidson (left) and Guy Dolman, were entertained at the first birthday luncheon of the Left Bank luncheon club at the Koolabah restaurant. They are chatting with club secretary Angela Harman.

LEFT: Twilight meeting at Randwick was attended by Mrs. F. Wootton and her daughter Betty, of "Wansey," Cumnock. Mrs. Wootton wore a green-patterned silk frock with an olive straw hat, and Betty chose a tan-and-white silk suit with a hat of bone straw.

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Half Angel

CONCLUDING OUR TWO-PART SERIAL

By BARBARA JEFFERIS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

WHEN a valuable Siamese cat, Lady Chichiboo Precious Gem, runs away into the bush from its owners, MR. AND MRS. STAN POLLOCK, who are travelling through a country district, they are unable to find it, and on the advice of a passer-by, CHARLIE RUSH, leave notice of a reward for it at the local store. The cat is found by small TIM HARVEY, who is amazed at its strange blue eyes and jewelled collar. He longs to keep it, but knows his father, farmer JIM HARVEY, will not allow it. He conceals the collar and hides the cat, but his father discovers the cat, saying she is expecting kittens. He fires a shot to frighten her, and she runs into the bush.

Tim refuses to be comforted by his mother, JOAN, and even the news she is expecting another baby does not make him forget the cat. A few days later he finds the cat by the creek, and hides her in a deserted hut. Enraptured by the little cat, who loves him, too, he devotes his time to her, stealing food and milk. He christens her Amanda, but has to share his secret with his elder brother, PETER, who finds her in the hut. One night Amanda comes to the house and Tim realises she is about to have her kittens. He goes to the hut with her and helps her with the birth. NOW READ ON·

Although Tim loved the cat far more than the kittens he was never tired of watching them at play.

TIM slept late the next morning. It was only when he heard the sound of the fire being stirred up and the clatter of plates going on to the table for breakfast that he got reluctantly out of bed, pulled on his clothes without washing, and went out, grumpy and aching, to the kitchen.

Fortunately, Tim Harvey had not yet come up from the yards, so that his lapse could remain hidden from his father, who would have taken a heavy tone about it. Joan said nothing, because she believed that no one could cope with a day that began with arguments at breakfast time; and Peter, who had twice been sent to call Tim and had then covered up for him by doing his feeding and watering jobs in the fowlyards, had decided not to talk to him for the present as a mark of disapproval.

Peter's silence, which normally would have made Tim anxious and wretched, rather pleased him *this* morning. It gave him a sort of after-the-event justification for his earlier decision to conceal from Peter that the cat had had her kittens.

He told himself that this was for the kittens' sake, that Peter would want to handle them and pull them about, but the truth was that he wanted to keep them to himself for a little while, at least until he found out how much difference they would make.

After breakfast, when Peter had gone off with his father and he had helped his mother by drying up the plates, he still hung about the kitchen in an aimless, tired way. First his mother brought out the baby's bath and filled it, and then the baby, steaming and whimpering, from his bed.

Billie abandoned the game he was playing on the floor for his regular morning occupation of watching Joan with the baby.

When the baby was dried and powdered and dressed and Joan sat down to feed him, Billy pressed close to the arm of Joan's chair and Tim could see from the movements of his throat that he was swallowing rather often.

"Billie, come on down and let's muck about at the dam," he said on a sudden pressing impulse of sympathy. But Billie answered without moving his eyes.

"Soon," he said. "Don't bother me now. I'm busy."

This was Joan's phrase, the phrase with which she had betrayed each of them in their turn. He thought it was very sad that Billie had learned it. "Come on," he said. "You're not doing anything. Come now." This time Billie didn't even bother to answer.

"Do married people like each other more," Tim asked his mother, "after a baby's been born?"

"That depends whether they like each other before."

"But if they didn't like each other . . ."

"They love each other even more, Timmie," Joan said, thinking that her first answer had been, perhaps, careless. "Of course they do."

"Why?" asked Timmie, who could see no reason for it.

"Well, because it's their baby—something that they've made together."

"Mightn't they like the baby better than each other?" Tim thought perhaps it wasn't a fair question to ask in front of Billie, but he had to know.

"You don't love one person in your family better than another," Joan said firmly, afraid that she might be asked next

To page 52

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The long and short of Santa

WHAT a pity Santa Claus does not keep to a standard size! Mothers' imaginations are taxed trying to explain away to small children the long and the tall, and the fat and the small, of all the "Santas" in various stores. Childhood years of belief in Santa are all too few. It is a shame to strain their credulity with so many different-shaped old gentlemen.

£1/1/- to S. Kay, Lilli Pilli, N.S.W.

Counts her blessings

AFTER reading James Michener's book about the 1956 Hungarian revolution, I want to say how thankful I am to be in a country like Australia, where there is freedom of speech, opportunity, and religious faith. Australians often moan about the housing shortage, but at least we know that if we work hard we may own a house, a car, and other things we may want. I am glad some Hungarians have come to this country, and my husband and I would be glad to hear from any of them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Hobson, 63 Sutherland Street, Cremorne, N.S.W.

No teachers' pets

IS the thoughtful gesture of taking flowers to school dying? Many schoolchildren pass my house, but I rarely see one with a bunch of flowers.

£1/1/- to M. Gilmour, Marrickville, N.S.W.

Skidlids for kiddies

I'M wondering if it would be practicable for a type of crash helmet to be marketed for young children. The number of bumps and knocks suffered by toddlers — with no apparent ill effects — is amazing, but there is always the chilling thought of brain injury. I am moved to make this suggestion after helplessly watching two of my three triplet sons (aged 15 months) somersault down concrete steps.

£1/1/- to "Worth a Try" (name supplied), Blacktown, N.S.W.

Watch those words

WHILE not wishing to set myself as an authority, I am amazed at the paucity of the average teenager's vocabulary. It could be corrected if teachers of English placed more emphasis on words and their meanings. Many misunderstandings arise because people use the same word in a different sense. The results in improved communication would more than justify intensive word study and vocabulary building.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Kennedy, Greenslopes, Qld.

Bouquet for Sydney

RECENTLY visiting Sydney, my daughter and I were struck by the kindness of the people there when, as strangers, we had need to ask for directions. We found that Sydney people went out of their way to be helpful.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Lindsay, Frankston, Vic.

Cold shoulders

SINCE coming to Australia from Scotland 11 years ago, I have noticed Aussies show a superior air to many people from overseas, while also telling me with pride that their forebears came from Scotland. They give the impression that migrants are interlopers, forgetting that but for "interlopers" coming to Australia years ago these people could not claim to be Aussies. An Englishwoman, who also has noticed this tendency of Australians to treat newcomers as usurpers, told me that her own son regarded himself as a "dinkum Aussie" because he was born here, and looked on his parents as "Pommies." Is this attitude fostered by the education in Australian schools, or is it the result of a high and easy standard of living?

£1/1/- to J. Brown, Deepdene, Vic.

Ladies first

WAITING for my mother outside a Voluntary Blood Transfusion Unit recently, I was surprised to see that only one out of every five or six donors entering the building was a man. Where are the so-called brave males?

£1/1/- to J.G. (name supplied), Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Fashions in feathers?

A FRIEND recently told me I was "old-fashioned" because I do not own a budgerigar. It made me realise that canaries and parrots are now seen so rarely they seem almost extinct. Are budgies just a craze?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Inglewood, W.A.

Beach "bags"

I'M an 18-year-old boy. Looking through photographs of so-called "beach belles" of 20 years ago, I noticed they were really "bags" compared with the girls of today. It is a wonder to me that any man ever looked twice at them!

£1/1/- to R. A. Gould, Fairfield, Vic.

Plaster painters

I WONDER if "Anti Abstract" (11/11/59), who condemns Australian artist Albert Tucker for painting with cement, has heard of the paintings of Giotto, Fra Angelico, or Leonardo da Vinci. These men and many others did their main works in wet plaster, producing wonderful frescoes such as "The Annunciation" and "The Last Supper." Surely, painting in cement has much in common with the techniques of these masters, whose work overshadows the lovely but inconsequential English water-color school, which your correspondent so admires.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Foley, Eastwood, N.S.W.

Changing art

WITH due respect to "Anti Abstract," there is no such thing as a true, traditional-style artist. Art changes radically with every generation. Many old masters we revere today were once dismissed by hidebound conservatives. Constable, so much admired by "Anti Abstract," nearly starved before he attracted attention at the age of 48. Corot had to wait until he was 60 to be acclaimed. Leave posterity to judge Albert Tucker. I believe she will treat him kindly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. N. Copeland, Charters Towers, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

WATCH IT, DAD

I HAVE read a number of articles lately telling men how to make friends with their wives.

The articles are written by experienced marriage counsellors, and have titles like: "Why Not Drink With Your Wife?" or "Try A Little L.s.d."

They give quite sound advice, telling men not to hit their wives, to talk to them sometimes, and try to remember their birthdays. Yet the writers ignore some of the most common causes of discontent in the home.

Take the throwing out of stock — that dingy-looking liquid that is kept for making soup.

The husband who comes across a jug of this usually pours it down the sink. Then his wife wails: "You've thrown out my stock!" If, despite this, he keeps on throwing out stock, a coolness between them is inevitable.

A sound maxim for men is: *Treat any strange liquid with respect.* It may be something to do with tomorrow's dinner.

From what I have observed in various broken and unbroken homes, husbands will also be wise to follow these rules:

Don't pull out freshly planted pentstemons when you are weeding.

A keen gardening wife who sees this done will show distress.

If you cannot tell the difference

between flowers and weeds, stop weeding and watch TV.

Don't throw teaspoons out with the garbage.

If you do this once, you will be suspected whenever a teaspoon is missing. You will be asked to look for it in the garbage, and a refusal often offends.

Don't put the butter in the fridge without due thought. Your wife may want it kept soft for making lunches in the morning.

Irresponsible men often put the butter in the fridge after a midnight snack.

If a woman has to spread sandwiches with hard butter, she develops a sense of grievance. This happened to Mrs. F. D., of Melbourne. She drifted away from her husband and sought sympathy elsewhere.

Another important point for men is to *dry the odd-shaped dishes.*

At the end of a washing-up there are usually some odd-shaped things like colanders, egg-beaters, potato mashers, and nutmeg graters.

A deep instinct impels a husband to put the tea-towel away and wander off without drying these. He must fight the instinct if he aims at popularity.

I don't guarantee that observance of these rules will save a marriage. A man may have some deeper personality defect, like forgetting to wipe his boots. But at least I've warned him.

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FOUR MINUTES TO TWELVE

When the race is with death there can be no hesitation . . . a short story

By ROBERT HOLMES

AT eleven-thirty Michael McCandless left the factory to collect his firm's payroll from the bank. Pallet, the assistant cashier, accompanied him. It was a fine, bright morning with the sun high and strong and a light breeze coming fresh off the mountain.

The two men did not hurry. They walked quietly, swinging their empty bank bags, and stopped once to look in a florist's window.

"I've never tried verbena," Pallet said. "Perhaps next year . . ."

They crossed the road and went into the park where McCandless habitually left his car. Because it was market day the park was fairly full. A cattle truck had drawn in on one side of his car and there was a green sports car on the other. As McCandless went towards the driver's door he lost sight of Pallet. And bending, keys in hand, he heard nothing.

The leather-wrapped, pear-shaped piece of lead made only a slight noise as it smashed Pallet's brittle, elderly skull. McCandless looked up to see Goldie Spode a yard away.

He straightened slowly. Strangely, he was not afraid. But then he had always known how the end would be. He had built his life in the shadow of this moment. Only recently — only in the past two or three years — had he dared to hope it might never come.

"Well, Mac?" Spode's voice was soft, the words almost an exhalation of relief. "It's been a long time."

"I've been expecting you," McCandless said.

Spode moved closer, right hand in his jacket pocket. McCandless tensed, waiting for the hand to lift, for the knife to rip into him. He knew how fast Spode was with the knife. Spode said: "That was a silly thing to do, boy, getting your monicker in the papers."

Without being aware that he had moved, McCandless found that he was pressing back against his car, unable to retreat farther. He felt his legs trembling. He closed his eyes. "All right," he said. "Do it now."

"I should do you favors," Spode said. "Get in the car, Mac."

Clumsily, still trying to watch Spode, McCandless scrambled in behind the wheel.

"Unlock the other doors," Spode said. He picked up McCandless' bag and threw it into the back. He walked round to the nearside and said in a louder voice: "What's keeping you, Jack?"

Jack Price, McCandless thought. So they had both come. Remembering Pallet for the first time, he turned in his seat and saw Price coming from behind the cattle truck with the other bank bag. Price looked worried. He said: "That old twist — he doesn't look so good!"

Spode touched the knuckles of his hands together. It was a nervous habit McCandless remembered well. "Ah, dry up," he said. "He'll live. Is he out of the way?"

"In the truck, Goldie, like you said."

Spode nodded. "Okay, then. Give me that bag. You know what comes next."

McCandless watched Price walk round and get into the sports car. After one glance the big man had not looked at him. Yellow gravel spurted from under the sports car's rear wheels as Price drove it away.

Spode slid into the seat beside McCandless. "Start up, Mac," he said. He took a cigarette from a gold case and lit it with a gold-and-platinum lighter.

McCandless turned the ignition key. "Where are we going?" he said. It was an effort to keep his voice even.

Spode said: "Just drive. We're going to have a little talk, Mac. Then we'll go to the bank."

McCandless got the car into motion. His hands were slippery on the wheel. As they turned out through the exit Spode said: "Keep in the town and don't do anything stupid."

"Listen," McCandless said. He swallowed hard. "I'm not taking you to the bank, Goldie. Do what you like."

"Shut up! Shut up, you rotten little squealer," Spode said. Color flooded his sallow cheeks and faded again. After a moment he said: "I've been planning this for three weeks. You better do what I say."

McCandless said nothing. His mind was dull with fear.

"It's a month since you pulled them kids out of the sea," Spode said. "You should have let 'em drown, eh?"

McCandless said: "I tried to keep it quiet." He remembered trying to explain to Ellen, his wife, what would happen if Spode or Price saw the newspapers. But Ellen did not believe in Goldie Spode and his knife. She thought he was exaggerating when he told her how the underworld treated its squealers.

"You had luck, Mac," Spode said. "We came down here to fix you. Boy, I was going to give you a real fancy-looking boat race, believe me."

There was a point-duty policeman ahead signalling them on. McCandless wondered if he could attract the man's attention.

"Then," Spode said, "when I heard you'd married the boss' daughter I thought we might mix business with pleasure, see?"

They were ten yards from the policeman. McCandless let his hand drop carelessly to the headlight switch. There was a click and he felt a sharp stab in his left side.

"Right under the heart," Spode said.

McCandless took his hand off the switch. The policeman — fat and bucolic — grinned at him as he drove by.

Spode threw his cigarette end out of the window. "For a minute, Mac, I thought you were going to be stupid." He leaned back in his seat. "The old geezer in the lorry — that your pa-in-law?"

"No." McCandless thought of Pallet lying helplessly, perhaps badly injured, on the soiled floor of the cattle truck.

"Pity about him," Spode said. A gold tooth showed when he smiled. "He must have been one of those eggheads I read about."

"Pallet was — he kept pictures of his grandchildren on his desk," McCandless said. The memory brought with it a sudden rush of anger. He turned towards Spode. "You filthy—"

There was a flash of bright steel and Spode's knife was resting lightly against McCandless' neck. "Eyes on the road," Spode said. "I'm a nervous passenger."

"If he dies they'll top you," McCandless said. "It'll be capital murder."

Spode said: "I'm in Paris, and I've got a passport and friends to prove it." He glanced at his watch. "We'll go to the bank now, Mac."

"No," McCandless said. "I'm not helping you, Goldie. I don't care if you kill me. I'm not helping you."

"You'll help me," Spode said. He looked again, deliberately, at his watch. "And I'll tell you why — school comes out in fifteen minutes."

"School?" McCandless' face twisted with fear.

"Yes. The school your kid goes to, Mac, in Queen's Parade. Jack's up there waiting."

"Christine," McCandless said. His voice was hoarse.

Spode said softly: "She walks home for lunch. Not far — but you know what a rotten driver old Jack is?"

"She's — she's only seven, Goldie!"

"My lucky number," Spode said, touching his grey, carefully waved hair.

McCandless brought the car round in a U-turn. He was thinking of Christine walking home along the wide suburban pavement. He could see the whole thing so clearly. The quiet, sun-lit road, the almond trees at precise intervals, Christine in her new red sweater and cream panama — a small figure against the green privet hedge.

She had about two hundred yards

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to walk to their home while Jack Price watched her, gauging just when to send the car stabbing forward and across the pavement . . .

For a moment he wondered if Spode was bluffing. But with Christine's life at stake, even if it was a bluff, McCandless knew it was one that he dare not call.

Spode said: "Funny. You got me eight years on the Moor. Now you're getting me eight thousand nicker."

"Why did you hang about so long, for heaven's sake?" McCandless said. "We could have been at the bank five minutes ago."

"This way you don't have time to try anything, Mac."

"I won't try anything," McCandless said. Panic seized him. "But what if there's a queue? It's market day."

Spode's gold tooth glinted. "You'd better not have to queue, Mac, had you? You're big business."

McCandless slid the car to a halt in front of the bank. He was reaching for the bank bags when Spode stopped him. "Easy now," he said. He began taking off his jewellery: diamond rings, diamond tie-clip, an ornate identity bracelet . . .

"Got to look poor," he said. "Poor but honest — like you, Mac." He opened the car door and got out on to the pavement. "Come out this side," he said. He waited watchfully while McCandless scrambled across the seat with the bags.

Together they crossed the pavement and went up the wide steps. The big swing doors stood open. Spode put his hand on McCandless' arm. He said: "No tricks. I'll be behind you all the time."

After the glare of the sunlight the room seemed dim and cool. Their heels clicked on marble tiles. Few people waited at the counter. McCandless was able to choose a grille where there were no customers. It was nearly ten to twelve by the big clock on the far wall.

"Good morning, Mr. McCandless." The cashier was small with a countryman's brown face. He smiled, trying to see over McCandless' shoulder, and met Goldie Spode's bright black eyes. His smile faded.

McCandless pushed his firm's cheque under the grille, the cheque bearing his father-in-law's signature. He had telephoned the bank earlier telling them the amount he would be drawing.

The cashier picked up the cheque, turned it over in his hands, nodded, scratched his head, put the cheque down, and banged it with a rubber stamp. "It's a fine day for the market, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," McCandless said. He was looking at the clock. "I'm in a bit of a hurry. If you can——"

"Too nice a day to be rushing about," the cashier said. "You're sweating already, Mr. McCandless."

McCandless bent down to pick up the bags. Spode had a handkerchief to his face and was carefully blowing his nose. The cashier looked at Spode's silk shirt and fifty-guinea suit.

"I see you've a new man with you today," he said.

"Mr. Pallet's ill." McCandless was passing the empty bags over the grille.

The cashier looked interested. "Nothing serious, I hope?"

"No, nothing serious." McCandless looked at the clock. It was eight minutes to twelve.

"Oh, well, I'm glad to hear that," the cashier said. He sighed, lifted the leather bags, and moved away. McCandless was shaking with tension.

Spode touched the knuckles of his hands together. "What a dozey creep," he said. "Too bad if school comes out early."

"Shut up," McCandless said. He felt sick. He stood holding the mahogany counter, watching the big hand of the clock moving in little jerks.

He thought: Christine. She had a friend, Betty, who lived in the next house and often walked home with her. They might both be killed.

Because he had saved two children from drowning two other children might die. And poor Pallet was probably hurt — might, indeed, be dying for all he knew . . . McCandless felt

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With part of his mind McCandless was thinking about Spode's knife so menacingly poised, but the threat to his little daughter forced him to go on.

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Night before the wedding

A short short story by BARNEY SABATH

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IT was the night before the wedding in the large Merton house on Sycamore Street.

Upstairs in her bedroom, Kathy hung a dress in the trunk that stood among the matching cases. She paused, a slim twenty-year-old with a serene expression on her tanned oval face. She watched for a moment while her mother re-arranged the contents of a lingerie case on the bed.

Mrs. Merton, pretty and flushed, glanced at Kathy. "Darling, do you know how to use the camera Dad bought you? You'll want a record of your honeymoon in years to come."

Years to come, Kathy thought. Why, it really wasn't so long ago that her mother was starting her honeymoon, her marriage. Dad had succeeded in business; Mother had become important in local charities and an admired hostess.

Of course, she and Fred would develop their own pattern, for they were starting out differently. Fred was coming into Dad's established business, despite his months of refusing to consider it.

One night several weeks ago Fred had said, "Mr. Merton, I've an offer in Bright Ridge — a great opportunity for Kathy and me ——"

Dad had interrupted. "We'll discuss it sometime, just the two of us." But Kathy knew they hadn't got around to discussing the job; or the house, which Fred thought they shouldn't accept; or the honeymoon, which Fred wanted to pay for himself. Fred had tried to corner Dad many times, but he was elusive.

"His generosity embarrasses him," Kathy told Fred.

"But you'll be my wife. I want to do the earning and the giving. I don't want our life to be sponsored."

"You're being unkind," Kathy said. "You know he doesn't mean——" She tried to make him understand her father, but he was a strange young man, even to her. He had come to town an ambitious, almost-belligerent young architect, determined to bring freshness and distinction into city planning. He'd fought his way up since childhood, when a succession of relatives passed him around.

Meeting him several months ago when she was home on holidays from college, Kathy had thought: I've known boys all my life, but Fred's different; he's a man. I want to be a woman to a man like him.

The front doorbell was ringing insistently, and Fred's voice came clearly from downstairs. "Let me in."

Mrs. Merton, excited, cried, "Kathy, he can't see you tonight. He knows that." She hurried out of the bedroom, and down the steps, calling, "Freddie, you can't see Kathy tonight——"

Kathy listened to Fred's cold, excited voice, strangely harsh. "Mr. Merton, I've been begging you to listen to me for months. You've been a swell father, but she's going to marry me."

Silence. Then, "I've accepted that job in Bright Ridge."

"Young man, I'm giving you a job."

"No, sir. I'm sorry. I've tried to explain——"

Almost without knowing what she did, Kathy hurried downstairs. Fred, her father, and her mother stood like angry statues in the living-room. Kathy stood apart, feeling torn, wanting to go to each of them. It was impossible—quarrelling here where, calmly and beautifully, the wedding would take place.

"Please tell them, darling," Fred said.

She felt heat in her cheeks, confusion in her throat. "I don't know what to say."

He came to her, put an arm around her, and spoke very low. "Will we live it his way — or ours?"

Her mother stood beside her father now. "Oh, Hugh," she kept repeating. "Oh, Hugh."

Kathy's lips trembled. "You don't know how good they are," she told Fred. "I love them."

For a moment something like hate flashed in his dark eyes. "You've had a happy childhood," he said. "And you're still having it." Then, suddenly, he was pleading again. "I like your parents — but I want you for my own."

Abruptly he took Kathy's hand, pressed it, smiled wryly at her parents, and said, "I'm a poor loser." Then he was gone.

"Well," said her mother. "I can't imagine what he meant by that."

Her father shook his head thoughtfully. "The important thing is that we won," he said.

"That's not how it is," Kathy said. She ached with love. Love for all of them — that was the trouble. If only she could explain why it was so important for Fred to earn his own way. But the words wouldn't come.

The next morning, her wedding day, was dazzling bright, with the scent of lilacs seeping through her window. The beautiful luggage stood near the door and the white gown hung just inside her open closet.

Kathy ran downstairs in her pyjamas. In the kitchen her mother sat at the table drinking coffee. "Your father is sleeping as though this was just any day!"

She poured coffee for Kathy as the phone rang. "It's probably Delia, ready to come to do our hair."

Kathy lifted the receiver and heard the operator's voice. "Bright Ridge calling. May I speak to Miss Katharine Merton, please?"

Some coins clinked, then she heard Fred's voice, far away, but strong. "Kathy, let me talk." He paused and she did not try to speak. "I've fought for my life for twenty-seven years and I can't stop now, even for you. Kath, I'm in Bright Ridge at the hotel. I won't be at the wedding today. I didn't want to walk out on you, but I've got to stay a man. Kathy, I love you more than anything else in the world. Do you know that?"

Her voice wavered. "I — I know."

"Goodbye, Kathy." She heard the click of the receiver.

"Your coffee'll get cold, dear. Is Delia on her way?"

Kathy's throat was tight. She blinked, but her eyes were dry. "Fred won't be at the wedding. Yet he loves me more than anything else in the world, he says."

Her mother's eyes widened in panic. "What are you saying, Kathy?"

"He's—he's walking out."

Her mother stared. "It can't be true, Kathy."

Her mother came towards her with open comforting arms. "All right," she said strongly, "then he wasn't good enough for you. But don't worry. Everything will be all right. Daddy and I will stand by you."

And I'll stand by you and Daddy, Kathy thought mechanically. I'll stand by you, just as I always have — a dutiful little girl who doesn't need, or deserve, a husband.

She drew away from her mother slowly, decisively. Even without a photograph, she thought, I will have this moment to look back on.

"We won't need Miss Delia," Kathy said finally. "Or Reverend Parker. Or flowers for the living-room. But I'm going upstairs to pack a small case. Then I'll go to the depot and wait for the next train."

She turned and saw her father in the doorway. Kathy had no idea how long he'd been standing there. "The man's got courage," he said grudgingly. "Maybe he is right for my little girl."

Kathy felt her eyes wet and dim. "Daddy," she said, "I've had a wonderful childhood. Now I'm going to be a woman!"

And she hurried upstairs to pack.

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Mr. and Mrs. Merton looked on as Fred put his arm around Kathy, saying: "Will we live it his way or ours, darling?"

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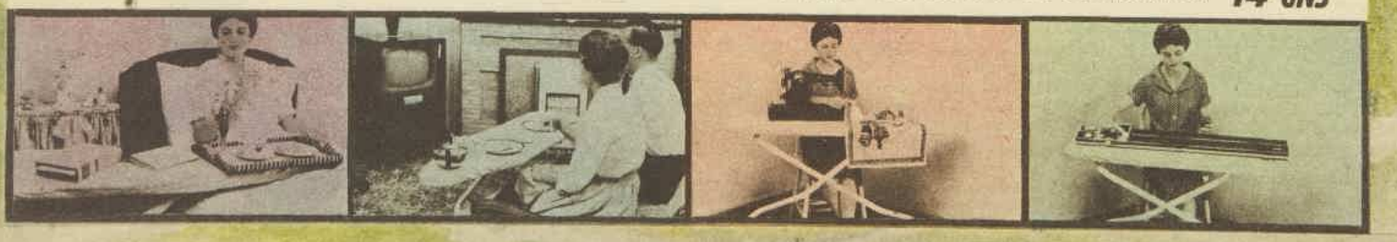

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Too late for love

By KEN W. PURDY

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

HOWARD BIRMINGHAM let the car slide to a stop beside the kerb and switched off the engine. He stared around him with a careful, observing air, like an explorer making landfall on a doubtful beach. Everything looked as he had remembered it, at the core, but the years had piled on new detail. The lake still shone blue behind Tapley Hall, and Tapley itself was the same; those were the same white marble steps he'd run up and down a thousand times twenty-five years ago, but there were two new wings on the building.

Off to the left Elsworth Hall rose with its old grace; the stately walks were concrete now, but the great leafy trees still stood. The people, of course, were different. These were children; they were unrelated to the deep-voiced, striding men, the tall, good-looking women he remembered as students in his own day.

Billy was out of the car, standing on the walk. "What do you say, man?" he asked his father. "I'll buy you a cup of coffee. Come on."

They went into the cool, dark-beamed refectory, sat at a table in a big bay window that looked out over the lake.

"Was the coffee this bad when you were here, Dad?" Billy asked.

"I remember it as stronger," Howard Birmingham said, "but maybe I'm wrong. The second cup used to be free. I suppose that's changed."

Billy laughed. "Ten cents straight, now," he said. "Fifteen next year, they say. Inflation, you know."

"I know," Birmingham said. "You're getting along all right, though?"

"For money?" Billy said. "Sure. I'm loaded. I don't need a thing." He stopped to light a cigarette. "It's nice of you to ask," he said.

"Any time," his father said. "You were always a reasonable kid."

"You were always a reasonable father, too, man," Billy said. He smiled. "Should we have some violin music now?"

Birmingham laughed. "No," he said. "Tell me, are you still making a two point five average?"

"A little better this term, I think," Billy said.

"So you've got no problems at all," his father said.

"I wouldn't say, not any," Billy said. "There's always dames, you know."

"There's no easy solution to that one, I'm afraid," his father said.

"I'm not crying," Billy said. "I wanted to tell you, though, I'm going with a girl, Louise Chartier. You knew her mother. Her mother's maiden name was Belldon—Helen Belldon. She went to school here. Do you remember her?"

"I remember her," Birmingham said. Did he not remember her? A tall, tranquil girl with an even, level way of looking, dark blond hair, brown eyes round and deep, and lovely long legs. He remembered how it had been, walking beside her, holding her elbow, sensing the measured swing of her stride.

She was the only woman he'd ever known who had a scent of her own, something that rose out of her own skin, an odor that might have come from dried violet petals and autumn's wet mosses.

She had been his girl for two years, nearly

To page 79

They looked at each other, their eyes full of compassion, then Helen spoke softly.

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Popular Talcum. **3/11.** *Dainty Mitcham Lavender Waters, 4 sizes,* **3/11, 5/11, 9/6, 15/6** *— all in gay Christmas wraps.*

PM10

Continuing . . .

FOUR MINUTES TO TWELVE

from page 21

tainted. He had brought death to this peaceful West Country town.

Banks were like churches, he thought. Hushed, cool, slow. Slow. The big hand jerked again. It was nearly five to twelve. He wondered if he were going to faint. He leaned forward, clutching the grille, trying to see the cashier.

"Take it easy," Spode said behind him.

Take it easy! Spode had always been the cool one, the planner, the leader. He and Price had been followers . . . Goldie and his two Locks. That was what they had been called twelve years ago.

He had been only a kid then. Orphaned. Never had a chance. Easy to fall under the influence of somebody like Goldie . . . No, he thought, checking the surge of self-pity. It wasn't that way.

He had enjoyed it. The excitement. Price putting the brick in, Goldie clearing the jeweller's window while he waited with the engine revving. The thrill, the easy money.

There had been several jobs like that. The thrill had died on the day Price battered down an old man who had got in his path. McCandless had gone to the police that night.

THE cashier came back to the grille. "Here we are. That didn't take long, did it?" he said. He started to lift the bags over and then stopped. He looked at McCandless doubtfully.

"Do you feel all right, sir?" he said.

"I'm all right," McCandless said. He reached for the bags. Reluctantly the cashier passed them across. McCandless, with Spode close by his side, left the bank almost at a run.

It was four minutes to twelve.

"From here to the school is four minutes for a smart driver," Spode said as they pulled away. "You used to be a smart driver, Mac."

McCandless did not reply. He was hunched over the wheel.

"You're getting lippy," Spode said, and chuckled. Now that he had the money he was relaxed. He patted the two bags on his knee and then, unhurriedly, began putting the rings back on his fingers. "They tell me you're an accountant these days," he said. "How come?"

"Night school," McCandless said. Briefly he remembered the years of study after his eighteen months in prison. Hard work had been the price of his passage back to decent citizenship. Ellen, little Christine, the trust of his father-in-law—these were the bonus he had not deserved.

"Smart of you to leave the Smoke. Jack and me had almost given up looking for you," Spode said. "Thought you'd have changed that name, though. Not many McCandlesses about."

He had thought of changing his name, but it had not seemed worth while. He had a doomed feeling that whatever he called himself Spode would ferret him out.

"Maybe there'll be one or two less soon," Spode said. He gave one of his rare laughs. He was in a high humor.

McCandless blasted on the horn and swerved to avoid a cyclist shooting blindly from a side turning. The car rocked. "What's the time?" he said.

"Minute to twelve, Mac. I hope we make it."

"Do you?" McCandless said.

"Well, naturally," Spode spread his hands wide. "I don't want the nipper to die. It might stain my conscience."

"Damn you! If I could kill you I would!"

"If is a big word. But, you know, Mac, I thought about you a lot when I was on the moor. I worked out a lot of fancy ways . . ." Spode glanced sideways, his gold teeth showing. "Funny. The knife still seems best."

McCandless turned into the road that intersected with Queen's Parade. They were in the suburbs now, and the speedometer needle flickered past sixty.

Distantly, over the hum of the engine, he imagined he heard the school bell. Christine would be on her way out of class. But perhaps she would be late . . . Pray God, she had not been early.

With part of his mind McCandless was thinking about Spode, about Spode's knife. He knew that the moment they reached Price's car Spode would turn on him. Yet to save his daughter he had to go on.

He came up to Queen's Parade too fast for the corner. The tyres shrieked as he braked. The speedometer needle fell back to thirty and in the second that he swung the car into the corner McCandless saw his chance.

Spode had said he was a smart driver. In the old days it had been his one skill. He had a natural ability, a quickness of reflexes, that a racing driver might have envied. Now he had to draw up all that old skill, untapped during the years of family motoring.

Swinging into the parade, McCandless accelerated sharply. With a straight, clear road ahead it was the natural thing to do. But as the tip of his right foot stabbed the throttle pedal to the floor his heel slammed on the brake and the car came to a crash-stop.

McCandless was braced, but Spode, unprepared, was thrown hard against the windscreen. The bank bags fell from his knee and he grabbed at them instinctively.

Before the car had quite stopped McCandless let go of the wheel and swung a bunched right fist at Spode's face. The blow sent Spode's head back against the door pillar.

HE clawed at his knife pocket. McCandless hit him twice more with all his strength. Spode sagged and fell forward, blood pouring from his face.

The whole thing took perhaps three seconds.

McCandless started the car again. Ahead he could see the school, could see the small figures in the playground. Rounding a gentle curve he saw the green sports car parked near the school gates a hundred yards away. He knew what he had to do.

He was thirty yards from the other car when its exhaust puffed blue smoke and it began to move away.

The car was gathering speed, but still in a low gear. McCandless aimed his bonnet just behind the smaller car's front offside wheel. He hit it at fifty. In the last moment before the collision he saw Price's terrified face staring at him.

A distant voice said: "This one's copped it, poor devil." Somebody answered: "The chap in the sports car will need scraping up. What a mess!"

McCandless fought to drag his eyes open. He was lying on the verge between the road and the pavement. Under one of the almond trees, he thought.

He tried to sit up, but he couldn't. He turned his head. Two ambulance men were drawing a blanket over something on the grass. Briefly, under the blanket, he saw an arm, a hand with two diamond rings.

The men came across the grass towards McCandless and picked him up. He hadn't realised he was already on a stretcher. His legs were tied at the hip and ankle, roughly splinted. The man at McCandless' head saw that he was conscious.

"Don't worry, chum," he said. "You'll be all right."

McCandless smiled faintly to show that he had heard. As they carried him towards the ambulance he saw policemen moving about the wreckage in the road.

He closed his eyes for a moment. They must have drugged him, because he wanted to go to sleep. But before they took him away he had to tell them about Pallet.

"Listen carefully," he told the ambulance men, weakly but clearly. "This is important . . ."

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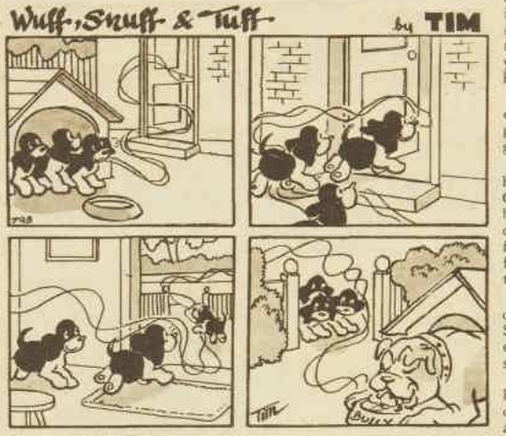
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by **TIM**



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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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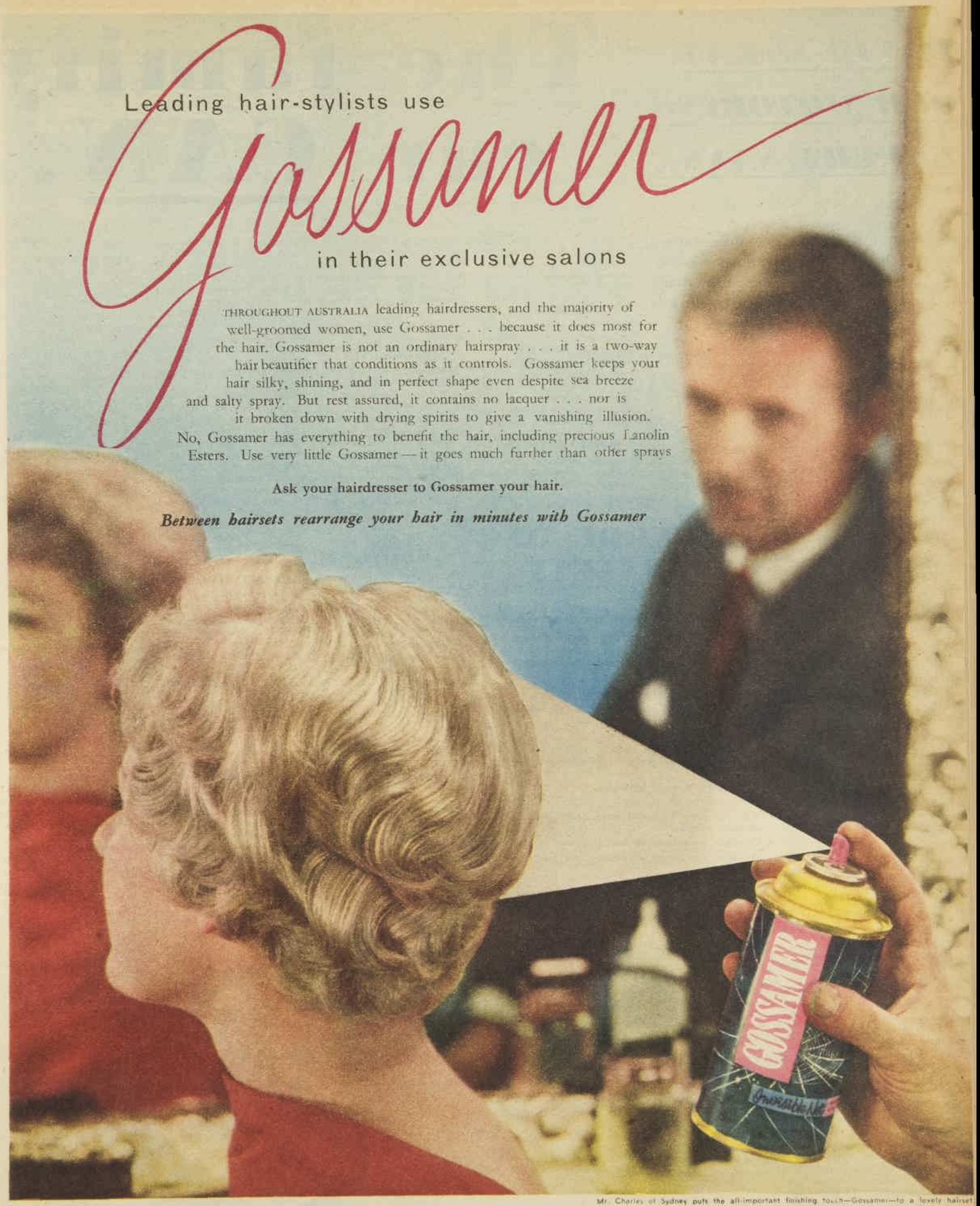

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DAVID McKAY, OUR MOTORING EXPERT, SAYS...

The family car CAN..

● Australia's road-accident toll—caused mainly through bad driving, bad roads, and unsafe cars—could be substantially reduced if some basic safety devices were fitted to all cars.

IMPROVED driving is the motorist's obligation; and improved roads are the responsibility of the Government.

But it is not clear whether additional car-safety devices should be the concern of the driver or manufacturer.

Manufacturers say that they build the basic car and design it with adequate lights, adequate brakes, reliable steering, good vision, and average road holding.

Their attitude is that the customer can "take it from there," and fit the car with any "extras" he thinks fit.

On this basis the car accessory trade has become very lucrative.

Unfortunately, many drivers make it a lucrative trade that doesn't necessarily mean added road safety.

For when the purchasing of extras is left to them many are inclined to buy such luxuries as car radios — and forget the safety aids.

How disastrous this can be is shown in the story of motorist "Smith."

Smith had been following a truck and eventually decided to pass it on a wide, straight piece of open road.

He glanced in the rear-vision mirror, looked quickly over his shoulder to the right, and, thinking all was clear, moved out to overtake.

Motorist "Jones" had been coming up to pass both Smith and the truck just as Smith pulled out.

Jones' car ricocheted off Smith's car across the dividing line and into a car coming the other way.

Result: Jones was killed and in the on-coming car there was only one survivor among the three occupants.

This is a true story and it's typical of what will happen again and again.

Smith, badly shocked, blamed Jones for overtaking and said he'd checked behind.

Jones, if he were alive, would have said Smith gave no warning signal and couldn't have checked behind.

Actually, when Smith checked his mirror, Jones was in a blind spot, close enough not to be seen in the mirror yet not quite close enough for Smith to glimpse him on his right.

Had Smith's car been fitted with an outside mirror Smith would have seen Jones coming.

But Smith's car, like most cars, had no outside mirror as standard equipment — though this great safety aid can be bought for less than £2.

When Smith ordered his new car he had a radio, a mascot, and imitation wire wheels fitted for about £60 extra. He could have had that extra mirror, screen washers, and seat belts for half that amount.

NEW CODE OF CAR SAFETY

● All State Governments are at present reviewing vehicle safety regulations.

IN New South Wales new regulations drawn up last month provide:

- **Recognition of flashing-light signals on cars.**
- **Compulsory use of safety glass on all vehicle windows.**
- **Rear brake lamps.**
- **Full-width windscreen wipers, and vacuum-powered wipers to operate at an effective speed at all times.**
- **Compulsory dipping headlights.**
- **Mudguards on all vehicles.**
- **White or silver horizontal bands at the rear of all large vehicles.**
- **Complete prohibition on smooth tyres.**

The new regulations will come into force on January 1.

Here is a list of extra fittings that can aid safety.

SUN VISORS

Most cars have one visor, but an additional one is worthwhile — not only for the passenger's comfort but for the driver when the sun angles in from the left front. Padded visors are preferable.

REVERSING LIGHT

This goes on automatically when you select reverse, and is a great help when backing at night. It also acts as a warning to other motorists and pedestrians of your intention to move backwards. Cost (inc. tax), £1/19/4.

MIRRORS

I've mentioned the value of an outside mirror, and the normal inside mirror can be replaced with an anti-dazzle type. These are smoked and kinder to the eyes. The mounting should be ball-jointed in case a head hits the mirror "accidentally."

SCREEN WASHERS

In the American State of Michigan, screen washers are compulsory and I would like to see all cars fitted with them —they are invaluable. Many accidents are caused when dirty windscreens impair vision and drivers are too lazy to stop the car and clean them by hand.

A screen washer costs £6/12/9.

SCREEN WIPERS

New regulations in N.S.W. on windscreen wipers require that the wiper must cover the full width of the screen, and vacuum-operated windscreen wipers are required to operate at an effective speed, no matter what the engine speed.

Existing vacuum-powered wipers slow down when the engine is pulling up a gradient.

Today there are also rear-window wipers, a blessing in humid weather when the windows fog up.

BLINKERS

Should you happen to be stuck on a highway at night and can't get your car off the road, these emergency blinkers could save a life.

They are more common in America and on the Continent than here. You merely throw a switch which sets tail lights and traffic lights blinking, indicating "danger ahead."

A simple safety device is the use of reflecting tape on bumper bars and on the inside edges of doors and boot lid to show when they are open. The latest tape is chrome - tinted and is inconspicuous in daylight.

In America several States use reflecting paint on the registration plates. This ensures a big area of reflection and could save the fatal head-to-tail collision which is all too frequent on our highways.

I saw how effective these plates were in America and suggested their use in N.S.W.

The official reaction was that it would cost more to produce. And would it really save many lives?

I mentioned the classic example of a car running under the tail-board of a parked truck when dazzled by on-coming lights. The truck's plate could act as a bright warning.

"But the truck should have parking lights on" was the official answer. I then asked what would happen if the truck had an electric failure and had no lights. "Then the truck driver would be prosecuted," came the unbending official answer.

I gave up after that, but I hope one day some enlightened Transport Minister will insist on reflecting number-plates. He will certainly save many lives.

PADDED INSTRUMENT PANELS

Many car makers are providing crash pads around the dashboard—some more effective than others. The crash-pads are certainly life-savers.

DISTINCTIVE CONTROL KNOBS

Designers are thoughtfully recessing knobs so that crash victims don't have these spikes embedded in their bodies. But there is still room for improvement in the layout of controls.

One man thought he was pushing in his cigar lighter and was actually turning out his lights. He crashed, but luckily survived to tell why.

One suggestion to avoid this danger is that controls should have distinctively shaped knobs so that touch alone will tell the driver whether he's right or not.

SPEEDO WARNINGS

There are various speedos in America, and some now in Australia, which change color as your speed increases.

Up to 35 m.p.h. they glow green, up to 50 yellow, and over 50 red.

Frankly, I feel that a competent driver doesn't need a speedo to tell him when he's driving too fast (apart from exceeding the 30 m.p.h. limit). He should drive within his capabilities.

However, I do know that on long trips on straight roads your speed can increase and increase insidiously and perhaps for hauliers and commercial travellers these aids are useful, particularly when driving late at night.

HEADLIGHTS

Most cars have adequate lights provided they are properly focused. However, additional lights, such as a long-range driving light and a fog light, can be very useful in certain conditions.

A heavily laden car will have its lights dangerously tipped up and they should be re-focused.

BRAKES

Brakes, in my opinion, are often inferior to a car's performance.

Designers have made it more difficult for themselves over the years by reducing wheel size.

The question of heat dissipation was a problem with 16in. wheels, which has increased as wheel size decreased to 15in., then to 14in., and 13in.

It means that brakes get even less cooling tucked away inside the wheels, and the brake "fade" problem is very real.

This car embodies many new safety features — a steering lever controlled from a front centre seat, a backward-facing seat in the rear, safety belts, triple door locks controlled by the driver.

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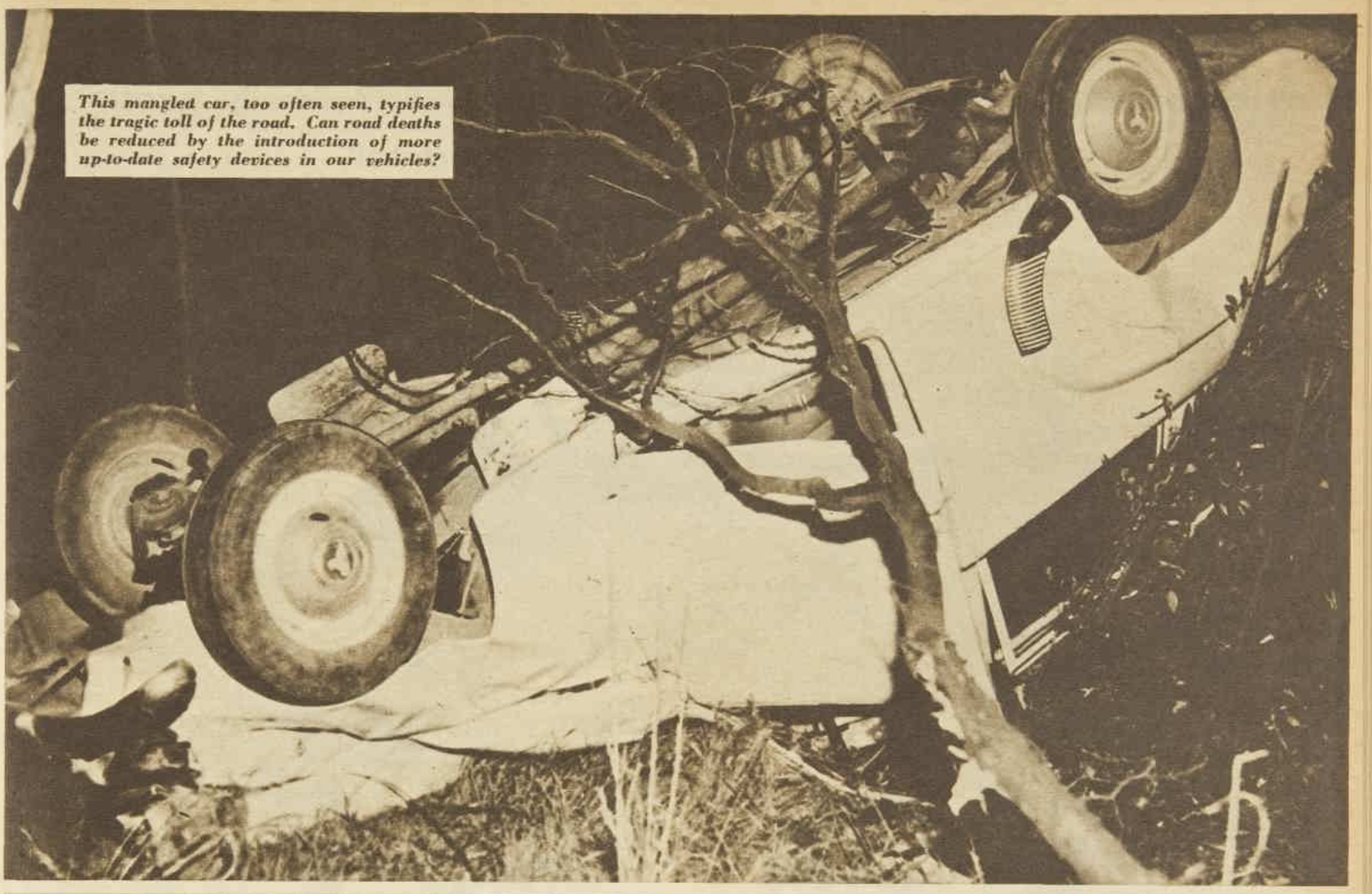

This mangled car, too often seen, typifies the tragic toll of the road. Can road deaths be reduced by the introduction of more up-to-date safety devices in our vehicles?

be made SAFER

I say this, despite the fact that one of Sydney's leading motor salesmen told me he's been in the trade for 35 years and I could take it from him there was no such thing as "brake fade"!

Without adequate cooling, the hydraulic fluid can boil, causing vapor locks and sudden disastrous loss of braking efficiency.

Too few manufacturers go to the trouble of ducting air to the brakes. Wire wheels give better cooling, but they are rare nowadays.

Disc brakes, pioneered by Jaguars at Le Mans, are fortunately becoming more common, and several English quality cars now fit them.

In any high performance 100 m.p.h. car, and particularly if the car is heavy, I consider disc brakes **essential** for safety.

Some cars have a standard fitting which shows a light should you forget to release your handbrake before driving off.

This is sometimes thought to be a gimmick, but it does prevent excessive brake wear and even fade by the rear wheels.

And it could conceivably save a life, say, at a pedestrian crossing when instant braking is needed.

Efficient brakes are vital and I can't stress too much that expert attention to them should be sought by all motorists.

Even the choice of the correct grade of brake fluid is important.

Quite recently I drove a luxury car owned and regularly driven by a wealthy man, and the brakes were nothing short of murderous.

The pedal went almost to the floor before any retardation was noticed. But the owner wasn't worried. He'd got used to it.

I'm afraid there's too much of this dangerous, careless attitude taken by average motorists to their car's safety. They just don't think.

TYRES

The car owner is directly responsible for any accident caused by faulty tyres. A leading police traffic authority in America, who has attended many fatal accidents, would like to see owners prosecuted for having less than 1-16 inch tread on all tyres—including the spare.

Bald tyres have been responsible for many innocent deaths, for a car skidding out of control often wipes out a family in a car travelling in the opposite direction.

Incidentally, no road-racing authorities in Australia will permit a competition car to race with tyres showing less than 75 per cent of the **original** tread.

And some insurance companies will not pay damages for smooth-tyred cars involved in accidents.

SEAT LOCKING

I suggest prospective buyers of two-door cars with tipping front seats ask that some suitable locking device be provided to prevent tipping.

Should you ever carry a child in a baby seat in one of these tipping front seats make sure you fix the seat so it won't tip.

If you don't, and you have to brake suddenly, your child's momentum will cause the seat back to tip forward and whack your child into the dashboard.

EXHAUST SYSTEMS

These can kill by allowing even small quantities of carbon monoxide into the car. This induces mental and physical lethargy, poor concentration, sleepiness, and an accident follows.

During the 1958 National Vehicle Safety check in the U.S.A., 1,500,000 exhaust systems were examined and 35,000 were found to be dangerously faulty.

Assuming that driving is good, roads are good, and cars are safe, accidents will still happen. The next step is to cut the accident death rate.

America's Cornell University has an Automobile Crash Injury Research Project.

Researchers here have found in many serious accidents involving four people that frequently one was killed, two permanently injured, and the fourth often barely bruised.

This is leading to manufacturers studying better "packaging" of passengers.

The researchers also found that a passenger ejected through a door is five times as likely to be killed as those remaining in the car.

SAFETY BELTS

That brought about safety locks, which certainly helped, but doors still fly open in a crash and it is definitely safer to get into the habit of locking the doors before driving off.

Research has been responsible for the "dished" type of steering wheel.

Previously the steering column was a "spear aimed at the driver's heart," but the new wheel spreads the impact and lessens the chance of the driver being skewered.

On the question of safety belts, one American authority has said that the actual U.S. road deaths would be cut to 19,000 by belts and the 1,250,000 injured would fall to 500,000.

But American motorists don't seem any more impressed than Australians, and the safety-belt advocates are disappointed.

Some people resist belts, fearing they will be trapped should a fire break out or the car fall into water. The fact that only 0.5 per cent. of all road accidents involve fire or water doesn't alter this fear.

Others fear internal injury from the belt, but aircraft accidents suggest that if the force of impact is sufficient to cause "belt-inflicted" internal injuries the passenger would certainly be dead without one!

It's interesting that the majority of bad accidents occur at speeds less than 50 m.p.h., and latest figures indicate that belts reduce the risk of death by more than one-third.

Several insurance companies are now offering special rates to safety-belt users. And I suggest any interested reader ask his insurance company for local quotes.

One thing I must stress — I **don't** advocate the lap belt, though it is obviously better than no belt at all.

I recommend only the full harness-type belt, which comprises both seat belt and shoulder straps as "safety belts."

They are light and clean, and, once worn, I'm sure the wearers will quickly be converted, particularly if they try them on a winding road.

An example of how the customer refuses to "buy safety" was recently quoted by the Ford Company.

In America Ford offered a basic car which, when fitted with all the safety extras, still cost no more than the luxury chromed version. But the demand for such a car was negligible—the customer obviously preferred "white wall tyres to safety."

It seems to be human nature to adorn cars with useless extras and cover the rear window with stickers. Some even go further in endangering lives — they dangle dolls or dickie birds in front of them to make driving concentration still harder.

American manufacturers say they are doing all they can to improve the safety of their cars.

They stress their awareness of their moral obligation in this respect by adding: "Why, even our wives and children drive the cars we make!"

Certainly American cars have advanced rapidly in the past couple of years.

I think their greatest improvement is in their suspension and road holding, but they still have a long way to go to catch up with European overall safety.

The Europeans go about it in a different manner.

While they give us safety features such as crash pads, better mirrors, excellent screen wipers and washers and the like as standard equipment, they really specialise in driver comfort and improved road holding, steering, and braking.

But no matter how safe the car, road safety still really comes back to the driver.

A good driver in a 50-year-old veteran car is safer than a bad driver in the safest car in the world.

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Maurice's hello-goodbye tour

"My Tonkinese."

FAMOUS French vaudeville singer and entertainer Maurice Chevalier will visit Australia for the first time next year during a "farewell" tour of the world.

"After this I am retiring—definitely," says the 71-year-old music-hall master who, on at least three previous occasions, has announced his retirement.

Chevalier's J. C. Williamson tour of Australia is scheduled to begin on February 24.

Here, in pictures, is Maurice with the indispensable accessories—the hats, grimaces, and attitudes—of some of his famous songs.

Maurice Chevalier wearing the straw boater in which he sings "Place Pigalle." Place Pigalle is the Paris nightlife centre. Many of his song titles are untranslatable. For instance, "Ma Pomme," literally translated "My Apple," means "me: Here I am, such a good fellow." Usually his eloquent expressions and costumes make translation unnecessary.

"I'm looking for Titine."

"Marie de la Madeleine."

"The Hats"—and Maurice has plenty.

"My Apple."

"Las Vegas"—a fortune lost?

"Oh! If you knew my girl!"

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A reproduction of this Adrian Feint painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge on application to Shell Dealers only.

NEW SOUTH WALES . . . LAND OF WATERWAYS

A few miles up the Pacific Coast from where Captain Cook landed is Narrabeen Lagoon, one of the famed near-Sydney waterways. This aquatic playground is surrounded by hilly timbered country particularly rich in native flowers and shrubs as is the nearby Kuring-gai Chase State Reserve. Anyone contemplating a holiday in Sydney should be sure to drive out to this fascinatingly beautiful area practically on the harbour city's doorstep. Australia is richly endowed with such tourist attractions and people planning holidays or long-service leave will be well advised to seriously consider a motoring holiday in this interesting island continent in which we live.

FREE TOURING SERVICE. Shell offers you Australia's most complete range of touring literature to assist you in your motoring travels. This comprises clear, accurate road maps, general touring information such as road conditions, location of motels, camping and caravan sites, as well as tips on what to take, how to pack and even suggestions on how to keep the children amused. In addition, you will receive a personal introduction card to all Shell Dealers along the way. All you need do is apply to a Shell Dealer, telling him where you want to go. And remember, wherever you go throughout Australia . . . You can be sure of SHELL.

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These puppets are lifesavers

● **Freddie Flash, the bad boy; Betty Bright, the good girl; Grannie Green, the vague old lady; and Sergeant Sam, the kind policeman, are among the four best friends that Queensland children and the State's road-safety authorities have ever had.**

***THE FOUR PUPPETS** who instil good road sense into Queensland schoolchildren are (from left) Freddie Flash, the bad boy; Grannie Green, the vague old lady; Sergeant Sam, the policeman; and Betty Bright, the good girl.*

THE foursome are appealing, popular puppets made by Brisbane artist-sculptress Clothilde Highton and used by Brisbane's Road Safety Police to demonstrate to schoolchildren the risks of faulty road behaviour.

And, according to the police, the puppets have been more than successful in their life-saving task.

Mention the name of Freddie Flash to any schoolchild in Queensland, and he can not only tell you just who he is but he'll start to relate the scrapes he got into last time he saw him, and how Sergeant Sam, whose stories always end with a moral for safety, got him out of the jam.

And then he'll prattle on with some anecdote about Betty Bright and Grannie Green, for the four are all long-remembered characters.

Betty Bright is the good girl who never puts a foot wrong, Sergeant Sam is the policeman who always comes firmly but kindly to the rescue, Grannie Green is the vague old lady who's afraid to cross the road alone, and Freddie Flash is the bold boy who's always getting himself and others into strife because of his bad road manners.

The puppets have travelled thousands of miles throughout Queensland, along with the mobile theatrette which packs up neatly into the back of a police panel van.

They've even been up to Port Douglas, north of Cairns, and all told have visited nearly every primary school and kindergarten in the State.

When Clothilde Highton first made the puppets she personally taught the special brigade of police demonstrators how to use them.

And the policemen quickly learned there were literally no strings attached to this system of teaching road safety to children—for Freddie Flash, Betty Bright, Grannie Green, and Sergeant Sam are glove puppets.

The chief puppet demonstrators are Sgt. H. M. Paterson (of the Traffic Branch of Road Safety), Senior Constable W. S. H. English, and Senior Constable W. S. Dangerfield.

They work under Inspector C. E. Risch, who is in charge of the Metropolitan Traffic and Road Safety Bureau, Brisbane.

In children's wards of hospitals, as many as 60 bedridden children have been wheeled together at a time, and propped up to attend the entertaining puppet lectures.

"It's a tonic to the accident cases to see that the police are really their truest friends," a matron told me.

"After the lectures the police go from bed to bed and have a friendly, fatherly chat with each child."

In and round Brisbane every institution which caters for children—including crippled children, spastics, orphans, sub-normals, and paralysis victims—has asked the police to bring along the puppet theatrette.

Already 300,000 children have been entranced by the show. And their numbers have been increased by 10,000 adults, including drivers who commit minor traffic offences and are called up to attend compulsory traffic lectures.

***FREDDIE FLASH**, Sergeant Sam, and Betty Bright (above) are watched by Fortitude Valley State School pupils Carol Muller, Colin Reed, and Ken Newstead.*

***IN BRISBANE**, at the Road Safety Police Headquarters (left), Clothilde Highton and Sergeant H. M. Paterson look at Clothilde's puppets.*

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bright idea with a handy-size tin!

This path says "welcome." In a few minutes, you can give your home a gay, colourful approach with Taubmans Solpah—the toughest paint underfoot. Wears like iron on *any* walked-on surface. 13 enamelised colours at all paint and hardware stores.

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Worth Reporting

MONSIEUR FRANCOIS BERTRAND leapt out of his chair, grabbed a perfume atomiser and sprayed his hotel room.

"Seventeen flower — rare flower—fragrances," he said enthusiastically. Whiff, whiff.

We sniffed. And M. Bertrand told us that floral perfume is the very latest thing.

He's the general export manager for Christian Dior perfumes, and was in Sydney on a brief visit to look over the Australian market.

"It is typically British to dab perfume behind the ears," said M. Bertrand, looking disgusted at the thought.

"My wife—all Frenchwomen—spray it on coat, evening dress," he added, as he puffed with an imaginary sprayer.

"Do you think we should vary our perfumes, or keep to the same one," we asked.

M. Bertrand said indulgently that we should vary them "because you are a woman, and therefore not expected to be consistent."

MONSIEUR BERTRAND . . . he says very sadly that it's typically British to dab perfume behind the ears.

A SIGN outside a London theatre which specialises in horror films says: "This cinema is scare-conditioned."

High cost of wedded bliss

THERE'S been a pretty steep increase in the price of brides. Among the natives of New Guinea and Port Moresby, that is.

"In areas like Port Moresby, grooms have to produce up to £1500 in cash, shell money, goods, and services, to marry the local 'debs of the year,'" said Mrs. Robert MacLennan.

She's just returned to Sydney after two years in the Territory, where her husband was doing medical research work for the Public Health Department.

MRS. R. MacLENNAN . . . a steep increase in the price of brides in New Guinea.

"Usually a husband is indebted for the rest of his life to relatives who put up the 'finance' for him to marry," Mrs. MacLennan added.

"To safeguard these investments, relations go to great lengths to patch up domestic quarrels when a marriage threatens to break up."

Mrs. MacLennan said their native boy got a bargain wife for £10 and a tomahawk.

This was because she couldn't speak his language. And having been deserted by a former husband, her social stocks were low.

Don't shrink at the thought

"AND we've had our (slosh) heartaches. I personally ruined (slosh) 200 garments in our (slosh) washing-machine at home (slosh)."

Mr. Frank Spinks was talking about his company's new process for shrinkproofing wool.

The sloshing punctuation in his speech, we discovered, was coming from a washing-machine nearby.

We'd just been ushered into a kind of washday "classroom."

People were sitting in polite serried rows (in front of a blackboard) while Mr. Spinks explained that the new process doesn't merely involve shrinkproofing the woollen fibre.

It has to be knitted in a special way, and the resulting fabric goes through nine separate "treatments."

The washing - machine splashed to a stop, and disgorged a couple of woolly sweaters.

Mr. Spinks held them up proudly.

One, treated with the new process, had kept its shape. The other had shrunk (after half-an-hour's washing) by about six inches.

There was a wave of impressed "oooohing."

And then several Very Important People said appreciative things about the company's initiative and forethought.

An hour later we were invited to "partake of refreshments."

No, no. Of course we didn't shrink at the thought of food. We partook.

* * *

MR. MARTY WILDE, one of Britain's rock-'n-roll singers, announced his engagement recently.

"I always planned to marry a girl-next-door type," he said. "Joyce is like that.

"She's so ordinary."

Muu muus and ooli oolis

ALOHA, everybody. A little breath of Hawaii drifted in (and out) of our dull old lives recently.

We were invited to an Adelaide travel agency during Halekulani Week—to have a Surfrider Daiquiri, see some ooli oolis and some muu muus, and listen to "E Mama E" and "Lei Aloha Lei Makamae," the invitation said.

Well, we couldn't resist.

So we soon found ourselves sipping a Surfrider (a fruit cocktail with a spirit base).

And we discovered that Halekulani means "house of the open door," and ooli oolis are feathered gourds, and—well, we knew what muu muus were, anyway.

We'd even made the long, shapeless dress—so fashionable in Hawaii—out of a pattern featured some time ago in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Miss Elizabeth Cornell, owner of the agency, says there are muu muus and muu muus.

She was wearing a Halo muu, which is fitted at the waist, and one of her assistants sported a muu muu cut on Maison Dior's trapeze line.

ELIZABETH CORNELL . . . she offered guests a "Surfrider Daiquiri."

And the men haven't been left out when it comes to exotically named Island clothes.

No, sir. Their Hawaiian shirts have a name, too.

Pu pu.

AN English farmer, Major Anthony Bramley, claims his cows have been yielding more milk lately. And for good reason.

He's provided each cow with an individual plastic mattress.

"The beds are so successful," he said, "it's nearly impossible to wake the cows in the morning."

Two very, very nice people

WHEN a 70-year-old woman pauses at the edge of a footpath you'll often see schoolchildren rush to help her across the street.

But with Mrs. E. Sherwood, of Maryborough, Queensland, it's the reverse.

Every schoolday — rain or shine, morning and afternoon—for the past 11 years, 71-year-old Mrs. Sherwood has walked along to the Central State School to shepherd the children across the street.

The school is at a busy intersection, and long before the bell rings Mrs. Sherwood is waiting there on her self-appointed duty.

Maryborough has another Good Samaritan just a few years younger than Mrs. Sherwood.

She is Mrs. H. Nicholls, who has cycled twice a week to the Maryborough Base Hospital for the past 34 years.

There she distributes books and magazines (which she personally buys and collects), writes letters for patients, posts their mail.

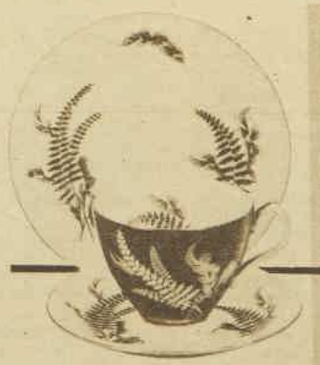
"Mrs. Nicholls is a real friend in need," an ex-patient told us.

* * *

WE were watching the Big Golf on TV. One of the overseas competitors was putting, and the commentator remarked, "He's got a ticklish little four-footer for a par."

"Oh, REALLY," said our elderly relative, "this is no time to make personal remarks about the man's father."

ROYAL ALBERT
Bone China



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From Paris for you... Exciting news!

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(dernière touche)

The fabulous flattery of powdered pearls in convenient compact form

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Final Touch is already the favourite make-up of fashion-conscious French women, because it gives complexions a lovely, velvet smoothness—radiant with the glory of powdered pearls. Add the final touch to *your* beauty with Final Touch!

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FT2.143

Inside

Recent picture of the Queen, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, and Princess Anne, taken when they were in residence at Windsor Castle.

● Royal children have an ingrained habit of making lifelong friends and confidantes of their nursemaids. It happened with the Queen herself, and her closest personal intimate today is undoubtedly her former nanny, Bobo MacDonald.

PRINCESS MARGARET, too, still dislikes to be separated from her friend and former nursemaid, Ruby, Bobo's sister.

Now this top social phenomenon can again be observed around 33-year-old Mabel Anderson, the nursemaid who looks after Princess Anne and is soon to tend the Queen's third baby.

The growing Prince of Wales and his sister both adore her. Shopping in Ballater this summer, Prince Charles headed manfully for the fishing-tackle shop, but then rushed to the draper's to buy her a handkerchief sachet.

Buying three beady brooches at a Sandringham fete, Princess Anne gleefully announced, "One's for Nana!"

Unlike the old school of nannies—usually more starchily uppercrust than their employers — brown-eyed "Nana Mabel" brings to her job fresh gifts of gaiety, democracy, and firm commonsense.

Her father was a Merseyside policeman and she went to a Lancashire council school.

Apart from the responsibility of a younger sister, she had no special training until she took a domestic-science course at the Elgin (Southern Scotland) Girls' Technical School, oddly enough just down the road from Prince Philip's old school, Gordonstoun.

Yet she was jobless, her name merely one of dozens on the books of an Edinburgh domestic agency, when the Royal inquiry came that led to her extraordinary—and yet ordinary — life of nappy-washing amid Palace splendors.

An old friend remembers that Mabel worked previously for South American and South African families in England. Each employer begged her, the perfect nanny, to sail

Arrow indicates where a nursery is being prepared for the Queen's expected baby, overlooking the inner courtyard of Buckingham Palace. The present nursery faces The Mall (right background).

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the Royal nursery

BUSY PREPARATION FOR THE QUEEN'S NEW BABY

home with them with the children.

"She turned down all these wonderful opportunities, refusing to travel so far from her widowed mother," the friend recalls. "If you believe in Providence, I think her job with the Queen came as a reward."

But a Clarence House official says: "She got the job chiefly because she was the only applicant not shivering with nerves."

Mabel Anderson began as nursemaid under Nurse Helen Lightbody, who had worked for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and knew that everything has its place and every minute its occupations.

Once a week on Miss Lightbody's afternoons off — and a day once a fortnight — Miss Mabel found herself tenderly and astonishingly in sole charge of the future heir to the throne.

Later on, she was not too old — she is the same age as the Queen — to play with Charles on the carpeted floor.

Today Nana Mabel is undisputed queen of the nursery domain, with an under-nurse for her afternoons off and a nursery maid. As soon as the new baby was announced, the Queen discussed the necessary changes of the rooms and enquired what she would like to have.

I asked a Buckingham Palace official if a model nursery was planned. "What is a model nursery?" he rejoined. "Aseptic and sterile—or slightly old - fashioned? Aseptic *and* slightly old-fashioned, that's ours, I should say."

Many people look up at the second-floor nursery windows, protective rails faintly discernible in the deep embrasures, facing north-east down The Mall.

In reality this is only the long room of the day nursery. A suite of rooms to embrace all the activities of the younger generation runs through the Palace flanks.

The nursery planned for the newcomer looks sunnily south-east over the inner courtyard.

By
HELEN CATHCART

For the first London sounds the baby will hear the muted clatter of typewriters from the Press girls' office just below and the morning music of the Guards' band in the forecourt.

The room—freshly painted, off-white with ivory mouldings, close - carpeted, with creamy patterned chintz curtains, will soon have undertones of the old Clarence House nursery.

There will be the same low winged nursing - chair, the same footstools, the same glass-fronted cupboard to display special gifts, the same familiar brass fireguard now mounted over an electric fire.

The Queen *likes* old things, I was told. *Before* Prince Charles was born she got out the heavy high-slung pram used both for herself and Princess Margaret. Repainted, its interior refurbished with new kid leather, it was used for Charles and Anne, and will probably serve again.

Renovated, the cradle will have at least its fifth Royal occupant, with head curtains of new sprigged muslin and coverlets of buttercup yellow. The traditional blue or pink trimmings can be added later. "Fancy a girl turning up," the Queen once said, "and finding a blue-for-a-boy cot waiting."

The Queen thus disguises hints of Royal preference.

In practice, potential godparents have been seen shopping for play-safe pram coats and matinee jackets with roses worked in white and gold.

Meanwhile, layette gifts are pouring in from all over the world, a Palace problem involving redistribution through charities to hundreds of homes.

When the Queen was anticipating Prince Charles, a half-hundredweight of napkins arrived in a single package, a gift that both parents and nursery staff greeted hilariously. And Earl Mountbatten originally dreamed up the miniature bathroom, with bath, towel-rails, and bath-towels all to scale, now also renewed for the new arrival.

Then there is a basket hamper, trimmed with satin roettes, made to match one used in the Queen's babyhood . . . and there is the "beauty box" with all the essential baby toilet requisites in cherub-capped pots and bottles, readily snatched up whenever Nana does her quick, deft packing to change nurseries.

For, of course, Miss Anderson rules not one Royal nursery but four.

The nurseries at Sandringham, Balmoral, and Windsor are all in varying degrees of readiness. Like the nursery suite at Buckingham Palace, they all smell of soap, mostly have big cupboards that light up when opened, and have Hepplewhite clocks ticking the placid rhythm of childhood.

One of the few photographs of the Royal "Nana," Mabel Anderson, taking Prince Charles for an outing in St. James' Park on his second birthday.

At Windsor the children's rooms are so close to the Queen's that a surprised Indian visitor reported home, "An exception among the British upper classes, the Queen's children do not live in *purdah*."

Queen Victoria liked to hear her innumerable infants scampering over her head, and at Sandringham the new baby rooms adjoin Queen Elizabeth's apartments in the north-western corner.

Visitors privileged to describe the scene are rare, however, in the wonderful world of Mabel Anderson. Mme Auriol, wife of the then French President, recalled an intimate conversation on potting rather than nursery equipment.

New gadgets

Dr. Wilfred Sheldon, the Royal child specialist, once advised Miss Mabel on a bathroom weighing machine, but has never found it necessary to check her regime or her discipline.

Knowing that Mabel has never before had the major responsibility of a "newborn," Mr. John Peel, the Queen's gynaecologist, limits himself to the kindly, encouraging minimum of prompting.

Only close intimates—such as the Palace district nurse—have seen the new gadgets of the nursery kitchenette, the spin-rinser and electric drying cabinets. And, as it should be, the day nursery—hub of the nursery wing—seems unchanged by anticipation.

The toy horses and tricycles still stand guard in the corridor.

The portraits of Mama and Papa still smile down from the marble mantelpiece. South African and Tasmanian landscapes adorn the walls. Nana's flat-topped desk is reassuring as ever with its direct telephone link with the Queen.

Prince Charles' miniature telescope has vanished. (Forecasts are that he will soon have rooms of his own.) Not to hinder an elder sister's protectiveness, Anne's exquisite sycamore chair is still in position, though she is fast outgrowing it. Nothing mars the nursery tempo that the Queen has called "the security of love."

No one awaits her baby routine more eagerly than Mabel Anderson. The six o'clock feed means only a little earlier rising and the last ten o'clock bottle fits neatly with bedtime.

Elevenses was always a coffee break with charges scampering in from the schoolroom for nursery milk.

Time off will merge imperceptibly with baby's outings. It will be wonderful to take up the quiet, unhurrying routine, to share the Queen and Prince Philip's enjoyment of baby's bathtime.

Precious charge

And finally "so to bed," the cat-nap of all nannies, with the baby sweet and clean in its cot in the same room, so precious a charge.

I once asked Mrs. Bill, George VI's old nurse, the qualities of the ideal nanny. "Buckets of patience," she said, "and great understanding."

In the Royal nursery, Nana Mabel Anderson has these gifts in abundance awaiting the new Prince or Princess.

A Palace guest left his teeth

● During the Queen's holiday at Balmoral, Buckingham Palace had its usual great clean-up of the year.

THE annual "spring-clean" at the Palace is always carried out in high summer when the Royal Family is away.

To the staff it is known as the "bag-wash."

This is because there are bags on the chairs and tables, bags over the clocks and candelabra, bags around the firegrates and fenders, even the doorhandles.

Then the extra Mrs. Mopps move in — and this year the soap and polish was backed by extra cheerfulness at the thought of the coming new baby.

Before the clean-up some of the Palace art treasures are secretly whisked away. Every year several precious old masters from the picture gallery are entrusted to picture restorers outside the Palace.

Not long ago the two gold-encrusted phoenix armchairs from the Throne Room—worth thousands of pounds—were sent outside the Palace for the first time in 40 years to be overhauled.

Sets of curtains and carpets are sent away for cleaning. The shampooist of a wonderful Aubusson carpet had a shock one year when she caught the glint of diamonds in the carpet folds.

A diamond brooch had been caught up in the hem—and the discovery settled a two-year-old Palace mystery. A young bride, privileged to attend a Palace party, had reported the loss of the brooch, but servants had looked for it in vain.

Dust is never swept under the Palace carpets, but in this case diamonds had been evidently kicked into the carpet hem!

Even stranger discoveries have been made. The unsurpassed queerest find is said to be that of a Palace footman who moved an ornate and heavy lamp standard to find beneath it a plate of five false teeth embedded in a meringue.

I have never quite believed in that meringue. On the other hand, one can vouch for the extraordinary fan mystery of the Blue Drawing-Room.

One of the largest rooms in the Palace, this lovely apartment is so high that the cornice near the ceiling can be cleaned only from the top platform of a four-tier collapsible derrick. Yet the workmen once found a delicate and valuable fan resting on the broad ledge of the cornice.

How it got there remains a mystery. No guest could have thrown it and risked damage to the china ornaments or chandeliers if it fell. No one could have tried to play tennis with fans amid the grandeur of the drawing-room. A mute witness to an enigma, the fan is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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Acknowledgment from The

GOOD DRESSING

The hallmark of Prestige cannot be bought cheaply. Some Prestige productions are expensive by any standards. However, all Prestige productions — fabrics, underthings and stockings (full fashioned or seamfree) bear the hallmark of quality and good taste, and the great majority are priced well within the budget of those who value being well dressed.

THE GOWN OF THE YEAR
Ball gown and crimson lined coat of Australaine "Wool-O-Wisp" featherweight sheer wool.
Textile House: Australaine Fabrics — a wholly owned subsidiary of Prestige.
Designer: Hall Ludlow.
Mannequin: Diane Masters.

FORMAL BALL GOWN of Prestige black "Satin Duchesse" trimmed with arctic fox.
Textile House: Clive Caldwell P/L.
Designer: Lorna Briggs of Camille Lee.
Mannequin: Honni Freger.

BALL GOWN of Prestige "Changeni" —a Bayadere Foulard woven in wide bands of colour.
Textile House: Prestige.
Designer: Raoul Couture.
Mannequin: Marien Brindley.

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House of Prestige

WE ARE PLEASED to acknowledge the splendid effort of all members of the Mannequins and Models Guild of Australia who gave their services free, and again organised "The Gown of the Year" Parade in aid of Legacy, and to add this organisation's thanks to those already expressed by Legacy. We also wish to thank those designers and fashion houses who chose their fabrics from The House of Prestige. In the three divisions, Leisure Wear, Race Wear and "The Gown of the Year", over eighty creations were paraded, the majority styled from high fashion, imported fabrics, i.e., from France, Italy and Switzerland. Therefore, it was gratifying to see that leading designers had chosen equally beautiful Australian fabrics, with the result that Australian fabrics won all sections of "The Gown of the Year". It was particularly pleasing to The House of Prestige that "The Gown of the Year" was made entirely from one of its fabrics — a beautiful featherweight woollen called "Wool-O-Wisp", and also that a stretch nylon tricot creation by Prestige gained top honours in Leisure Wear.

LEISURE WEAR — FIRST PRIZE
"Dragonfly" Sleekies ensemble of printed Nylas stretch nylon. One side of the reversible skirt is black "Ban-Lon".
Textile House: Prestige.
Designer: Prestige. Mannequin: Honni Freger.

RACE WEAR — HONOURABLE MENTION
Ensemble — mohair, nylon and wool coat over printed "Wool-O-Wisp" featherweight sheer wool dress. Textile House: Australaine Fabrics.
Designer: Raoul Couture. Mannequin: Marien Brindley.

RACE ENSEMBLE—Australaine citrus Wool Leno coat over Crepe Lorraine sheath frock.
Textile House: Peter Banks Fabrics.
Designer: Van Roth.
Mannequin: Joan Allerton.

BALL GOWN of draped Australaine "Wool-O-Wisp" in white and blue.
Textile House: Australaine Fabrics.
Designer: Alouette.
Mannequin: Lynette King.

BALL GOWN AND CLOAK of Prestige "Sweet and Dry" fabric, kingfisher blue cloak worn over calypso pink gown.
Textile House: Wareing Textile Co.
Designer: Astor Salon.
Mannequin: Dorothy Moore.

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The dress and matching jacket ensemble illustrated here has been designed especially to answer a reader's letter. I had similar requests from other readers in last week's fashion mail.

HERE is a typical letter and my reply:

"None of the pattern departments has just the style I want, so I am writing to you for help. My needs are for a plain frock and short matching jacket — nothing too elaborate, as I am a young wife and mother, with not much cash to spare for clothing. I have bought a dress-length consisting of 5½yds. of rayon linen in a lemon shade."

The slim dress and matching single-breasted jacket (at right) is my design choice for your linen ensemble. The dress minus the jacket is pretty enough to wear for any informal party. With the jacket you have a chic outfit suitable for any daytime occasion. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. Near the pictures are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE some paper-thin navy taffeta I bought for a late-afternoon dress and would like a suggestion for a striking style. I am in my mid-thirties, with a 34in. bust and a very small waist span."

My suggestion is a fitted sleeveless bodice-top with a wide-open neckline finished with a double cape-collar. Have the waistline marked with a narrow self-material belt finished with a tailored bow, and have the skirt bell-shaped.

"I WANT an idea for a light wool coat to take on a summer cruise. The coat must be suitable for night and day, as I can afford only one coat. The material I bought is rather like cashmere and it is in a flame tone. I have only enough for a straight style, but could purchase some contrast for the trimming."

A collarless coat bound all-round in matching satin would be an excellent all-purpose resort coat. Have the silhouette straight and unbelted and the sleeve dolman-type with a narrow cut.

DS383.—Frock and matching jacket in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¼yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"MY two sisters are going to be my bridesmaids, and as one girl's 17 and the other eight we can't find a headdress suitable for both ages."

In spite of the age difference, it would be a pretty idea if they both wore circlets of flowers finished at the back with ribbon streamers. The flowers could be fresh or artificial, and matched in color to the dresses.

"MY PROBLEM is a glamorous nightgown and dressing-gown to be included in my trousseau. The outfit is for early autumn."

In sheer or heavier materials a negligee often is co-ordinated with a nightgown. For instance, a strawberry-pink velveteen negligee could be lined with a sheer fabric printed in roses, with the nightgown in the same fabric. Have the negligee finished with a cape collar and falling straight to above-ankle length. Have the nightgown designed with a scoop neckline, puffed sleeves, and Empire bodice, from under the bodice the skirt made with all-round gathers.

"COULD you give me a style for late-afternoon separates? The materials I have planned on using are coarse white cotton lace (about 2yds.) and 3½yds. of a heavy black satin."

A cropped top in the form of a bateau-necked waist-length overblouse would be an attractive way to use coarse white lace. Use the black satin for a slim skirt finished with a matching cummerbund.

"AS my coloring is neither dark nor fair, I find it hard to know what shades will suit me. Could you help me with this problem?"

What is your most attractive feature, eyes or hair? Whichever it is, choose a color to make that feature more noticeable. For instance, if your eyes are blue, wear greys, clear yellows, and light and dark blues. If you have mid-brown hair, rose-reds, creamy yellow, and rich browns will all be extremely flattering.

"I HAVE a white organdie evening dress to which I would like to add a dash of color. Would you please suggest some simple way to do this?"

A pretty color prop for a white organdie evening dress would be a rose-pink ribbon, bow-tied sash, and matching shoes.

Beauty in brief

PAMPER THIN HAIR

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If your hair is springy and naturally curly it probably looks well groomed for hours. But if it's thin, straight, or flyaway, it needs more than combing to keep it tidy.

A SHORT, easy-care hairdo cut and styled on full lines is always a good choice if your hair is fine, straight, or apt to flop limply across your forehead in a depressing way.

You will probably need a gentle permanent wave every three or four months to give your hair enough "body" to hold a simple hairdo for that length of time, as well as a suitable spray to keep the hair in place during the day.

All the little extras count when you are looking after thin hair; a weekly wash is average, but for skimpy or very dry hair once in 10 days or two weeks might be better. Gentle scalp massage is good, too.

To keep that full-blown, thicker look, you may have to set your topknot on rollers every night, or even scant hours before you go out.

Back-combing will make the hair look bulkier, but it must be done skilfully, or you'll wind up with a bird's-nest effect.

Legs every man admires...
every woman envies

The secret is Silkymit . . . the feminine way to lovely, hair-free legs. Silkymit is as necessary as a lipstick . . . as harmless as a powder puff.

Silkymit Single pack, 1/3 Triple pack, 3/-

MICKEY MOUSE CLUB BOOK
All about the famous TV Mouseketeers
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS FOR 15/-

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When the room smells stale

put it out to "air" with AIR★O★ZONE

You know how a room *can* get "stale"—in close, humid weather . . . when it's suffering from a bad case of the "morning after" . . . when tobacco odour permeates furnishings or when cooking smells linger. To keep your home fresh, and pleasant for your family and guests to walk into, put "stale" rooms out to air with Air•O•Zone. Just press the button—and a fine mist of Air•O•Zone floats to every part of the room, *instantly* absorbing and destroying all unpleasant odours. Air•O•Zone completely banishes "staleness." A room sprayed with Air•O•Zone has a cool, clean freshness that you can *feel*—just as if you had truly put it out to air in a grove of fragrant forest pine! And it *stays* fresh and sweet for hours!

More important still, the Glycol in Air•O•Zone kills harmful air-borne bacteria. That's why it's so important to use Air•O•Zone when there is sickness in the house—use it in the bathroom and toilet, and *wherever* there's a risk of air-borne infection.

Economical Air•O•Zone is highly concentrated—only a few seconds' spraying is necessary.

Try AIR★O★ZONE

SEE HOW SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE IT IS TO KEEP ALL THE ROOMS IN YOUR HOME FRESH AND HEALTHY

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HOLIDAY RESORT

● *Here are new summer resort fashions to wear beaching, cruising, sailing, and for holiday parties. Color is often the season's major fashion excitement.*

Sun separates

Separates for cruising and beaching (above and right). Together, the trio can skip smartly through any informal on-or-by-the-sea occasion. The new look comes via the firmly belted waist and immaculately short shorts—and color. When — as here — the design is understated, beware of fashion dullness. Splurge on color. Examples: Shorts and top in dazzling turquoise-blue, vivid mandarin, or deep violet — skirt in white.

Sailing

Salty fashion for sailing—a front-buttoned, abbreviated dress artfully tailored of towelling to fall straight from shoulder to mid-thigh. It can double as an after-swim jacket — looks newest in Oriental colors such as blue, orange, rose, lacquer-red, or chalk-white. This is a delicious fashion for the young and slender-legged.

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FASHIONS

Partygoer

Riding the crest of the fashion news is a short party dress (left) with a pretty cape collar. The waistline is well marked. The silhouette is very French and might well become very Australian. This example is made in tulip-and-leaf-patterned cotton in red, pink, orange, and green, printed on a pastel ground.

Nightlife

These party separates create their full share of evening glamor. In dazzling white, plus black, the twosome gives an effect of uncluttered chic. The ropes of jet matched to the jet buckle are a new Paris fashion.

Travel coat

This coat gives complete coverage against chilly days or evenings for all travel, either by plane, train, car, or ship. It is cut along lines so tried and true that it could return happily for many seasons.

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DESSERTS MADE IN NO TIME

5 MINUTES: Jiffy peppermint fluff, prepared in five minutes, is an ideal sweet for busy days.

10 MINUTES: Tall and elegant de luxe pineapple parfait is made of layers of pineapple and ice-cream.

● These desserts, so pretty to look at and be a help to the busy housewife when her because they can be all made in a ma

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Co

OFTEN the housewife finds it necessary to prepare and serve a dessert for dinner in the shortest possible time. But no matter how quickly the dessert can be prepared it should be made to look attractive and served in the finest dishes available.

On your grocer's shelf you will find a great variety of both instant and quick-cooking pudding mixes in all the popular flavors. They are simple to mix and are ideal for busy-day desserts.

All the recipes in this section have been planned so that they can be prepared in the time specified. So whether you have five minutes or 30 minutes you will find one to suit your needs.

All spoon measurements are level and quantities are sufficient for four servings.

JIFFY PEPPERMINT FLUFF
(5 minutes)

One packet vanilla instant pudding mix, ¾ pint milk, ½ cup desiccated coconut, few drops peppermint essence, green food coloring, cherries and almonds to decorate.

Place milk in basin, add pudding mix and essence, beat until blended. Fold in coconut and a few drops coloring to color pale green. Pour into 4 sweets dishes and when set decorate with cherries and almonds.

DE LUXE PINEAPPLE PARFAIT
(10 minutes)

One small tin crushed pineapple, 1 tray each of home-made or bought chocolate and vanilla ice-cream, whipped sweetened cream, 4 cherries.

Place a layer of pineapple in base of 4 parfait glasses, top with a layer of chocolate and vanilla ice-cream. Continue layers until glasses are almost full. Top each with a spoonful cream and a cherry. Serve with *Quick Toasties*.

Quick Toasties: Dip 4 slices of cake into sweetened condensed milk. Toss in shredded coconut and grill on all sides.

FLUFFY COCONUT PEARS
(15 minutes)

One egg-white, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon pear syrup, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup desiccated coconut, 4 tinned pear halves.

Combine egg-white, lemon juice and rind, syrup, and sugar in heatproof basin. Place over saucepan of boiling water and beat 4 to 5 minutes with beater or until mixture stands in peaks. Remove from heat, add coconut. Pile on to pear halves and serve.

FRUITY PEACH CRISPS
(15 minutes)

Eight peach halves (fresh or tinned), ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup cornflakes, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons raisins, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Sprinkle peach halves with half the brown sugar. Place under griller and grill until bubbling and lightly browned. Remove and fill peach cavities with a mixture of remaining sugar, cornflakes, walnuts, raisins, and melted butter. Return to griller and grill slowly until heated through. Serve with sweetened whipped cream or ice-cream.

PRUNE AND MACAROON CREAM
(20 minutes)

One cup dessert prunes, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup cream or chilled evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup crushed macaroon crumbs.

Pit and chop prunes roughly. Beat egg-whites until stiff; gradually add sugar. Whip cream or evaporated milk until thickened. Add to meringue and fold in chopped prunes, vanilla, and macaroon crumbs. Spoon into 4 sweets dishes and chill until ready to serve.

LUSCIOUS LEMON MERINGUE PIE
(25 minutes)

Crust: Two and a half cups crushed biscuit crumbs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4oz. melted butter or substitute.

Combine all ingredients and press into a 7in. pie plate; chill.

Lemon filling: One tin sweetened condensed milk, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ cup lemon juice.

Combine condensed milk and egg-yolks; gradually beat in lemon juice. Pour into prepared crust and return to refrigerator.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 1-3rd cup sugar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff; gradually add sugar and beat until mixture holds its shape. Pile on to lemon filling and place under hot griller until lightly browned.

CHERRY SURPRISE
(25 minutes)

One tin red cherries, 1 tablespoon cornflour (blended with ¼ cup water), ½ cup sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 layer sponge cake, cream or custard.

Place cherries and syrup in frying-pan, add sugar, almond essence, and blended cornflour. Cook over low heat until mixture boils and thickens, stirring constantly. Simmer 3 minutes. Place

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 9, 1959

Teenagers' WEEKLY

SUMMER FASHION IDEAS,

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LETTERS

The best years of her life

I AM a 16-year-old girl, and I would like to say how happy I am. I don't know why teenagers are always grumbling and rebellious. I have a boy-friend, two dogs, and a horse; I love rock-'n-roll and classical music; I enjoy musical comedy and heavy drama, and I feel as much at home in our local theatre group as I do in a coffee shop full of beatniks. I like people. I love swimming, walking, horse-riding, hiking, embroidery, reading, painting, and writing. I don't suppose all this will interest you very much, but I would like to say, "Buck up, teenagers — this is the most wonderful time of your lives."—*"Happy," Nowra, N.S.W.*

From grandma of twenty-five

HOW nice Teenagers' Weekly is. How interesting. I'm far from a teener (I have 25 grandchildren) but I really enjoy every page of it. I think the nice styles for their clothes are beautiful. I wish I were young again. Clothes styling was not as interesting in my young days. And the letters: some are really sad, some with complicated problems, while some are so funny. What a mixture of advice for Louise Hunter to give. God bless all. —*Mrs. I. R. Archie, Girgarre, Vic.*

JAMES SMITH
. . . rumors fly.

Gossiping girls

I THINK girls start most of the gossip that gets around. I told a girl something I should not have, and it was all round the town the next day. It is not the first time this has happened. I am at wit's end listening to all the girls running boys down, so it is about time us boys had a go back at them. —*James Smith, St. Marys, N.S.W.*

One—or more?

DO you think a girl should have more than one boy-friend? My friends do, but I think one is enough. — *"One-Boy Girl," Moonah, Hobart.*

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR PIN-UP:
Sal Mineo, 20-year-old American singing star who appears in the recently released film "A Private's Affair."

Against bias

I WISH people would not belittle colored races. Do white people think themselves superior because of different pigments of the skin? We should judge a person by his thoughts and actions, not by whether he is black, brown, red, yellow, or white. Some Australians even look down on Europeans. Some migrants come to Australia because of necessity, not because they don't love their own countries. So we should help them to settle down and eventually to love and appreciate us. We should be glad of migrants to help populate Australia. If it comes to that, Christ was a foreigner, and so are the Americans. — *Merilyn-Lee Wollan, Elsternwick, Melbourne.*

Warning film

I RECENTLY saw a film on lung cancer which was caused by continuous smoking. Wouldn't it be a good idea if this film was shown to students at all high schools, as many teenagers think themselves smart when they smoke. This harmless beginning often results in an expensive and unhealthy habit. — *"Schoolgirl," Brisbane.*

Beach beauty

NOW that summer is coming, many girls will be wearing two-piece costumes to the beach. These costumes show up ugly figures. Girls should only wear them if they have a reasonably good figure, otherwise it looks silly.—*"Student," Chester Hill, N.S.W.*

MERILYN-LEE WOLLAN
. . . actions count.

Holiday fun: I think that the people who do not enjoy themselves during the school vacations are not taking advantage of being free from homework and studies. The girls in our class plan ahead, and we go cycling, crabbing (terrific fun), fishing, swimming, water ski-ing, boating, picnicking. It is such fun when there is a crowd. The photo shows us having lunch at Green Island last summer.—*Edith Rose McGrath, Cairns, Qld.*

Too hot to swot

WHY can't public examinations be held in June or July instead of in December? In December it is almost impossible to sit inside on a hot day stewing over books, but in June it would be much easier to keep our minds on swotting. I don't mean that we should only be examined on six months' work, but would start a new year's work in June after the exams.—*"Still Stewing," Mitcham, S.A.*

Word from N.Z.

SEEING all the letters in Teenagers' Weekly about co-ed problems in Australia, I would like to give you a New Zealander's view on the subject. There are very few co-ed schools in N.Z. at present, but the average teenager would like to have them, as over here there are far less opportunities for teenagers to get to know one another.—*"Cool Kiwi," Dunedin, N.Z.*

Teen beginner

I HAVE been a teenager for one month. I love rock-'n-roll and all other dances. I want to go out more than my parents will let me. I like high heels, lipstick, and nail-polish, and wear them around the house, much to my pop's annoyance. I can swim and ride and drive a tractor. I like to try new ideas (especially money-making schemes). Sometimes I try (with much difficulty) to be the sweet, kind, gentle type. I love rodeos, cricket, hockey, swimming, and tennis. Sometimes I am as happy as a queen and other times I can't stand myself.—*Ethnee McLoughlan, Scone, N.S.W.*

LIPSTICK—BUT WHEN?

● Lesley Smith, of Mortdale, N.S.W., said (T.W. 28/10/'59) that at 13 she thought she was old enough to wear lipstick.

FOR . . .

I AGREE with Lesley Smith. I have been wearing lipstick and stockings since I was 12½. I am now 13 and have a pair of shoes with 1½in. high heels. My mother doesn't mind. She thinks it improves my appearance. — *"Young Teenager," Brinkworth, S.A.*

I AM 13 and I wear lipstick and often go to dances with my girl-friends. Some people say I am too young to go to dances and wear lipstick. But I think that when you're 13 you should be allowed a bit of fun. — *R. Struys, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.*

I AM 13 and my parents forbid me to wear lipstick till next year. I think this is silly and old-fashioned.—*"In Agreement," Newnham, Tas.*

LESLEY SMITH has a friend. I am 13 but I am not permitted to wear lipstick even though all my friends do.—*M. Barrington, Surrey Hills, Vic.*

I THINK all parents should allow their children to wear lipstick and high heels at 13. When a group of girls go to the pictures and a lot of them wear lipstick and heels and one or two don't, those who don't feel out of things, and awkward.—*"Be Like The Others," Croydon Park, N.S.W.*

AGAINST . . .

LESLEY SMITH wants to wear lipstick at 13 because the other girls in her class do. Would she put her head in the fire if the others in her class did it?—*"Sensible Teenagers," Traralgon, Vic.*

I THINK you should be at least 16 before you wear lipstick.—*Jeanette Sanders, Ulladulla, N.S.W.*

JEANETTE SANDERS
. . . not until 16.

MY classmates and I are about 13 and we agree that lipstick should not be worn anywhere except to a school social. Surely you don't want to grow up too soon like Dodie Stevens, who looks about 20 instead of 13. — *Jane Coggan, Muttama, N.S.W.*

I THINK Lesley Smith wants to grow up too quickly. A lot of young teenagers want to grow up quickly, but when they are grown up they wish they were teenagers again. Lipstick should only be worn for special occasions when you are 13.—*"Teenager," Proserpine, Qld.*

I COME from Scotland. I am amazed at the number of teenagers who at 13 or 14 wear lipstick, stockings, and high heels. I have never worn any of these things, and my advice to young girls is—keep your mind off dates and make-up till you are at least 16 or 17. In Britain teenage girls are never seen wearing make-up at 14 or 15. —*Joan Blake, Glen Iris, Vic.*

I DON'T think that a girl of 13 should worry about lipstick. It looks ridiculous on such a young person. Wait a few years.—*"Blossom," Brisbane.*

Neglected W.A.

WHY does no one of importance ever come to W.A.? All the film stars and singers that come to Australia tour only in the eastern States. Do they think Perth is an outback little country town surrounded by bush and wild animals? Or is it that they think we don't want them? All we saw of Princess Alexandra were the photos and newsreels. Is that the closest we are ever going to get to anybody important? —*"Fed-Up Fan," Nedlands, W.A.*

'Twas ever thus

RECENTLY I was searching for material for a school project when I found this quotation: "The world is passing through troubled times. The young people of today think of nothing but themselves. They have no reverence for their parents. They are impatient of all restraint. They talk as if they alone knew everything. As for the girls, they are forward, immodest, and unwomanly in speech and behaviour and dress." A rather ordinary and everyday statement, I hear you say? This comment was written by a religious leader in 1274! —*Robyn Frankel, Goulburn, N.S.W.*

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In all families, at some time or another, conflicts develop between teenagers and parents. The teenagers think they're grown up enough to have adult liberties; their parents think they're not. Here Gladys Gardner Jenkins and Joy Neuman tell you: "How To Live With Parents."

GETTING ALONG WITH PARENTS

• Usually life is fairly serene at the Carters', but quite frequently you're likely to hear the following conversation:

"BUT, Dad, you're ruining all my fun. Weren't you ever young?"

That's Dodie, aged 16, who has been creating a minor revolution in the house for the past few months.

"I certainly was young, my dear," retorts Mr. Carter. "And I can tell you such goings-on never took place. The girls I knew weren't allowed to go gallivanting around at all hours of the night, and we boys didn't expect them to."

Scenes like this, about one thing or another, go on in thousands of homes all over the country. It's all a part of the teenagers v. parents conflict, when family life becomes family strife.

Which brings up a good question. What good *are* families once you reach your teens and are more or less adult? Because by this time, it's true, you *are* able to keep your ears clean, your room orderly, and generally make and carry out your own plans and activities. Still, everyone, no matter what his or her age, has to feel that someone loves and admires him, even with all his faults. And that's what families are for.

Although you want very much to be completely on your own, you still need your parents. You can't make the switch from a dependent child to an emancipated adult in one year — or even two or three. You need independence, protection, *and* security, the latter of which your parents provide.

One of the pitfalls freedom-loving youth frequently get into is a distorted view of adulthood. It appears that once you're grown up you can do anything you like, because there's no one to tell you not to.

This is very misleading, and the sad truth eventually breaks through. Freedom entails responsibility.

Because you're growing up and striving for freedom, problems arise even in the happiest of households — problems such as money, social life, school, and future educational and vocational plans.

First in the money field, and closest to your heart, is probably the delicate matter of an allowance.

Most authorities on the family agree that it's a good thing for children to receive a regular allowance from the time they are old enough to need money for small expenses. It helps teach them the value of money and how to manage it.

Family council

One of the best ways of deciding on a fair allowance is through a family council on finance.

Once a month the Morgan family go into conference together and discuss various family affairs. This almost always includes the budget, in which everyone has a voice. Certain amounts have to be set aside for food, shelter, operating expenses, clothing, recreation, health, education, savings, insurance, and personal allowances.

These amounts are not arbitrarily decided upon by the parents, however. Everyone has a say as to how much should be spent for what, on the basis of the family income.

Sometimes a special meeting is called to pass judgment on a particular problem, such as whether the family's vacation is to be spent fishing or sightseeing.

If your family already uses the conference or council method you're fortunate. If not, why not initiate the idea yourself?

Make-up is often a problem with girls. Your mother didn't start wearing lipstick until she was 18, and doesn't see why you should start at 16.

If you and your parents do not agree on the subject of glamor gadgets, discuss the matter calmly, present your side of the story reasonably, and perhaps you can reach a compromise. Avoid using make-up in secret. Parents have a way of finding out, and sly actions like this only lessen their trust in you.

There once was a time when a woman who smoked in public was thought to be "fast" or "bad." That passed, along with other social taboos.

Many young people see that "everyone else" is smoking now and consequently they want to do it, too. For various reasons. Sometimes because it seems sophisticated—man- or woman-of-the-world-ish. Or because they want to impress the crowd. Or even, believe it or not, because their favorite actress smokes.

Parents usually object to smoking because they feel it is not healthful for growing boys and girls.

This is not a tract to convince you that smoking is a bad habit no one should acquire. But it's worth pointing out that there is no prestige attached to it. Besides, looking at it practically, smoking is expensive.

If you're convinced you want to take up cigarettes, talk it over with your parents and see how they feel about it.

If you're going to high school now there are a lot of decisions you're going to have to make about your future within the next few years. For example, will you be going to university? Are you going to have a career? What kind? How are you going to prepare for it? What courses should you take?

Since there are over 21,000 jobs to choose from, planning a career requires some careful thought. It's necessary to determine what your interests, aptitudes, and abilities are, and whether you'll be able to take the necessary training for the job you've chosen.

Talk over your plans with your parents, tell them what your ambitions are, seek their advice, and you'll not only receive a lot of helpful information but you and your family will understand one another better.

Time was when your parents were the final judges of everything—they told you what was right and what was wrong, and you usually guided your conduct accordingly. Gradually you built up standards based on this early training.

Now, however, you are beginning to question some of those standards.

The disturbing thing is that what your friends and teachers have to say doesn't always agree with what your parents believe and with what you have accepted as the way, the absolute truth.

The moral is that if you ask ten different people their opinions on any subject, from what the weather tomorrow will be to what we ought to do about the atom-bomb, you will get ten different answers representing ten different opinions.

They're people

Much as you respect your parents, teachers, or certain famous people, it's not a good idea just to adopt completely their ideas about everything without thinking each issue through yourself.

So when you begin to question your mother's and dad's views on some subject, don't assume they're always right or that they're always wrong. Learn all you can about each issue and then do some honest thinking about it.

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● *This page will help her make the right choice of Christmas gifts.*

The problem of the present

Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,
Please to put a penny in the old man's hat.

THAT'S what the old rhyme says, but let's be realistic — when you're buying presents for someone's Christmas stocking, a penny isn't enough.

If in doubt, ASK

—says Robin Adair

A LOT of girls apparently thought that a recent story of mine about what gifts a girl should pop in her bloke's Christmas stocking was incomplete.

Remember it? I vetoed giving too many hankies, too-loud ties and socks. In short, I was a cad about a scad of presents.

Well, after the story appeared, a mail-bag that would have broken Santa's back arrived, stuffed with letters asking me what, in heaven's name, should a girl give?

To my way of thinking, the golden Yule Rule is to give something he wants, hasn't got, and isn't likely to get from someone else.

I know that sounds a tall order. But if you're going to give him a present at all you might as well do it properly.

How do you pick a gift that he really wants?

I know Daddy Christmas will probably start a fire in my chimney for saying it, but I believe you can discuss it with the boy.

Although this takes a lot of the surprise out of a gift it doesn't take out the pleasure.

And it's the only sensible thing to do — unless of course you can do a bit of detective work on the lad's likes and dislikes without his knowing.

But what-to-give-Jack (or Jill) and how-much-to-spend are very real problems, and with the exchange of gifts between boys and girls there's some etiquette involved.

That doesn't apply, of course, if you're engaged or almost engaged.

Then you have the whole wonderful range in the stores to choose from, and you spend as much as you can afford.

But let's suppose you're "just friends."

If you're a boy, it's easy. You buy the girl a present if you feel like it. And (unless you have a lot of imagination) it will probably be a scarf or perfume or handkerchiefs.

If you're a girl, it's more difficult. And this is where the irksome question of etiquette comes in . . .

You DO NOT give the boy a present unless he gives you one first.

This could be awkward if you're out on a date and he suddenly produces a gaily wrapped package and says, "Oh, uh, Happy Christmas."

It's a situation you get out of by saying (covered in feminine confusion), "Why, thank you." Pause. "Ohhhhhhh — and I've left yours at home."

Then you rush out and buy something the next day. Or, showing forethought, you've realised that he'll probably give you a present and you've bought one for him "just in case."

It is ALWAYS a good idea to have a few just-in-cases (for both men and girls) on hand.

When you're choosing presents — for any of your friends — don't get carried away.

Don't buy anything too expensive. It will only embarrass them. And, anyway, it really is the thought that counts.

Another point to watch: don't give presents that imply possessiveness ("You're mine and any other girls better look out!") or familiarity (things like lingerie or real jewellery).

. Now, for the problem of what to give. The suggestions listed at right are available in most big department stores, at approximately these prices.

GIRL TO BOY

● A bright bow-tie (even if he's conservative he probably likes to be "different" occasionally) 8/-

● A pair of red braces .. 14/6

● Set of six multicolored plastic cups in a leather case (useful for picnics) 19/6

● A beer tankard . . . any price, up to about 29/6

● A tiny alarm clock (but NOT if he's always late for dates. He'll think it's an Awful Warning) 30/-

● Pocket chess set, rather expensive, but worth it if he's an enthusiast 39/6

● A cookery book for beginners (he's sure to have to bach sometime) .. .. from 10/6

● A silk cravat 19/6

● A zany beach hat 20/-

● Key ring with a medallion showing the car's make. If he drives a bomb, choose a medallion for a Rolls Royce or a Cadillac 10/6

● A tie valet (a mad sort of hanger for ties) 17/6

● Silk scarf—not very imaginative, this—choose a good masculine design 35/-

● Pocket-sized biography of a great artist (such as Cezanne), complete with reproductions of his work 7/6

● A pigskin belt (do NOT overestimate the size of his waistline. He'll be hurt). 37/6

● Pottery jar of French mustard (good for the gourmet) 11/6

● A jar of choice ginger, in syrup 9/6

● Matching socks - and - tie set 23/6

● Giant paper clip, made like a hinged clothes peg of varnished wood (subtle flattery here, implying he has Important Documents) 21/-

● Six baby bottles of champagne, in gift wrapping .. 19/6

● Set of multicolored golf tees (but not, of course, if he's a tennis fiend) 7/11

● Two dozen snails, cooked in champagne and tinned. The shells are included separately (perfect if he's French) .. 18/-

● A tie clip (preferably a restrained design) 21/-

● A box of luxury matches, made in Sweden (no use if he has a cigarette lighter) .. 5/6

● A big, beautiful beach towel —if you can sew, embroider it with his initials — any price, probably about 30/-

● A pair of socks, packed in a special box with a caricature on the lid 11/6

BOY TO GIRL

● "Champagne" bubble bath, 17/6.

● A piggy bank — a pink china pig studded with rhinestones ..... 6/6.

● Two pairs of stockings (always useful. But seamless, please, and the RIGHT size; it isn't flattering if a girl's beau thinks she has Big Feet) .. 25/-.

● Manicure set in a petit-point case ..... 15/-.

● Beach compact with a mirror base ..... 6/11.

● Pair of crystal earrings, chosen to match the color she wears most ..... 21/-.

● Foot-long gilt cigarette holder (NOT if her parents disapprove of smoking) ..... 16/3.

● Box of heavy cream writing paper, matching envelopes, 16/9.

● Tortoiseshell comb with a gilt case to protect the "teeth," 11/6.

● Handbag phial of French perfume ..... 21/-.

● Magnifying mirror (very good for applying make-up, but tactless if she has a bad skin), 25/-.

● Shadow-framed print of Australian wildflowers ..... 37/6.

● Beach head-rest, complete with its own eyeshade .. 12/11.

● Carry-all (to match the head-rest) ..... 12/11.

● Minute enamelled box to carry headache tablets or sugar substitutes (but don't let her think you consider her (a) a headache, or (b) fat) .. 13/6.

● Porcelain bottle with perfume spray attached .... 20/-.

● A gilt-covered notebook (about 2½in. x 1½in.) with a pencil, too — good if she has a mania for shopping lists .. 19/6.

● Enamelled dressing-table tidy ..... 26/9.

● Box of six small tablets of "forget-me-not" soap (if you basically don't care whether she forgets you or not, choose a different type) ..... 7/6.

● Lavender eye shadow .. 9/11.

● Porcelain basin-shaped container filled with candy .. 7/11.

● Twin pack of a famous cosmetic company's talcum powder and soap ..... 17/3.

● Coffee cup and saucer (ideal if she's collecting a "box," but watch out she doesn't consider you as a possible candidate for matrimony!) ..... 15/6.

● A pot-plant, preferably flowering .... any price, probably about ..... 15/-.

● An ornate, studded colored-leather belt (her correct waist size, or smaller — but NOT bigger. If you have to estimate, under-estimate) ..... 30/-.

● ***If you want to make your gift a disc, turn to page 7.***

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Fashion tricks with

RIBBON

by Dawn James

It's smart to be economical — and you can save money by giving a "new look" to old clothes with a few shillings' worth of ribbon. All you need is about half an hour, a needle, and thread.

TAPERED PANTS. Award yourself an "order of the garter" —a ribbon rosette tied just below the knee. Match the ribbon to the main color in your blouse material.

RAINBOW SKIRT. A skirt takes new importance with a merry-go-round of multicolored grosgrain ribbon. Each strand is joined under the waistband, is NOT sewn again till it loops under at the hemline.

PUSSYCAT BOW. It looks cute on a cape collar or a dress with a yoke. Make two buttonholes about 1½in. apart, then insert the bow of wide ribbon.

PRINCESS DRESS. If it's seen better days, DON'T add buttons—add bows. Choose a ribbon color to contrast or to tone with the dress. Sew down both sides of the ribbon and catch-stitch right round each bow.

HAIR RIBBONS. Variations on a familiar theme: Top, a sort of hat; it's kept in place with bobby-pins clipped through loops sewn on to the ribbon at ear level. Below, a "neck-tie" matches a classic hair-bow.

TYROLEAN SHIRT. An old shirt gets another "life" when you add pinafore-style straps of flowered ribbon.

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A DATE WITH TOMMY COLE

By Patricia O'Connell

● Lucky ole me—I went on a date with visiting American Tommy Cole, of the Mouseketeers fame—but I wasn't his date, I was the chaperon. Eighteen-year-old Tommy's date was pretty Lois Burgess, 16, of Northbridge, Sydney.

TOMMY recently flew out to appear in a Headliners show and just stayed on doing TV shows in Sydney and Melbourne and cutting a few records, which will be released here soon. And he hopes to be coming back again next April or May with another Mouseketeers show.

Pale-faced, lightly built, and long-haired — "Must get a hair-trim soon" —Tommy arrived bright and early for his dinner date.

"Gee, this is great," he said. "But I've worn the wrong color socks with this suit."

Then Lois introduced her young brother, who shook hands shyly.

And off we all went to the Villa Franca, a French-style restaurant in Darlinghurst, Sydney.

We talked about his tour and hectic schedule and "back home" as the menus were passed around.

Home to Tommy is a town called La Canada in California.

"It's a sort of Spanish-type town. Our street has a Spanish name—but you'd better not mention it, as the kids might start writing there."

Discovered at 12

Tommy was "discovered" when he was 12 and playing accordion and singing in a Western band. Their music teacher took the band along to audition for the Mouseketeers, and after about ten auditions and a screen test Tommy made the grade and became one of the original Mouseketeers.

"I couldn't dance at all, but they taught me. I was in the Mouseketeers for three years. It was a lotta fun and a lotta good experience. There were about 41 of us altogether, just like brothers and sisters.

"We went on a lotta road tours. Gee, they're plenty tiring, fitting in your school work between shows, sleeping in the bus along the way. You know, you've really got to love show business to stay in it," he said, sounding like a wise old 80 instead of 18.

"I had a recording contract with Disney; made a few records—mainly group stuff. Then I freelanced round the TV and movie studios doing a bit of acting. It's one of my ambitions to be an actor. But I'm not studying acting. I still keep up my tap-dancing lessons, though.

"First thing when I get home I'm going to start my dancing lessons again and have my car tuned up."

Lois asked what sort of a car he has.

"It's a '59 Chevvy, a hard-top convertible. I've had it about five months. I used to drive to school each day."

Tommy was president of the student body in his graduation year at high-school: "The Hollywood Professional School. Sure it's co-ed. Most of the movie stars' kids go there—like Robert Mitchum's sons, Mickey Rooney's sons.

"We're pretty casual about clothes in the States. Don't wear school uniforms like here—just Ivy League pants and shirts and suits on special days.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR Lois and Tommy get with the beat.

"School was pretty good, though. I majored in Maths, as well as English and Science and all that."

By this time Tommy's special dinner order had arrived . . . lobster served in melted butter sauce. "It's terrific, you ought to try it sometime," he told Lois, who'd chosen a chicken salad.

Thoughtfully spearing a piece of lobster, he continued talking about "back home."

"We have beach parties, record parties, watch TV, go to the movies—usually drive-ins—and then go eat in a drive-in diner afterwards. We ALWAYS wear real casual clothes. Even beatnik clothes I like — they're really casual."

"Oh, I like them, too," chimed in Lois.

"I like Bermudas on girls but not on boys," said Tommy. "Lots of the fellers in California wear them to the beach. You know, that's what I'd like to do—learn to ride a surfboard while I'm here. But I've only been to the beach once and then it was too cold to swim."

He signs happily

We all murmured "hard cheese," and then mine host, jovial Paul Gustafson, came over and asked Tommy to autograph the wall.

"Sure," said Tommy, and started right in drawing a set of Mouse ears and his flowing signature.

"Plenty of practice signing autographs, I suppose," said Lois.

"Sure, lots of practice," he replied.

Then bandleader Louis Drobnak asked if he'd like to sing a song with the band.

"I'd be delighted," said Tommy.

So they introduced him as a visiting rock-'n-roll singer, and he hopped up and proceeded to knock the customers cold with a sweetly sung version of "Over the Rainbow."

When he came back to the table he started to discuss music.

"Why, I just love music. Any music. From rock-'n-roll to religious songs. Even classical music—I just love that, too. Can't remember just what classical music—it's a while since I heard any. But I love it."

Gazing at his whopping black-and-gold signet ring for inspiration, he decided that Sinatra and Mathis are his favorite singers.

WATCHED by his date, Lois Burgess, Tommy signs his autograph on the wall at the Villa Franca restaurant in Sydney.

"Out here I've worked with Johnny Reb and Col Joye—they're terrific. In fact, I like all the Australian bands and singers—they've all got their own individual styles.

"And Johnny O'Keefe in the Fabian show—wowie!"

"You mean you actually went to the show?" breathed Lois. "What if the kids had recognised you?"

Tommy looked philosophical. "Well, actually they did mob me, and I had to dive backstage in Melbourne. But I always say you have to start worrying when the kids don't recognise you—not when they do. It's all kinda fun."

Finally we ordered coffee for us Australians and black tea for Tommy—he "just loves" black tea.

As he poured his tea he said to Lois:

"Do you know Marilyn Tripcony? She's the president of my fan club here."

And then it was time to say goodnight. Tommy was the Cinderella—he had to be up bright and early to catch a plane to Melbourne, where he had to spend the day rehearsing for another TV show.

"But I won't say goodbye," he said to Lois. "I'll be back again, I hope."

"I'D BE DELIGHTED," said Tommy, when he was asked to sing. He obliged by giving forth a slow, sweet number.

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LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker

PICK OF THE DISCS FOR CHRISTMAS

● May this Christmas be a record one for you and your friends. Frankly, I can't think of anyone who wouldn't love to find a disc in his or her Christmas stocking, so here's a seasonal guide for record-giving :

FOR HIM

THERE'S no getting away from the fact that as a mark of your devotion an EP tied up with Christmas ribbon is more impressive than a 45, and less expensive than an LP.

So if you do your buying in this market, how about any of the three volumes of "Bobby Darrin — That's All."

Your romantic interest a Stan Freberg man? That being so, he'll go for S.F.'s "Green Christmas" (Capitol Single 45 EP). The thing's a sort of crazy rewrite of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," with Freberg as a modern Scrooge in the advertising business.

If he's an adult Western fan, he'll think the world of anyone who gives him "TV Western Theme Songs," with Laurence Welk and His Champagne Music (Coral LP). "Gunsmoke," "Maverick," "Cheyenne," "The Restless Gun," "Wells Fargo," "Wyatt Earp," to name six of the 12.

A very handsome gift for a he with an interest in light classical music would be R.C.A.'s boxed LP album. "Music For Frustrated Conductors" (with baton included). The idea is that he will conduct "Sabre Dance," "Espana Rapsodie," and excerpts from "Die Fledermaus," "Carmen," and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. An illustrated leaflet will show him the movements.

For someone you're not too certain about, a happy compromise between a Christmas card and a more expensive disc could be Johnny Devlin's new 45 for Columbia, "Nervous." Flip—"Why Don't You Believe Me?"

FOR HER

If Corporal Elvis Presley, United States Army, is your girl's hero, then she'll positively flip over "Elvis' Christmas Album," an R.C.A. LP of twelve Christmassy songs, some old — some new, some rocking — some sweet.

Included are "I Believe," "I'll Be Home For Christmas," and "Peace In The Valley."

Anyone caught up in the current flamenco craze would be positively t-h-r-i-l-l-e-d with "Furioso," with those dazzling exponents of the flamenco style, Sabicas and Dolores Vargas, in 11 of Sabicas' flamenco compositions. Los Companeros del Flamenco, virtuoso guitarists, support the stars. (Festival LP, stereo, or monaural.)

Giving her 19-year-old wonder boy Ricky Nelson ("Songs By Ricky," London LP) could be a very handsome gesture on your part. Not that Ricky offers any real competition, being just about a millionaire and living in Hollywood. So why not make a great fellow of yourself? All it will cost you is the money.

So she's getting interested in the better things of life, and that includes the great composers and symphony orchestras. How about the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anthony Collins, playing the Sibelius Symphony No. 2 (Ace of Clubs LP).

The brilliant Kingston Trio on a 45 is a little-disc gift with big-disc value. The Kingstons' new one is "A Worried Man," backed with the unusual "San Miguel" (Capitol).

FOR MUM

For mums who like light classical music, gracefully performed, "Melody," with Carmen Dragon conducting the Capitol Symphony Orchestra (Capitol LP), could be a happy thought.

The nine tracks include some Grieg, Stephen Foster, Sibelius, Liszt, and Edward Macdowell.

Four well-loved Christmas favorites, "Silent Night, Holy Night," "Adeste Fideles," "Away In A Manger," and "Faith of Our Fathers" are sung by Mum's old friend Mr. Bing Crosby on a Festival EP, "Silent Night."

Liberace, the candelabrous one, on stereo, is likely to be yum-yum for Mum. On Coral's "Piano Song Book of Movie Themes" (stereo LP) he gives the charm treatment to 12 well-known pieces of movie music including "Around the World," "Gigi," and "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing." Obtainable also as a monaural.

A gift to be deeply cherished would be "Amahl And The Night Visitors," Gian-Carlo Menotti's modern one-act opera on the theme of The Three Wise Men and a small, cripple boy. (On an LP from R.C.A.)

The late Mario Lanza had a pretty big following among mums, and if yours was one of them she'll certainly appreciate "For The First Time," an LP from R.C.A.. There are 13 soundtrack tunes from his last movie.

FOR DAD

Bathroom baritones will go in a big way for the dozen outback shearing - shed songs ("To The Shores Of Botany Bay", "Click Go The Shears," etc.) presented by the dedicated members of "The Bush Music Club" to shearing-shed musical accompaniment. A Festival LP.

Something about the distinctive music composed for the TV Peter Gunn series by Henry Manciani makes it appeal to all ages and to most tastes. For EP buyers there's Capitol's "Music From Peter Gunn," played by Ray Anthony and his orchestra. Big spenders could go for the LP "More Music From Peter Gunn," conducted by the composer (R.C.A.).

Bing Crosby mixes a Christmas cocktail, "White Christmas" (Festival EP), that should hit the spot with Dad. Together with the title tune, he'll get "Let's Start The New Year Right," a cheery "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town," and the old groaner's own version of "Jingle Bells."

The old World War II monologue favorite "Deck Of Cards," currently enjoying a popular revival, will bring back a memory or two to Dad and his mates. The original Phil Harris version is obtainable on an R.C.A. 45. (Flip, "Woodman, Spare That Tree.") The current version comes from U.S. disc jockey Wink Martindale on a London 45.

Because of its unusually wide appeal and technical excellence, Festival's LP "The Best Of The Weavers" is what I would recommend for the dad who likes music, but has no special fancies.

FOR KIDS

Youngsters who dislike their stories told in a sissy voice will find nothing to complain about with radio personality Clive Waters' handling of two aboriginal children's legends on "Kood Borr The Koala," a W. and G. EP.

The second tale tells how the stars came to be in the sky.

Those cheerful little Chipmunks, who have a lot of friends in the sub-teen group, with the David Seville orchestra, offer the lively "Chipmunk Song" and "Almost Good" on a London 45.

The Sons of the Pioneers with "Sugarfoot," the TV theme-song, and the cowboy ballad "Red River Valley" could put you in extra good standing with the about-10 age group (R.C.A. 45).

Knee-high brothers and sisters will be well up to appreciating the nursery-rhyme selection "12 Children's Favorites," an R.C.A. 45.

WORTH READING

RICEYMAN STEPS, by Arnold Bennett

ARNOLD BENNETT was a best-selling novelist 50 years ago, and several of his books are still very much alive. *Riceyman Steps*, one of his shorter works, is the best study of a miser in English literature. This queer character is Henry Earlforward, a secondhand bookseller. We are shown how his obsession for not spending gets steadily worse, like a disease, until it causes his death. This sounds dismal, but actually it makes an exciting and unusual story. Bennett was a realist, who coolly and methodically recorded the facts he had observed. His most famous novels were *The Old Wives' Tales* and *Clayhanger*, and both can be recommended to those who like *Riceyman Steps*.

— *Ross Campbell*

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OTHER BOYS' JOBS

KANGAROO KID

● *Out on the sunbaked plains of the north-western corner of New South Wales, 15-year-old Norman Flash is doing a man-sized and exciting job. Norman, part aboriginal, is a kangaroo skinner — and soon may become a 'roo hunter.*

It's a life of adventure in the outback for 15-year-old part aboriginal Norman Flash, 'roo skinner.

NORMAN works for kangaroo hunter Jimmy Skinner, bore-keeper at Currabulla, 35 miles west of Wanaaring, way back of Bourke.

His working "day" begins an hour after sundown and goes on right through the night until noon of the following day.

The 'roos are in plague numbers in western N.S.W. now, and graziers have to

Story and pictures by JEFF CARTER

keep them down to protect their pastures and fences.

And the skins fetch £1 each.

The 'roos come out when the fierce western sun goes down, and that's when Norman Flash and boss Jimmy Skinner climb into a utility and head out across the plains.

When Jimmy pinpoints a 'roo with his spotlight, the .303 cracks.

Then he and Norman load the dead animal into the back of the "ute." When their load is full, they stop and "skin-up."

Norman is not as quick

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at skinning as his boss yet . . . it takes him nearly five minutes.

But he pulls his weight as general helper and navigator.

Out on the plains there are few fences or roads, often only wheel tracks. Getting lost is easy — and sometimes fatal.

Jimmy carries a compass, and navigates by the stars. But on cloudy nights Norman's unfailing sense of direction, inherited from his aboriginal forefathers, brings them back home safely.

After breakfast Norman and Jimmy peg out the fresh skins on the red claypan beside the Skinner home. The blazing sun dries the skins within a few days. Then they must be brushed and sorted. The weekly mail truck takes them to the Bourke railhead.

Jimmy's wife, Dinah, depends on Norman when Jimmy goes away shearing. He helps her fill the drinking troughs at the bore beside their house, when mobs of cattle going to Bourke from the Northern Territory stop overnight. His light-hearted presence keeps her from feeling so lonely.

Jimmy and Dinah hope Norman will stay with them and one day become a 'roo hunter. But Norman thinks he may go droving when he is a bit older.

Norman is a true son of the outback. He was born on Nockatunga Station in Western Queensland. His parents were station hands there.

He came south to Wanaaring, where his aunt lives, for his education.

He went to State school in Wanaaring until he was 14 and then took a job with Jimmy Skinner.

Corroboree night

Recently, Wanaaring's aborginal community staged a corroboree on the banks of the Paroo River just out of town. People, black and white, came for miles to watch.

Although his life is an adventurous one by city standards, that corroboree is one of the most memorable events in Norman's life so far.

In his spare time he still day-dreams of it — and of the time when he will join one of the all-aboriginal droving teams bound for the distant Northern Territory.

Wearing his working, Western-style clothes, Norman poses before a broken-down camel-waggon wheel. Norman has spent all his life outback.

Norman Flash (centre) with two of the drovers at Currabulla. Norman hopes one day to be a drover, and ride with teams bound for the Northern Territory.

Here Norman (right) helps peg down kangaroo skins on the red claypan flats. The hot western sun dries the skins within a few days. Skins now bring £1 apiece. Some nights Norman and his boss bag 100 skins.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

An old maid? No!

"I LEFT school last year (I am 17) and I have been getting on all right until, suddenly, every boy who meets me acts real friendly and asks me out. I can't see that there's anything in me that boys should like. I am only a little bit thinner now than when I left school but I do realise I am a little different in the head. Anyway the trouble is that so many ask me out that I have to say 'No thank you' a lot, even when I like the boys. They will think I don't like them, and in the end no one will ask me out, and I'll be an old maid. As it is, they are all so nice that I have no idea how I will ever get married, because I wouldn't like to leave anyone out."

"Confused," N.S.W.

Aren't you lucky? You're in the kind of confusion every girl wishes for. Just keep on the way you are going and in a few years you will know which man you want. I wouldn't worry about being an old maid, not for about 20 years, anyway.

Must she choose?

"I AM 16 and I have been going out with a boy of 18. Before I started going out with this boy, I used to go out with a crowd of boys and girls my age. In the summer-time I used to go to the beach a lot with this crowd, but since winter I have been going to football with this boy. My problem is that this boy does not like the crowd and says they are stuck-up. I don't agree with him. Should I give up my crowd or give him up?"

T.J., N.S.W.

Give him up. Relationships between men and women, lasting ones, or indeed any, are vastly affected by how each member of the pair gets on with one another's friends. At 16, a lot of friends and a crowd to go out with are far more important and much more desirable than a solo relationship with a boy who thinks your friends are stuck-up. I can see no happiness in it for you.

Kiss and tell

"I HAVE never kissed a girl except my cousin in my life, and now that I am a boy of 'sweet 16½ and never been kissed,' my friends are beginning to tease me and urge me on. Frankly, I haven't the 'guts,' but if at some time in the future I did get rash, would my friends, especially the girl, take it only as a joke? Please do not say that my friends will not find out, for even if my best friend knew, it would still get around."

U.P., Vic.

How? Whether the news of your kissing adventures gets around or not is surely up to you. One lesson you should learn quickly is that you will never have a successful love life while you talk about it. Even best friends shouldn't be told any details.

Apparently your love life, or lack of it, is a local topic, so I don't wonder you've never kissed a girl. I shouldn't think you'd get an opportunity until you learn to be discreet. Anyway, you are still young. Let the advance publicity subside, and some time you will get the opportunity. But when you do, remember a kiss is strictly private. It is between you and your girl, not you and your friends.

Problem eyelashes

"THIS may seem only a trivial matter, but to me it is one of concern. Every other girl excepting me, it seems, possesses lovely, long curling-up eyelashes. Mine are as straight as toothpicks. This is made worse by the fact that many of these girls with such film-starrish eyelashes have straight hair, while mine is quite curly. I don't want to go as far as false eyelashes, but I have tried applying various creams, etc., without success."

"At Loss," Vic.

I think you are lucky. Toothpick eyelashes are the ones that throw a shadow when you drop your eyelids. They are the height of glamor and charm, I think. Have a look at Audrey Hepburn if you don't believe me. Her eyelashes are exactly the same as yours. I know that at various times she has worn false eyelashes to get that curling look you admire, but I have just been through a great pile of pictures of her and in all the super-glamor ones she's got her own straight ones. When she looks down you can see them against her high cheekbones.

I'd stick to the ones you've got except it would be fun to try the others for a party some time. I take it for granted you wear mascara. It makes such a difference to eyelashes. For a party it's wonderful in a shade to match your eyes. The blue or green is fab, but I like the browns for daytime wear. I wouldn't worry about the creams. They won't make your eyelashes curl.

Time to propose?

"AT the age of 17½, I met a girl on the train going to and from work most mornings and evenings. She seemed a pleasant type, rather pretty and petite. One evening coming home from work I asked her if she would like a date at a well-known restaurant in town the following evening. 'Oh, yes please,' she said, and so I had made my first date. Since then I have taken her out several times, asked her for an evening in our house and so on. My age is 19 and hers is 18½. We get on well and she is very sweet and I'm attracted to her, but do you think I am being too bold to propose to her?"

C.M., Vic.

I think you are a bit carried away with your success as a swain. Can you support a proposal? If she accepts, you should have sufficient money to buy an engagement ring, prospects that would enable you to support her for better or worse in the foreseeable future, be acceptable to her parents as a suitable son-in-law, in short be prepared and able to cope with the financial as well as the emotional side of marriage.

Marriage is quite an undertaking, not to be considered lightly. You may not think you are considering it lightly at all, but at 19 I feel you have so little experience of women and the world that you could not be considering it in any other way.

Marriage is for keeps, and is a relationship that often lasts about 50 years. Why not wait until you are 21 at least before you consider proposing. If your feeling is real, two years will only deepen it, and it wants to be a deep feeling to make sure that there is happiness ahead of you.

Is it true love?

"I AM 17 years old and have been going steady with a boy for six months. Lately he has been getting fresh with me. When I say 'no,' he says he will not come to see me any more. I don't want to break it off with this boy as I love him very much and he says he loves me. Do you think he could love me if he says what he does about not coming to see me any more? And what should I do?"

"Warra," N.S.W.

You should say "No thank you" very firmly next time he asks you out. If he asks you why, tell him. If he loves you, which I doubt, he'll be back after he has thought things over.

The only happiness you'll ever get out of this association is by making a firm stand right now. If you continue going out with him you have virtually told him you don't mind his demands and his attempts to persuade you into serious love-making.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

SUNBURNING on your vacation is the dreamiest pastime, if you take the sting out of the tanning.

This is the way to do it.

- Remember that the most burning time of the day is from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.
- Remember you must not spend more than 10 minutes exposed to the sun during these hours the first day you are on the beach. Ten minutes for your front and 10 minutes for your back. Increase exposure on the second day by five minutes, on the third by another five, making a total of 20 minutes front and back. By the fourth day your skin should begin to darken, and in a week you should have enough tan to give you considerable protection against the sun.
- Remember you can burn by basking on a hazy, overcast day. Don't let the cover over the sun fool you.
- Remember to cover up after your prescribed dose of sun. For maximum clothing protection wear something in a cotton fabric of brown, orange or red.
- Remember you get some degree of burning through thin white clothing such as light blouses, twice as much if they are wet. You can get quite a burn if you prance round in a wet white T-shirt.

Craving for a horse

"MY problem is not a love for boys, but for a horse. I am 14 and ever since I was five, I have longed to own my own horse. I am afraid my parents do not understand my craving for this animal. I go to a good private school and have lots of pleasures given to me, but I am willing to forgo all of these if only I could own a horse. Should I ask my parents straight out for one or should I do something else? I hope you can understand my desire, really I do."

C.M., N.S.W.

I do understand how you feel. But I don't think you can ask your parents for a horse. I think you've got to be like the rest of us, and work for what you want.

Owning a horse is very expensive. It demands a great deal of time and money and special accommodation. Most city parents, even if they had the money, wouldn't have the place to keep one. And in the city and close suburbs there is really very little pleasure in owning a horse because the location is not suitable for galloping around.

I think you should learn your lessons well so you can get a really good job and save up to buy a horse. Why don't you tell your parents about your love for horses? People can't help you at all when they don't know how you feel. I think you could ask them if you could go to a riding school and learn to ride for a special Christmas holiday treat, especially if you were prepared to put some of your pocket-money towards it.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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Glamor for the Beach Girl

● *Some girls like to "shine" on the beach, and it's a most effective "look" if you'd like to try it.*

By CAROLYN EARLE

PUT AWAY your powder-puff first of all. Even a thin coat of face-powder gives your skin a light matt surface that wards off tan and sunburn to a certain extent, so if it's a shiny skin you're seeking, stop powdering.

LOOK for a good suntan oil, cream, or lotion, the type that filters the harmful rays from the sun and lets through those which tan. This way you will brown without burning, and will get the shine you need.

Whichever preparation you choose, coat it smoothly and evenly over your face, neck, shoulders, arms, legs — in fact, any part of the skin exposed to the sun.

For your skin's sake, apply a bit of moisture cream every night to help keep it fresh and supple, an especially important thing if your complexion is dry or normal.

ADD a dash of pink lipstick. This, plus the shine, is enough for any girl who wants to be the picture of natural beauty on the beach. Vibrant pinks and soft corals look lovely with a pale tan.

ALTER your scheme if you want to catch the eye and be a little more colorful. Like this: As your tan gets darker, just deepen the color of your lipstick, either with yellow-red, clear red, or blue-red, according to your own coloring.

INVEST some money in a really waterproof mascara, the kind that is so water-shy that you need a pad and soap and water to remove it. This is a brainwave for the girl who wants to accent her eyes and swim without fear of smudges.

If you don't want to use mascara, some eye-shadow close to the lashes on your top lids will accent the color of your eyes. Powder lids lightly before and after applying shadow for a lasting effect.

FINALLY forget all about your make-up. Although you may have made your appearance more glamorous, wear those touches of make-up as naturally as the lovely lass pictured at the left. Artificiality doesn't go well with informal surroundings of salt water and sand.

Evening make-up . . .

SUMMER evenings for the lightly tanned girl require minimum make-up. But you can easily tone down that early-in-the-season reddish glow with a smooth, creamy base. Worn without face-powder, it gives you a fresh, young complexion.

One clever girl we know uses a base in this way but leaves her nose free of make-up and shining innocently. On her it looks enchanting.

Light eye-shadow produces a wide-eyed look in a young tanned face and stops your eyes looking like ghostly circles in the centre of your tan.

. . . and perfume

THIS is the time for light, flowery scents and colognes. A tiny, newly scented sachet tucked in the neckline of a low-cut dress is a fragrant thought.

Another nice way to use perfume in the evening when you are wearing a strapless dress is to stroke it on your shoulders.

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BEATNIKS . . . YOUTHNIKS . . . AND DAILY TELEGRAPHNIKS . . .

Which of these two feelings dominate your personality . . . the urge to be different from everybody else . . . or the desire to be just like the people you like best?

Many of us want to be both at once. That's why "rebels" against society — Beatniks, for instance — tend to wear the same kind of clothes: almost a uniform, in fact! The most successful young personality is at home in every group — always interested in other people's opinions, always able to contribute to any conversation. And that's where the most brightly written newspaper, the Daily Telegraph, can help.

Make sure you are always equipped to join any conversation by becoming a regular reader of the Daily Telegraph! Crisp and clear reporting . . . well-written features on exciting people and events . . . "inside stories" of sport and fashion . . . exclusive serials . . . dramatic action photographs. That's the recipe that makes your Daily Telegraph as entertaining as it is informative — don't miss a day of it!

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY

Daily Telegraph

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Ideal Date contest awards

● *Here are the winning entries in the Teenagers' Weekly "Ideal Date" Contest.*

Readers were invited to state, in 100 words or less, what qualities they liked most in their partner for the evening.

Top prizes of £20 each for entries from a boy and a girl have been awarded the following:

GIRL

MY ideal date, now let me think . . .
What features will I choose?
To help me to convey to you
The one I'd hate to lose.
He need not be a rugged male
Whose chest expands a mile;
But give me, please, two warm brown eyes
That light up with each smile.
A bit of courtesy,
A laugh, a cheerful grin,
A date arriving right on time,
My heart is sure to win.
I ask a lot, but not too much,
I've found my ideal date;
The love MY life has waited for
Is always two hours late.

JUNE WEIR, Seaforth, N.S.W.

BOY

I WOULD like her to be sweet and feminine—not necessarily a good dancer—alert and intelligent; able to converse sensibly; clean in mind and body; neat; well-mannered; well - dressed (nicely but not extravagently or ostentatiously); hair done nicely; shoes clean.

I don't care whether she is good-looking, so long as she has personality. Good nature counts more than looks. In other words, just a nice, NORMAL GIRL. I would add that I prefer a girl that I have to "go after"; then, when I date her, I feel I have accomplished something.

MUNRO FISHER, Blackburn, Vic.

The following four entries have been awarded £5 each:

MY ideal date has everything! He is six feet tall, tanned, handsome in a rugged way, with twinkling blue eyes and a beautiful smile. He is quiet, but has a wonderful quick sense of humor and speaks with a slight drawl. Hard work is a habit with him, and he excels at football, swimming, rowing, and shooting. Manners? They are a delight. His nature is perfect; his patience unlimited, and he's wonderfully gentle with children and animals. Too good to be true? Uh, uh, he's real. — **Shirley Hudson, Plympton, S.A.**

A SENSE of humor is a must for my ideal date. She would be tall and blonde and have charm and grace. I would like her to be well liked by both sexes and to be the life of the party. She must be well groomed and smartly dressed at all times. Good dancing is a necessity, and she must be interested in tennis, cricket, and have a liking for the sea, adventure, and travel. If I could find my ideal, a girl who would be content to do just anything or go just anywhere without the frills and fuss, I'd be happy, but until then I'll just keep shopping around. — **J. L. Mercer, Doubleview, W.A.**

ATHLETIC, boyish, casual, devoted, educated, groomed, honest, intelligent, joking, kind, lithe, masculine, neat, optimistic, polite, quiet, realistic, sun-tanned, tender, unsophisticated, not vain, will try new ideas, extra personality, young, zany. — **Decima Seberg-Wright, Camperdown, N.S.W.**

SHE would be a dreamy creation standing about five feet three, with beautiful natural golden locks falling gracefully down to come to rest on her shoulders. She would have a charming personality, a gentle soft voice which makes you forget all your worries, and affection by which you would know that you had a true friend. A display of good manners at all times would complete this blue-eyed, sun-tanned goddess. In anyone's language she would undoubtedly be a dream date. — **John McNally, Kempsey, N.S.W.**

An award of £1/1/- will be paid for all other entries published on this page.

FUNNY thing, but I wrote a description of my ideal date in my 1954 diary and over the five years my opinion has not changed one bit. Firstly (though not essential), I would like him to be taller than I, with dark, curly hair and brown eyes; need not be good-looking, but would like him to have a lovely smile. Good manners, a sense of responsibility, and a wonderful sense of humor are essential. I would also like him to dress neatly and sensibly, though not in a sophisticated manner. — **Norma Buettel, Maryborough, Qld.**

MY ideal date should be a natural blonde and have a very nice personality and appearance. She should be able to carry on a conversation but not to talk my head off. I don't want her overweight, but about five feet tall, with a mind of her own. She should be interested in sport, mainly swimming. Her clothes should not be too bright, but something that suits her, with no heavy make-up. She should not smell like a chemist shop. — **John McNeil, Bowraville, N.S.W.**

I WOULD look forward to my date if he had a keen sense of intelligence and a sense of humor. If he had a pleasant-speaking voice and something worthwhile to say. If he were well-mannered, well-groomed, and natural. To be aware of me as a woman without being a wolf. To have an appreciation of the arts and to be a reasonable dancer. — **Judy Webb, Margate, Qld.**

I'D like her to take an interest in what goes on. I'd like her to dress well and in good taste. I'd want her, when she's with me, to avoid flirting with other fellows, and I'd want her to accept good manners gracefully, not with a sarcastic remark, e.g., "How gallant!" I'd like her to have her own opinions, and if she wasn't keen on what I proposed, I'd like her to say so. Above all, I'd like to think she was enjoying herself in my company. — **Colin Brammall, Dee Why, N.S.W.**

MY ideal date? I like Elvis. — **"Janie," Balgowlah, N.S.W.**

THE evening had been perfect; dinner at the gay little restaurant, dancing afterwards, and then, later, the quiet walk home along the moon-drenched beach. It had all been perfect, and the one who had made it so was David. He was all that any girl could wish for — gay, charming, a wonderful dancer, and very considerate. It was delightful just being with him. His handsome, smiling face reflected his strong pleasant character. That night when he asked if he could see me again I said yes with pleasure, for David had been my ideal date. — **Miss B. J. Arnold, Rochester, Vic.**

I AM not going into great detail about my ideal date. All he has to have are manners, thoughtfulness (the main thing is that if a girl says no he is not to insist), and, of course, dressed neatly. All of these qualities would make my outing with him very enjoyable. — **Lynette Brown, Mt. Lawley, W.A.**

MY perfect date must be pretty, dress smartly, have personality and a good nature, with a good reputation. She must be an average dancer, know where she wants to go, be able to talk about various subjects including herself, be ready when I call for her, and appreciate any gift I may bring, invite me in to see her parents before leaving. If seeing some friends, doesn't stop to gossip or try to flirt with other boys, mustn't leave things in theatres or buses or ask for extravagances or uncalled-for luxuries. — **Ken Everitt, Wahroonga, N.S.W.**

MY ideal date is a 22-year-old boy **who has:** Personality, money, sports car, initiative, patience, good looks, good physique, cabin cruiser. **And is:** Good conversationalist, sensible, considerate, crazy about me, polite, good athlete, punctual, able to hold lots of parties. And if I met my Ideal Date he would probably drive me mad!! — **Janet Coxon, Earlwood, N.S.W.**

MY ideal partner is always her sweet feminine self, happy by nature, and adaptable. She is an individual, with her own mind, and makes the correct decisions when called upon. She is neither rich nor poor, and money would not change her disposition or outlook in any way. Her recreational activities include dancing and an active interest in sport. She is well-read and culturally broadminded so she can take part in any conversation and is at home in any company. She is reasonably good looking and, above all, she has that indefinable something, a wonderful personality. — **Chris Hunt, Pakenham, Vic.**

MY ideal date would have to be good-looking, reasonably intelligent, amusing yet romantic. He would have to be a gentleman and help me to put on my coat and open the door for me. He would of course be rich and take me out to nice places and buy me chocolates and flowers. He would be the quiet type, but not too quiet, and he would be a good dancer. He is not a wolf, but would at least kiss me goodnight and ask me for another date. — **Christine Higginbottom, Penguin, Tas.**

WHAT does being good-looking, a good dancer, and owning a car have to do with an ideal date? I would choose a nice, quiet, and sensible, but fun-loving, boy for my ideal date. He would be rather tall, quietly dressed, and pleasant face and smile. — **Coral Hillier, Port Victoria, S.A.**

The colorful entry of Sigrid Rosenthal, of Enfield, South Australia.

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A GUY on wedding belles warns about...

the moment of TROTH!

● A bullfighter has what is dramatically called a "Moment of Truth"—a time, as I understand it, when the full implications of his bovine battle dawn on him.

MANY teenage boys and girls are sooner or later on the horns of a strangely similar dilemma.

Their problem might well be called a "Moment of TROTH," because it revolves around marriage.

The "Moment" arrives when, in a young couple's going-steady relationship, the lass hints at wedding bells and the feller realises the full implications of his bellefight.

To both the young man and his would-be receiver of rice and old shoes the results of the marriage suggestion are, in their own way, just as crucial as the bullfighter's reaction.

For while the matador's reactions can well mean his life or death, the hinter's and hinted-at's can spell the life or death of a friendship.

It's odds-on the reaction of the boy is flattered horror.

[Now, I'm assuming that the feller isn't interested in being on the wrong end of a packet of confetti.

If he **wants** to get married, of course, there are other problems.

The course of true love never did run smooth, and this applies particularly to teenage marriages. But that's another story . . .]

Because the horror at the hint outweighs the flattery (like TV's Cheyenne outweighs me!), the boy runs — and so does the girl's mascara.

This, unfortunately, has happened, is happening, and will happen in thousands of boy-girl get-togethers.

What can be done about the marriage hint to take out its sting?

Because without girls the problem wouldn't exist, let's first look at what they can do.

The most important thing is probably for girls to look before they leap into trying, or giving boys the impression they're trying, to put rings on fingers — and through noses!

I say "giving boys the impression" because a lot of scary marriage hints aren't fair dinkum.

If you don't mean it, girls, for heaven's sake don't SAY it.

Now, on the other hand, consider the case of the girl who genuinely wants (or even genuinely **thinks** she wants) to get her boy to the altar.

When he's given the drum (and starts to beat a retreat!) there's no use her getting in a tearful, or sneerful, huff about it.

Not unless she wants him to keep running.

All right, she can't espouse the louse. But why can't they still be the way they were before?

If she does dump him for shying at knot-tying and goes off on the principle that there are other (poor) fish in the ocean, then she couldn't have been so keen on him, anyway.

Now about what the boys can do when a girl pops — and he cops — the question . . .

The natural instinct is to go, man, go! But such a reaction is a cowardly waste of friendship. No, a boy should refuse gracefully (never laugh it off), then get the relationship back on its old footing.

An interesting thing, of course, is that many boys get their running-shoes on unnecessarily.

They mistake perfectly normal and meaningless girlish habits, such as looking at bridal shop displays, for hints that they should be dummies, too!

Well, there are my thoughts on the hitching hint and the trouble it can cause.

I want to sum up by saying that girls and boys should face up to the problem and beat it. They're silly if they let it beat them.

But we started in a bullfight atmosphere and let's finish the way we began.

So, for my last piece of advice I cannot do better than repeat the wise words of a famous Spanish matador who once said: *"Pues es muy raro, como que no hija, de tu propia voluntad . . ."*

Which, translated, means: "If you don't take the bull by the horns, you must have an *Ole* in your head . . ."

—Robin Adair

BREEZE

I'M all for starting a fan club for Robin Adair, and I'm sure if we can arouse enough followers we might be able to fan up enough breeze to blow that big wind back where he was invented. —*"A FEMININE FRUMPKIN."*

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How to get along with your parents

● From page 3

After all these years your parents have, to a great extent, become fixtures in your life. They've always been there, carrying on the routine of supporting and making a home for you. You're accustomed to them, and are prone to lose sight of the fact that besides being Mum and Dad they're people. They have likes and dislikes, there are reasons why they have the ideas they do; they get angry and hurt about things.

Sometimes you become aware of their personalities and personal habits, even to the degree where you notice faults that you were never aware of before. Suddenly your father's habit of reading the newspaper at the breakfast table becomes utterly repulsive to you. And your mother's clothes seem awfully dowdy and unfashionable lately.

They're people

You criticise Mother and Dad for never doing anything interesting. Their idea of a big evening is several hours of bridge with some friends, or a movie.

Well, why do you suppose they do all these things you disapprove of? Because they want to, or because they don't know any better? If your mother's clothes are not like those in smart fashion magazines it's very probably because bringing up a family is expensive and she can't afford all the new clothes she'd like. The same goes for expensive forms of entertainment.

Sometimes it's a good idea to get a new perspective on people you know well, to look at them from a distance. Look at your mother and dad as people rather than as Mother and Dad. Watch their reactions to things. Find out what their interests are, and whether Dad really wanted to be an engineer, and what his hopes for the future were when he was young.

Has your mother been able to accomplish all the things she dreamed about when she was at school? Look objectively at what they have accomplished, and you'll see that they merit respect as individuals.

If you can manage to look at your parents in this light, even for a short period of time, and appreciate them for themselves rather than for what they can or can't do for you, you'll find you understand them better. And because you understand them, you'll find their attitude toward you is different, too. Try it for a while and see!

Even though you learn to understand your parents as people, you'll still have a long list of complaints. Some come under the heading of household work. Why, half of Saturday is gone by the time you finish the lawn and wash the windows. You go to school all week long; can't you have any free time?

O.K., that's your side of it. Now look at your parents' side. Maybe it seems like Mum has an easy life. Actually, if you've ever stayed at home one day with your mother you'll see how "free" she is. In the morning she has to make breakfast for the family.

She has to do the dishes, make the beds, dust, vacuum the rugs, wash, iron and mend clothes, scrub floors, wash the woodwork, and about a hundred other things. Then she has to make lunch, wash the dishes, and do the shopping. By then it's time to start dinner; preparing it, serving it, and cleaning up afterwards.

It would be simpler, of course, to let Mother and Dad take all the responsibility as they did when you were a child, but sooner or later you're going to have to be responsible for yourself and *your* dependents, so it's good experience to start learning how right now.

Make out a schedule where you always do certain tasks at certain times—it will save you time and you won't always have the feeling that things are waiting to be done.

Family unity

To achieve a better and more understanding relationship with your parents, it is important to share as much as possible in family activities, both work and play. It will mean a happier and richer family life for you.

Family unity is all well and good, but occasionally brothers and sisters complicate the situation.

There is in every brother-sister, and sister-sister, or brother-brother relationship some jealousy and rivalry, which usually dates back to infancy. The first child is always his parents' darling, loved and admired and fussed over. Then comes another child. Suddenly, our little hero is eclipsed. His mother is with the infant constantly at first, everyone comes to see it, and gives it presents, until the first child begins to feel that he is no longer important, that no one cares for him any more.

It's quite commonly known and accepted that jealousy is present when a new child is born.

Rivalry and competition between children for their parents' affection and admiration happens all the time, and the sooner you recognise it and accept it for what it is the better you'll be able to adjust to the situation. There's no need to feel guilty because you sometimes dislike your sister, or because you feel resentful toward your brother. You're not an unnatural child, harboring deep, horrible feelings, which you must try to hide. Everyone feels the same way, to some extent.

Credit side

Look at the credit side of the ledger. Having brothers and sisters isn't pure, unadulterated misery. There are times when you feel very loyal and affectionate toward them, and are kind of proud they're all in the family. Brothers and sisters fill a place in your life that can't be taken by anyone else.

Your life now is preparation for the future, when you will probably get married and establish a family. You are supposed to be growing up to that job, which is by no means a small one. To be a successful parent and establish a good family relationship with *your* children you need the background of a satisfactory relationship with your own parents.

Studies have been made which show a definite connection between family relationships in childhood and adjustment as an adult in the marriage relationship. So it's important to work for the best possible family life now; it will affect your entire future.

[From the book "How to Be a Successful Teenager," by Dr. William C. Menninger and others, published and copyright by Sterling Publishing Co., Inc., of New York, U.S.A., as excerpted from the pamphlet "How To Live With Parents," copyright by Science Research Associates, Inc., of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.]

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE

He prefers a good sport

● Boys like girls who are good at sports. But they're just mad about good sports.

SEE, it really doesn't matter if you're a duffer in a dumper at the beach—that sort of thing makes boys feel masculine, superior, and protective.

What does really knock points off a score with a feller is the way **SOME** girls argue with the umpire at tennis; rejoice, positively glow, when an opponent makes a bad slip at squash; show off noisily and act the fool when the rest of the gang are taking sport more seriously.

No, the rules of good sportsmanship all boil down to that old-as-the-Blue Mountains basic: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Take golf. Tons of opportunity here to offend: (a) the people you're playing with; (b) others playing behind or in front of your foursome; (c) the golf-course officials.

First of all, don't stand near the person hitting off from the tee. If he cracks you, it'll ruin his shot—and that's fearsome bad sportsmanship, because having ruined his shot, and your cheekbone, he'll feel obliged to concentrate on you rather than the game.

Best to keep quiet

And don't chatter, chatter and make weak jokes when anyone is addressing the ball on the tee. That also may ruin a shot.

When you eventually get to the green, it's rather a nice gesture to hold the pin for your opponent. Don't forget to remove it as the ball rolls purposefully towards the hole.

If you happen to lose the ball en route, the form is to allow the players following you to pass through. Then you must wait until they are well away from your hitting range before you resume play again.

Just one other thing about golf: Always replace your divots—that is, the hunks of turf you chip out instead of, and/or with, the ball.

Now, surfing, too, has its own little bits of etiquette. And the main point is to stick within the rules and regulations of the local surf club patrolling the beach.

It may be fun to strike out among the sharks and the bare, deserted breakers, but it's pretty inconsiderate to the surf boys and the chap who was accompanying you for the swim.

Manners on the court

Tennis is strictly for etiquette. To start with, if you're invited to a private tennis party, you should always swap polite words with your host or hostess for a few minutes before you leap on to the court.

When you do, it's wise to ask if your opponent is "Ready?" before you start to serve. And if you're an opponent, don't delay the server by picking up unnecessary balls and returning them just as the server is about to start his second serve.

Main thing to remember about tennis is that in a true sportsman's eye the umpire and the linesman are always right.

Oh . . . And you'll be right on the ball if you remember to thank both your opponents as well as your partner at the end of the game.

Etiquette in sport is really a question of your attitude. The ideal one is: Play for the sake of the game; not only to win."

Stick to the fair-play, good-sport lurk and you may lose the match but you'll help win the bloke. After all, this boy-girl racket's a game, too, you know.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4827810

15 MINUTES: Delicious fruity peach crisps served with whipped cream will be a family favorite.

20 MINUTES: Rich and fluffy prune and macaroon cream makes a fine finale to any dinner.

sy to eat, will
ue is precious,
r of minutes.

ery Expert

on top of cherries, cover
5 minutes longer; remove
Divide sponge evenly into
serving dishes. Spoon
over sponge, top with
ard.

ERING RASPBERRY DELIGHT
(30 minutes)

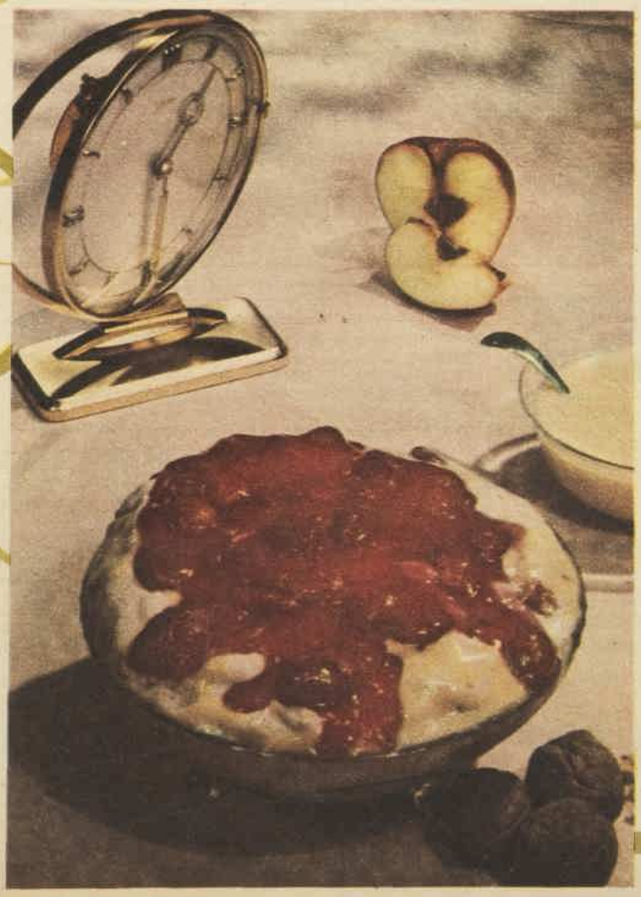
raspberry jelly crystals, ½ evaporated milk, 1¼ cups frozen raspberries, 1 tablespoon or cornflour (blended water), 1 small tin strained pack).

erries, reserve liquid. Make
g to directions on packet
ly half the liquid stated.
ool place to thicken. Whip
rated milk until thick,
½ cup of the sugar. Fold
rozen raspberries and the
y. Spoon into serving-dish

erry liquid and remaining
rcpan, add blended arrow-
until thickened. Simmer
dd remaining raspberries;

serving spoon custard over
top with raspberry mixture.

Continued overleaf



25 MINUTES: This new version of the ever-popular lemon meringue pie is sure to please the family.

30 MINUTES: Colorful to look at and delicious to eat, shimmering raspberry delight is a gala sweet.

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As they grow older...

Serve this

'3 BISCUIT' BREAKFAST

Picture plates in every packet

As quickly as 1-2-3, you can give your children vital elements they need for sturdy, vigorous growth. Simply slide three crisply toasted Weet-Bix biscuits on to each plate. Weet-Bix sustains and nourishes, providing all the unrivalled growth elements of 100% whole wheat *fortified* with added Vitamin B_1 and *enriched* with pure energising malt. Always serve that *third* Weet-Bix biscuit for EXTRA nutrition and vitality!

WEET-BIX

Every flake a storehouse of energy!

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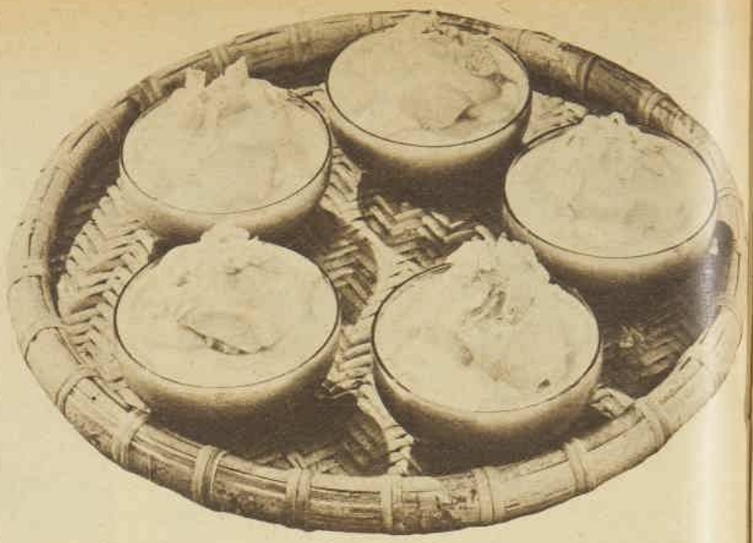

***PEAR-A-DISE SNOW**, an interesting dessert topped with sugar-coated cornflakes, will prove a great favorite with all the family. See recipe this page.*

(Continued from previous page)

DESSERTS MADE IN NO TIME

FRUIT WHIP
(5 minutes)

One cup unsweetened peach, apricot, or apple pulp, 2-3rds cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Beat egg-whites and cream of tartar until stiff but not dry. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until mixture holds its shape. Fold in fruit pulp and lemon juice; mix well. Pile into 4 sweets dishes; chill.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
(10 minutes)

Three ounces sweetened chocolate or chocolate pieces, 3 eggs (separated), 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Melt chocolate in basin over hot (not boiling) water; remove from heat and gradually beat in egg-yolks and vanilla. Beat egg-whites until stiff and fold into chocolate mixture. Spoon into 4 sweets dishes and chill until ready to serve.

PEACH TRIFLE
(20 minutes)

One packet vanilla quick-cooking dessert, 2 cups milk, 1 layer sponge or plain cake, raspberry jam, ½ cup sherry or fruit juice, 1 cup sliced peaches, whipped sweetened cream.

Prepare quick-cooking dessert according to packet directions, using 2 cups milk, then allow to cool. Spread cake with raspberry jam, cut into 1in. pieces and arrange in base of glass dish. Pour sherry over cake and top with sliced peaches. Pour cooled custard over cake mixture and set aside until required. Serve with cream.

CHOC-ALMONDINE
(20 minutes)

One almond-flavored junket tablet, 1 pint milk, ¼ pint whipped cream, 2 tablespoons drinking chocolate, 2 tablespoons water, ¼ cup chopped almonds.

Crush junket tablet and mix with 1 tablespoon cold water. Heat milk to blood heat and mix with dissolved tablet. Stand in warm place until set. Chill. Place drinking chocolate in small bowl; very gradually mix in water. To serve, place whipped cream on top of junket, pour over chocolate sauce, and sprinkle top with chopped almonds.

SPICY CHOCOLATE CUSTARD
(30 minutes)

Half cup soft breadcrumbs, 4oz. chocolate (chopped roughly), ½ cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ginger, pinch salt, cream or ice-cream.

Combine breadcrumbs, chocolate, sugar, and 1 cup milk in top of double saucepan and stir over boiling water until chocolate melts. Beat eggs, remaining milk, spices, and salt together, add to chocolate mixture and mix well. Cover with lid and continue cooking until custard is set. Serve warm with cream or ice-cream.

PEAR-A-DISE SNOW
(30 minutes)

One packet lemon jelly crystals, ¾ cup boiling water, ¾ cup syrup drained from pears, 1 egg (separated), 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon cornflour blended with ¼ cup milk, ½ cup scalded milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 tinned pear halves, ½ cup sugar-coated cornflakes.

Dissolve jelly in boiling water, stir in pear syrup and chill until partially set. Whip until light and fluffy. Beat egg-white until stiff, fold into whipped jelly. Half fill mixture into 4 sweet-dishes. Chill.

Beat egg-yolk slightly, stir in sugar, salt, blended cornflour, and scalded milk. Cook over hot water until mixture coats a silver spoon; chill. Stir in lemon juice and rind. Top each serving of chilled jelly with a pear half, cut side down. Cover pears with custard, sprinkle with cornflakes.

CHOOSE CHRISTMAS TOYS WITH CARE

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

WHEN planning to buy toys as Christmas gifts, remember they play an important part in a child's development and should be chosen with care. Each age group needs a different type of toy.

Many babies cry from boredom long before they are considered old enough to need amusement. But although they are too young to play with toys, they enjoy things they can see and hear.

Brightly colored, light plastic shapes which move with the wind are a good idea.

Colored wooden beads or baubles strung across the hood of a pram with strong elastic make amusing playthings for children from the age of three months.

These playthings also help a baby to strengthen his arm muscles and focus his vision.

Children enjoy imitating adult life in their play time, so practical toys such as brooms and garden tools are excellent for four-year-olds.

Children should be encouraged to play by themselves as well as with other children of their own age group. There are so many absorbing and educational toys now available that it is not difficult to find something suitable for all age groups.

A leaflet giving useful information about toys can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

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Tripe recipe wins £5

TRIPE will have added flavor when served in a tangy cream sauce and accompanied by crisp-coated pineapple slices. See recipe on this page.

● This week's prizewinner is a recipe which combines tripe and pineapple to make an appetising dinner dish.

USE chopped tomatoes and banana in place of the pineapple to give variety to this economical family-style recipe.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to recipes for marshmallow slice, a rich confection which will make the family ask for more, and stuffed baked cucumbers, an ideal luncheon dish.

Spoon measurements are level.

TRIPE WITH PINEAPPLE

Two pounds honeycomb tripe, 1 onion, 3 peppercorns, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons pineapple juice, 1½ cups milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt.

Scrape underside of tripe, wash thoroughly. Cut into pieces approximately 2in. x 1in., place in saucepan cold water, and bring to boil; drain. Cover with fresh water, add sliced onion, peppercorns, vinegar. Cover with fitting lid, bring to boil, and simmer 1½ hours or until tripe is tender; drain. Place tripe pieces in clean saucepan, add milk, pineapple juice and butter; cook 5 minutes. Blend cornflour with little extra milk, add to tripe, stir constantly until mixture thickens, cook 3 minutes longer. Season with nutmeg and salt. Serve piping-hot with the following pineapple slices.

Savory Pineapple Slices: Three or 4 slices tinned or fresh pineapple, 1 egg, 2oz. grated tasty cheese, 2oz. fine breadcrumbs, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper.

Dry pineapple as much as possible on absorbent paper, cut each slice in half. Dip in beaten egg, toss in combined cheese, breadcrumbs, salt, and pepper. Fry in heated oil until golden-brown.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. K. Incher, Rudall, West Coast, S.A.

MARSHMALLOW SLICE

Two ounces butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¼ cup milk, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped glace cherries, 2oz. grated dark chocolate.

Marshmallow: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, pink food coloring, coconut.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy; add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill mixture into greased 7in. cake-tin and bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. When cooked, turn out on cake-cooler to become quite cold, then cut into very small pieces. Combine with walnuts, cherries, and chocolate. Prepare marshmallow: Place sugar, water, and gelatine in saucepan, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil without stirring and boil steadily 10 minutes. Remove from heat; cool. When beginning to thicken slightly, beat until thick and fluffy. Add vanilla and color pale pink. Add cake and fruit mixture to marshmallow, mix thoroughly. Fill into well-greased ring or loaf tin, place in refrigerator several hours or overnight. Turn out on serving-dish, sprinkle with coconut.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Broad, 53 Spring Street, Lismore, N.S.W.

STUFFED BAKED CUCUMBERS

Two medium-sized cucumbers, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery, 3 dessertspoons chopped onion, 4oz. cold cooked meat, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, pinch mixed herbs, extra shortening.

Cut cucumbers in half lengthwise and parboil in boiling salted water 5 minutes. Scoop out centres with spoon. Remove seeds and mince the centre pulp. Melt shortening in small frying-pan, add celery and onion, fry 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add cucumber pulp, diced meat, breadcrumbs, and herbs, season with salt and pepper; mix well. Pile back into cucumber shells, dot with extra shortening and bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Jamieson, Akala Street, Camp Hill, Brisbane.

FAMILY DISH

THIS deliciously different dish for a special-occasion family dinner costs approximately 9/- and serves five people.

AMERICAN CHOP SUEY

One pound stewing-steak, ¼ cup shortening, 1-3rd cup water, ¾ cup chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ cups skinned chopped ripe tomatoes, 2 or 3oz. peeled sliced mushrooms, 1½ cups chopped celery, 1½ cups dry cooked rice, 1 dessertspoon soya sauce.

Cut steak into ½in. cubes. Brown in hot shortening in heavy pan. Add water, onion, tomatoes, salt, and sugar. Cover, simmer over low heat until steak is tender, about 1¼ to 1½ hours. Add mushrooms and celery, simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Fold in rice and soya sauce, simmer until rice is thoroughly heated. Serve at once.

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24/11

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5/11

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Easy-to-make table, chair

● Children in the under-five age group will get a great deal of pleasure from this sturdy table-and-chair set, which would be an ideal Christmas gift. The home handyman will find the directions below easy to follow.

Materials Required: 27ft. of 2in. x 1in. dressed timber, 2ft. 6in. x ¾in. piece dowel, 2ft. x 1ft. 3in. piece hardboard, 1ft. x 9in. hardboard, 1½in. x 14-gauge nails, 1in. x 14-gauge nails, ¾ panel pins, cold-water glue.

All joints are glued and nailed.

TABLE

Using dressed timber, make a frame for top of table measuring 2ft. long and 1ft. 3in. deep. Join corners as illustrated in diagram 1.

Glue and nail 2ft. x 1ft. 3in. piece of hardboard over this.

Legs are formed from dressed timber. Following diagram 2, take a piece of timber 1ft. 5in. long and rip down as marked by dotted line so bottom measures ¾in.

The sawn-off piece is now reversed and glued to leg as shown in diagram 3. Make three more legs by the same method. Attach legs to top of table as in diagram 4 by gluing and nailing.

Glue and nail two rungs of dressed timber between legs at narrow ends of table about 5in. from the ground.

Glue and nail another timber rung the length of table so it rests in centres of the two end rungs.

CHAIR

In dressed timber, cut two pieces 1ft. 6in. long to form back legs and sides of back-rest. Rip down each one as shown by sloping black lines in diagram 5.

Cut two pieces of dressed timber 10½in. long and fix between two back legs of chair with ¾in.-deep mortises, as shown in diagram 6. Mortises should be ¾in. from back edge of legs, ¾in. wide, 2in. long, and ¾in. deep. The top one should begin 1in. from top of back legs and lower one should begin 9in. from top.

Cut strips so they will fit into mortises (diagram 6), but before fixing them in with glue insert and glue two dowel rods between these strips.

Make two front legs from 9in. strips of dressed timber, using same method as for table legs.

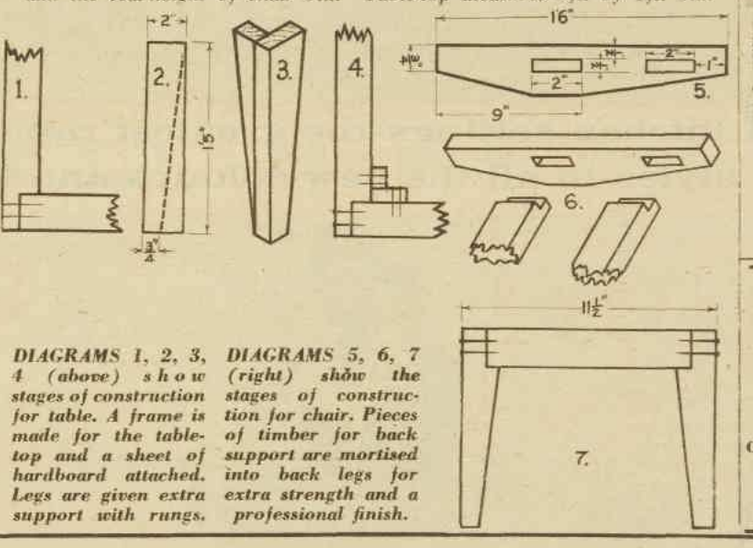
To form frame for seat, cut three lengths from dressed timber (the sizes for these are governed by the fact that the finished frame and legs should measure 11½in. across front of seat and 9in. down sides). Glue and inset lengths into legs as illustrated in diagram 7.

Nail and glue 1ft. x 9in. piece hardboard to top of chair frame, cutting rear corners so they fit neatly round rear uprights.

Fit two struts with length of dowel rod running between them between side legs of chair.

Paint table and chair in white or pastel color. Transfer can be applied in one corner as decoration.

COMPLETED TABLE-AND-CHAIR SET (above) is given two coats of a hard-wearing enamel paint in white or a pastel color. Height of table is 1ft. 6in. and the seat-height of chair 9in. Table-top measures 2ft. by 1ft. 3in.



DIAGRAMS 1, 2, 3, 4 (above) show stages of construction for table. A frame is made for the table-top and a sheet of hardboard attached. Legs are given extra support with rungs.

DIAGRAMS 5, 6, 7 (right) show the stages of construction for chair. Pieces of timber for back support are mortised into back legs for extra strength and a professional finish.

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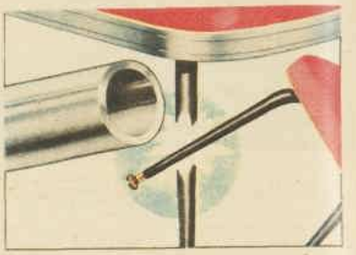

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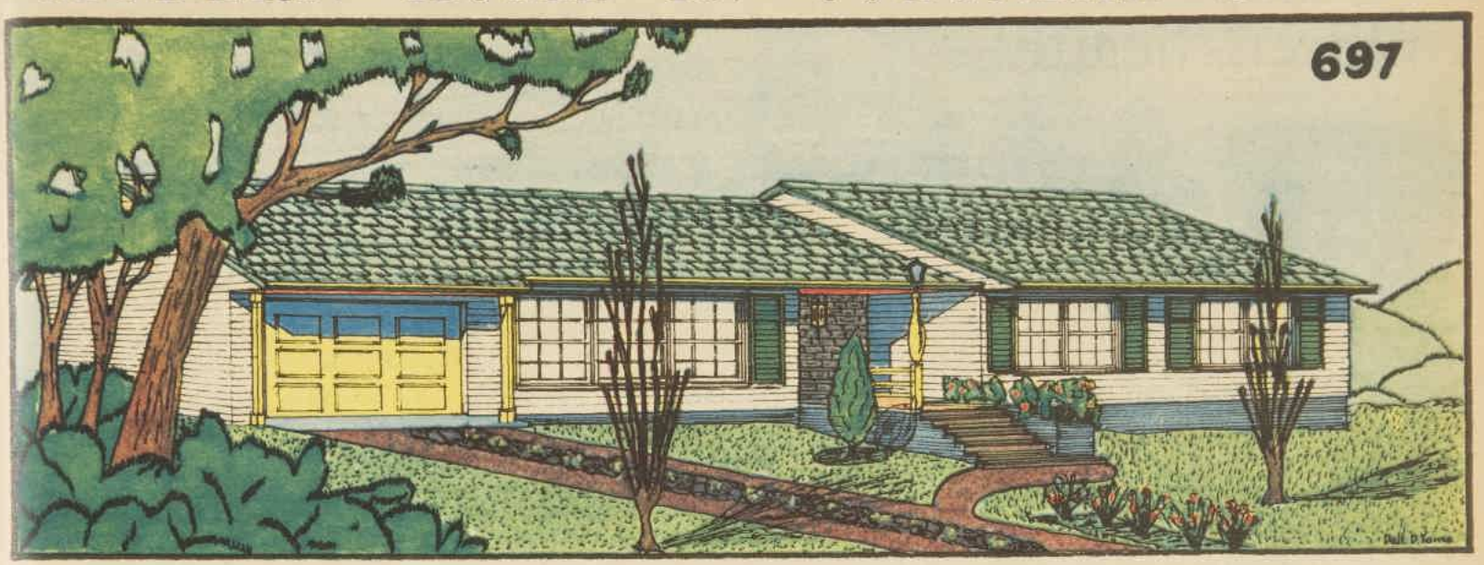
MODERN HOME IN COLONIAL STYLE



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of Home Plan No. 697, which is being built on Lot 76 at the Parade of Homes. Weatherboarding forms the exterior and imitation shutters flank front and side windows. Steps lead to the door.

● Here is another house which is being built at the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W. Parade of Homes Exhibition at Cherrybrook Gardens Estate on Sydney's north shore. It will be on view next January.

NEARLY 40 houses are being built at this exhibition, which occupies more than 20 acres. It will be open to the public in January next year for one month.

Visitors will be able to inspect all the houses, which will be 2, 3, and 4-bedroom homes at prices varying between £3500 and £8000, excluding land.

All the houses will be for sale. They will be fully furnished by members of the Furniture Retail Traders Association and will have landscape gardens. Visitors can arrange to have identical houses built on their land.

This exhibition, which is promoted by the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W., and organised by Mr. T. Riddell of Exhibition Promotions, will be the biggest of its kind ever held in the Southern Hemisphere. Its aim is to improve the standard of building and show that master builders can build good homes at reasonable cost.

About 250,000 people are expected to visit the Parade of Homes, which also includes 120 exhibits showing all that's new in building materials. There will be parking space for about 14,000 cars.

On Lot 76

The house shown on this page can be seen on Lot 76. It has been designed by architect Shirley R. Lawrie and is being built by McMahon & Dyett.

It is No. 697 in our series of standard home plans. A complete set of plans for this house can be bought for £9/9/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose addresses are in the panel below.

The site on which it is being built is 70ft. wide x 180ft. deep, and has a delightful bushland setting.

After discussion, the architect and builder chose a colonial style to blend with the semi-rural atmosphere of the surroundings.

This house now combines the best of two worlds — it has a mellowed, timeless exterior and a modern, easy-to-maintain interior.

Pretty porch

The porch, which is approached by a short flight of steps, has an attractive flower-box and outside lamp.

The front door leads straight into an L-shaped entrance hall, which has direct access to all the rooms. Bathroom and bedrooms are located on one side of the house and the living areas on the other.

There are three bedrooms. The dining-room and living-room adjoin and can be used as separate areas or as one big room.

All the floors are in selected pine with a clear, plasticised finish.

In the spacious kitchen, which has an adjoining meal area, the cupboards are finished in natural timber, and bench-tops are covered with white laminated plastic.

The meal area measures 6ft. x 7ft. and the working area 9ft. x 8ft. 6in. There are cupboards around and over the refrigerator and the oven is built into the wall.

The bathroom is fitted with a vanity basin set into a table-top.

There is a separate toilet adjoining the bathroom and these two rooms are conveniently placed near the bedrooms.

In the entrance hall there are two useful cupboards. One is near the front door and is ideal for coats and winter shoes. There is another near the bathroom and bedrooms for storing household linen.

The exterior is weather-board, painted off-white, with imitation shutters on front and side windows. There is an attractive stone feature wall by the side of the front door, which contains a small window with a wrought-iron grille.

For more economical construction, the laundry is placed at the rear of the garage, but it can also be reached by a rear entrance.

An approximate price for this house, not including the land, is £4400.

Our Home Planning Centres—which are located in all capital cities—will advise you personally or by post on all home-building problems.

Many home-planners feel they need some assistance in choosing a home to suit their piece of land, and our Centres will arrange for one of their representatives to meet you on your site to discuss design, for the fee of £5/5/- in the metropolitan area.

These Centres will also prepare special drawings for you if you want a house of your own personal design. Any of our standard plans can be used as the basis for your design and you can then add ideas of your own. Our representatives will advise and prepare the new drawings for you.

The fee for this special service is £1/1/- per square based on total area with a minimum fee of £10/10/-. A deposit of £7 is requested on the order.

Own design

If you would like to see a design of your own drawn to scale before you make your final decision our Centres will prepare a ground-plan sketch which costs only £2/2/-. This will show the overall area of the house, the positions and sizes of the rooms, kitchen, bathroom, and laundry layouts, doors, windows, terraces, etc. It would be adequate for preliminary cost discussion with a builder.

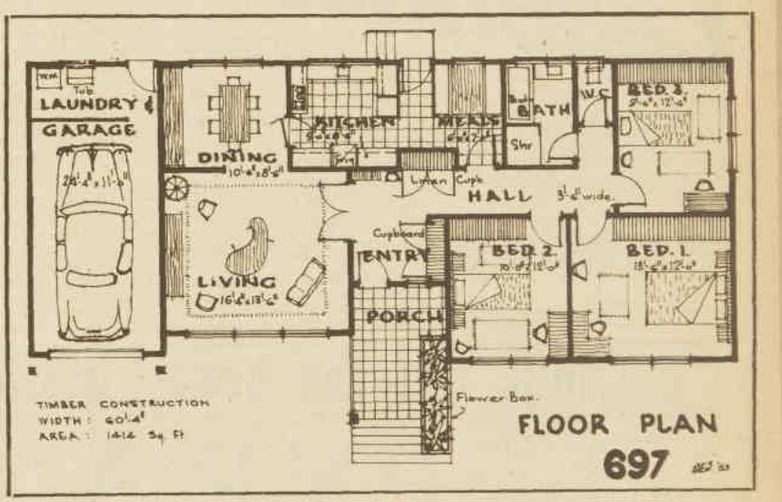
All our home plans are guaranteed to be acceptable to your local council.

There are hundreds of variations of our standard designs. Every plan we publish is available in any building material selected by intending home-builders.

Every plan is available in the mirror-reverse position, which may make it more suitable to your land — to catch the sun and breeze in the major rooms.

There is no extra charge for these variations.

Many designs have been republished in the leaflets "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," "Architects' Signature Plans" (all 2/6 each), and "Contemporary Homes" (3/-). They will be posted to you promptly from your nearest Home Planning Centre. Please allow extra 5d. for postage.



FLOOR PLAN shows compact three-bedroom home. An attractive feature of the entry porch is the large flower-box. The dining section can be used separately or combined with the living-room to form one large area.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan shown on this page and all our other standard home plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set from any of our Home Planning Centres.

These Centres, which have been established in conjunction with the stores in which they are situated, offer a comprehensive service to the intending home-builder.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: Our representative attends the Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.
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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 17

time an even more difficult question.

"You either love people or you don't. It's not like a pudding that's just enough for four people and none left for anyone else. And the more people you love the more you love people, Timmie, if you see what I mean," she said, busy at her maternal task of sowing seeds. These would be barren for Timmie, who, having asked what he wanted and been comforted by the answer, was already sliding around the door to the verandah.

In the yard Tim found another excuse for postponing his morning visit to the cat and her kittens. Charlie Rush was there, chopping wood for the kitchen stove. "She's a monster, that stove," Charlie said. "Fair eats it up."

Charlie stopped chopping and leaned on the handle of the axe as Tim began to stack up the wood he had chopped and left lying about his feet.

"Charlie, what do animals have to be fed on when they're feeding young ones?" Tim asked.

"Bit extra, that's all they want. Bit of bran won't do any harm, say. Maybe a bit of linseed meal."

"Not that sort of animals," Tim said. "Pets. You know, dogs and cats and things."

"Search me," Charlie said, rolling a cigarette.

"But you must know," Tim said, straightening up with his arms full of split wood. "You've had dogs, haven't you? You must have had a cat sometime that had kittens."

"Hey," Charlie said, light dawning, "you got her hid somewhere?"

"Got who hid? I don't know what you're talking about," Tim said, too vehemently.

"O.K. No need to get shirty," Charlie said. He struck a match and held it to the end of his cigarette, while he addressed himself to the problem. "Now, if you was to have a dog, say, with a litter of pups, what you'd have to do is give it the same sort of tucker, only more often, see? Three or four times a day'd be about right. Now, with a cat . . ." he said, and stopped.

"Yes?"

"I don't know nothing about she-cats," Charlie said, watching him.

"I expect they'd be the same, wouldn't they?"

"Maybe," Charlie said. "What do you want to know all this for, anyway?"

"I just wondered," Tim said. "Some day I might get one."

"One what?"

> **The first and simplest emotion which we discover in the human mind is curiosity.**
> —*Edmund Burke*

"A cat, or a dog, maybe."

"You'll have a fight on your hands then, with the boss," Charlie said sympathetically. He felt pretty sure that Tim had some good reason for all these questions, and, since at times he felt oppressed by Jim's authority as the owner of Glenhaven, he saw no reason why he should go out of his way to uphold it with the boys.

"O' course, if you did ever get a dog, or a cat, maybe, that had a litter, first thing you want to see to is that it's got plenty to drink."

"Milk?"

"Milk or water, doesn't make much odds," Charlie said. "Well, better get stuck into it," he said, lifting the axe.

"You leave the wood and I'll stack it up for you later," Tim said, walking off towards the fowls.

"Good on yer, kid," Charlie said, chopping. "Don't forget eggs. They're all right for them, too."

Tim pocketed a couple of warm eggs from one of the nests and started off by one of his three different, circuitous routes to the old barn. He'd been taking eggs for the cat regularly since he'd had her, but he was more careful now than he had been in the beginning.

At first he'd given her a lot of them because she loved them and would eat a couple and still yowl greedily for more. But later he found that they were making her grumpy and hiccup, and he only gave her an occasional one, as a treat.

This morning he had nothing for her because he hadn't got into the kittchen early before the others were there, and he thought that an egg broken into the milk he'd left her wouldn't do her any harm after her exertions.

He walked slowly across the paddocks, stopping to watch some magpies in a tree, though birds didn't usually interest him at all, because he was a little afraid of getting to the barn. Joan's words had comforted him a little, but, then, Joan had been talking about people, not about cats. And, besides, she hadn't been really telling the truth, as he knew from the time when Billie had been born.

When he opened the door and found the cat waiting for him in her usual position behind it, he was filled with such pleasure that he couldn't imagine why he had doubted her, why he hadn't come to her as soon as he woke. He picked her up, feeling her lean sides and the unfamiliar-familiar lines of her restored proportion, and she put one paw, with its claws sheathed, across his closed lips, and looked at him, and spoke into his face.

He put her down then and broke both eggs for her in the way she liked them best, on the floor, not caring, just for today, whether they gave her hiccups. Then, while she ate them, he went to look in the box, where the kittens were mounded into a sleeping heap. He tried to count first the heads and then the tails, but they had mixed themselves inextricably, so that sometimes he made it seven and sometimes nine.

When he picked one up its squeal made the cat look up sharply from the egg she was eating, but after a moment she seemed confident that he was doing them no harm. He handled each one separately, looking at their big ears, their closed eyes, and their long, rat-like tails. One, he thought, had managed to get its tail broken in some accident during the night. The last inch of its tail was kinked so that it lay almost at right angles to the rest of it.

There were seven kittens, and as far as he could see they were all of the same sex. He couldn't be certain what that was—all he could see was that they seemed to be the same. He thought for a moment what appalling problems the future would bring for him if they should prove to be female kittens. But seven males, now! Who could object to that?

When she had eaten the eggs and sat for a while to clean her face, the cat came back to the box, stepping delicately to pass him and settle herself among the kittens. She licked and purred and dreamed as the kittens fed. Tim, lying on the dressing-gown which he had left in front of the box the night before, might have slept, too, if his mind had not still been a little uneasy about her absorption in them. He saw that, though her eyes were unfocused and half shut even while she was cleaning them, she noticed at once if one fell away from the teat or tried in its blind, eager way to feed from some unrewarding part of her body.

She would make a small noise to it, then, urging, counselling, and nudging until the kitten was firmly and satisfactorily placed. He watched for an hour, afraid to put either her or himself to any further test, either by drawing any nearer or by going away. Then, because it was something that had to be faced sooner or later, he hitched himself forward along the floor with his arms and put his head down in the box among the torn paper and the tiny kittens.

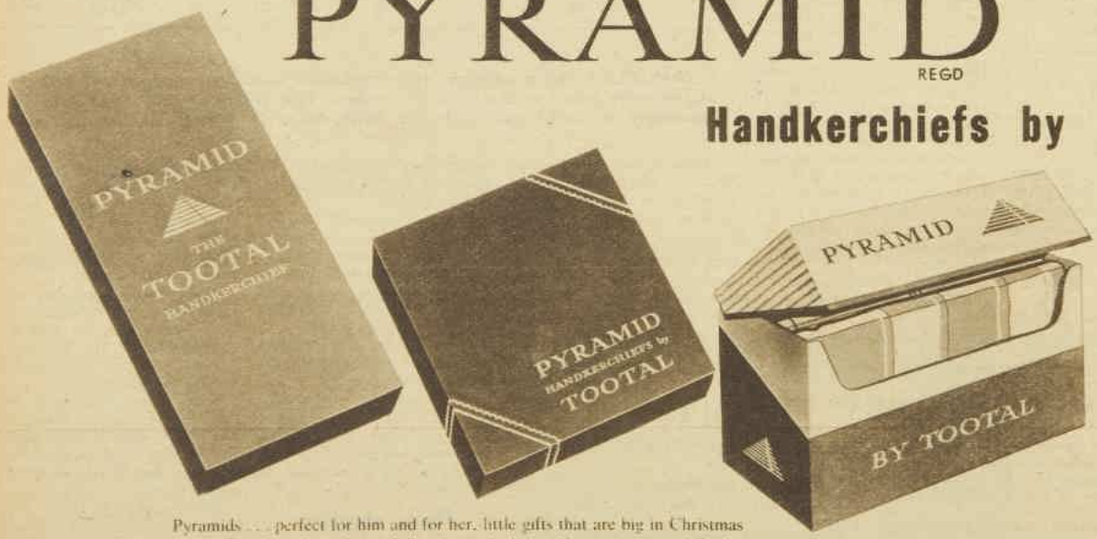
The cat reached across from the kitten she had been cleaning and licked the fine, fair

To page 53

None but the best for Christmas gifts...

PYRAMID REGD

Handkerchiefs by TOOTAL REGD



Pyramids . . . perfect for him and for her, little gifts that are big in Christmas spirit. They launder so beautifully, always look band-box new . . . and they're as up-to-date as handkerchiefs can be. Smart colours or frosty whites.

These new gift packs make Pyramids an ideal gift for Christmas.

He'll be casually well-dressed in a fashionable TOOTAL CRAVAT

TOOTAL REGD gifts for the well-dressed

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hair that grew on his temple. Then she pushed her brown muzzle deeper into his hair and flexed gently along his scalp with careful, questing teeth.

"You're different, you're different," he said, pulling back from her in an ecstasy of relief. And in the back of his mind was the feeling that she was different from his mother, who was so absorbed by even one new baby that for the first few weeks she had no time for anyone else at all.

He was content now; he had nothing more to worry about. Now that he had no more doubts he began to feel, as he watched the kittens, the awful tiredness that his three hours' sleep had done almost nothing to cure. He put his head down again, just inside the box, where it would disturb neither the cat nor her kittens.

It seemed to him that the cat began to purr more loudly then, as though she was welcoming him. He closed his eyes and let the soft, mesmeric sound wash over him, and very soon, in the warm, rich smell of milk and love, he was asleep.

. . . . . .

In the afternoon he brought Peter to see the kittens, feeling that there was no longer any need to conceal that they'd been born. Peter was so excited by the news that he ran all the way from the house on his longer legs, leaving Tim behind him; it seemed to Tim that this was both unfair and unmannerly, but when he arrived he found that Peter, recognising the importance of the occasion, had given Amanda half of the rock-bun he'd been eating on the way.

He noticed, too, that despite the gift of bun, the cat spat in an undemonstrative way when Peter put out his hand to touch the kittens. This gave Tim pleasure. "She doesn't like anyone but me to touch them, Pete," he said.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 52

"Well, you pick one up then, so's I can look at it," Peter said, and this was the first acknowledgment he had ever made of Tim's absolute ownership. Tim and the cat both watched him closely as he handled the kitten, and he was aware of their watching.

"Hey, this one's got a deformed tail," he said, not making a thing of it but pleased, all the same, that he could make some slight and legitimate criticism. "Are they all like that?"

"No, only one," Tim said. "I think something must have happened to it and it got broken while the kitten was being born."

"Couldn't of, 'cos it's mended already," Peter said, running his fingers gently down the tapering, sparsely-haired tail. "Feel for yourself. There's a lump at the end, where the bone's knitted."

"I know, I felt it myself," Tim said, not quite truthfully. He had indeed felt the bump just where the tail began to twist sideways, but it had told him nothing.

"Poor old Mrs. Fuzzy-bottom, she's a deformed cat with deformed kittens," Peter said affectionately, scratching behind her rear. "D'you want me to bring a bucket down, Tim, and do the females for you?" This was a noble offer, and Tim was aware of it. Peter had no more heart than he had for dispatching things, but only the older brother's responsibility for the dirty jobs, from bedroom-wall spiders to rabbits maimed by traps.

"You have a look," Tim said. "I can't tell if there are any."

"There must be," Peter said, taking one up. This time the cat allowed it without protest. "They're all the same," he said in amazement, when he'd looked at each. "What are you going to do?"

"Keep them," Tim said happily, glad that the oddness of this litter of kittens made decisions unnecessary. Everyone knew that it was worse than cruel to drown kittens, unless you did it straight after they were born.

"We could ask Charlie," Peter said a little doubtfully. "I don't think he'd tell."

"No, don't ask him," Tim said. "You know what Charlie's like. He might just accidentally forget and say something. I don't want him to know."

the way he'd say, "Now, if it was a cat you was asking about . . ."

Peter joined him now whenever he went to the barn, and the boys spent most of their free time there each day. But at night Tim went alone. At night Peter always drew his attention to the fact that the cat was his cat, and stayed comfortably in bed while Tim took her out for the only run he would let her have away from the door of the barn.

Sometimes, as the weeks went past, it seemed to him that Charlie did know. He'd been so excited on the fourth day when he found that the kittens' tails and the margins of their ears had turned a strange, bluish color that he'd had to ask Charlie whether it was true that some animals, like aboriginal babies, were born white and got their color later. And there'd been other things he had to ask, too, when one of the kittens had sticky eyes and he didn't know how to treat them and when the cat tore one of her claws on a night hunting expedition.

He'd been careful to wrap these questions up in a lot of wandering questions about farm-animal care, but he didn't like the way Charlie grinned at him when he answered, or

It was on one of these nights —he didn't know at what time, as he'd been asleep and then come suddenly awake as he always did, remembering that she was waiting for him—that he'd been startled into a smothered yell by seeing something dark move away from the door of the barn as he went up to it.

He flashed his torch quickly from side to side, but he couldn't see anything; he waited for a minute, scared, and then rushed across in a series of flying leaps, dropped the torch as he fumbled with the door, and hurled himself inside.

He felt for the cat and found her and picked her up and she began to paw and muzzle at his face as she always did; and then, as she stiffened and clawed for a foothold on his shoulder, he froze with terror as something hairy rushed into the barn, going between his legs.

The cat was teetering on his shoulder now, and yowling, with her claws firmly into his flesh through his thin pyjama jacket; and the thing that was hidden from him on the floor was making a noise of strangled menace in the darkness.

Then the cat took off with a bound that made him clutch at his shoulder and whimper with the pain before he remembered the torch and ran out to find it, shining palely in the long grass at the side of the door.

He turned it first on the box of kittens and found them watching him with their faces like flowers on the fear-extended stalks of their necks; then to the window-ledge, where the cat was arched and spitting with anger and outrage; then to the floor, where the hairy, guttural-voiced monster shrank before his eyes into nothing but old beastly Black Mac in one of his rare, ingratiating moods.

Tim ran at him, hoping to frighten him out of the barn with a flurry of arms and legs, but the black cat dodged each of his runs adroitly and managed to get himself each time a little closer to the window-ledge.

When he found that he couldn't chase Black Mac from the barn Tim went to the kittens, because he remembered that someone had told him — Charlie, perhaps—that tomcats hated kittens and liked to eat them.

The kittens crowded out of the box towards him, holding up their triangular little faces and piping like hungry seagulls.

There was milk for them in the cup, and stale bread, too, and they were used to being fed, now that they'd learned to eat from a dish, when he came to see them late at night. But he was afraid to leave them while he went to the cupboard and mixed the food, and he pushed them back into the box and sat down in front to guard them while he thought what to do.

He knew that he couldn't chase Black Mac out. He'd have to catch him somehow and put him out, and he was afraid of him. Black Mac wouldn't only scratch — he'd bite as well, and bite deeply. He thought of catching Amanda and taking her out, but then he would leave the kittens unprotected.

He thought of taking the kittens first, and then . . . either way it was like the puzzle of his father's about the corn and the goose and the fox, and it wasn't going to work. The trouble was he didn't know whether Black Mac had come to make war on the kittens or on the cat. He noticed now that the cat was quieter, and had even begun to wash the inside of one leg. Black Mac was sitting in front of her on the floor, making a peculiar wheedling noise that Tim found sickening.

He felt behind him and found the empty jam-tin he had used the day before to carry meat in, and bowled it across the floor at Black Mac with a thundery noise that lengthened the kittens' necks another inch and startled their cheeping into sudden silence. Black Mac simply rose in the air, let the tin pass under him, and resumed his cajolery.

Tim waited a little while for Mac to get over that and then he got up and went over, scary-bold and falsely friendly, put the torch down on the ground, and reached out his hands to try to lift the cat. Mac growled and struck at him with his claws, not moving his eyes from his goal on the window-ledge.

The Siamese stood then, stretched herself lingeringly, sharpened her claws thoroughly in the wood of the window-sill, and then came down in a bound that took her over Black Mac's head and close to the kittens. Black Mac watched her, not moving. She went into the entrance of the box, sniffed at the kittens in turn as though she were counting them, stretched herself again, and sat down with a cool shoulder turned to the tom.

In a second he hurled himself in a violent, sideways bound that sent her hurtling

To page 55

'AKTA-VITE'

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Everyone can benefit from delicious 'AKTA-VITE': Housewives; expectant and nursing mothers; energy burners; active sports; convalescents. 'AKTA-VITE' contains in each daily dose enough of the vitamins A, B_1, C and D to lift you from being "just well" to really buoyant health. 'AKTA-VITE' contains these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that the regular daily dose brings the average diet up to full requirements. Even if only slightly deficient (and a hearty eater can be short on vitamins) daily 'AKTA-VITE' will soon give you a better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. Try 'AKTA-VITE' in hot or cold milk as a nightcap, sprinkled on cereals or sweets, or straight from the spoon.

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Four-Piece Gift Set. Comprising: 1½ pt. Round Casserole and Dual Purpose Cover, 1¼ pt. Oval Pie Dish, 7½ inch Round Pie Plate. Price: Plain, 25/9; coloured, 32/6.
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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 53

in among the kittens and then out again.

Tim, crying with fright, was trying to block her, screen her, protect her. The kittens had scattered so that he couldn't see them, couldn't count them, was afraid of stepping on them in the swinging half-light of the torch.

Then suddenly the cats stopped, froze, and watched each other, only a foot apart. Now was Tim's chance. He put the torch flat on the floor so that its light flowed in a beam towards the half-open door; then he took up his old dressing-gown, moved round behind the black cat, and stood wavering, with his courage waning the longer he waited to move.

It reminded him of the feeling of diving from the big tree over the homestead dam—all right if you climbed and dived at once without looking, but harder and harder and farther and farther down the longer you looked.

But the cat was the cat, and already he'd had to do many things for her that . . . suddenly he jumped, muffled Black Mac in the folds of the dressing-gown, held him with iron arms the few steps to the door, and flung him, still wrapped, into the night.

When he'd shut the door he ran his fingers along a great weal from his elbow to his wrist on the inside of his left arm, and he knew that it would have a deep, red blood track down the centre of it, where Black Mac's struggling back leg had caught him and torn through the stuff of his pyjama jacket.

He was puzzled at first to find that the noise went on as before. Then he saw that his cat was raging about the room, flinging herself at the door, yowling and scratching and clawing at the wood in what he could plainly see was inconsolable grief. He tried to talk to her, to catch her, to reason with her, but she could not be comforted.

And in the intervals of her crying he could hear Black Mac's stentorian laments from the other side of the door. He sat down then, nursing his injured arm, and tried to work out what it would be best to do. If he tried to go out either his cat would go out with him or Black Mac would get in through the open door. If he didn't go out they'd miss him in a few hours, at breakfast time, and that would end everything.

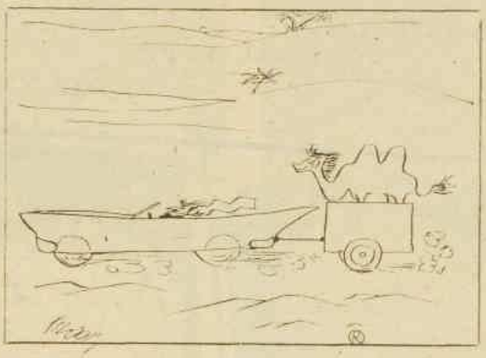
The noise seemed so loud to his ears that he thought already it might have started the dogs barking on their chains, and that would, sooner or later, bring his father out into the yard. He had to balance the risk of discovery against any injury Black Mac might do his cat, and at last, when there seemed to him to be no other way out, he gathered the kittens and shut them into the cupboard, and then opened the door.

Black Mac came back into the room looking ruffled and angry, but the little cat fawned on him, making the soft, crooning noise she used for calling the kittens when they strayed. Tim turned his eyes away. It had begun to dawn on him in the last few minutes that Black Mac had come to the barn with ideas other than kitten-eating.

When the Siamese howled on a dreadful, dying note, he looked quickly up and saw Black Mac leap and pin her to the floor with his bared fangs buried in the soft fur of her scruff. He watched their brief mating through a veil of confusing tears. He was crying because . . . he didn't know why he was crying, but he thought, he had thought, he didn't know what he'd thought, but he remembered that when he was very young he'd believed that when he grew up his father would have grown down.

Of course, he'd discovered long ago that that wasn't going to be so, but it seemed you didn't have any chance at all for anything much while you were only young and all the shelter and things belonged to somebody else, somebody frightfully young or else frightfully old.

The cats had quietened down. Black Mac had leaped to the window-ledge and was sitting with his head turned away. Tim looked from one cat to the other, at a loss. After a minute or two Black Mac jumped down from the ledge and went out through the door, apparently heading for home and his chair by the stove.



Timmie got up then, retrieved the torch, and let the kittens out of the cupboard. They ran, squeaking with hunger, and fell on her like a pack of hungry wolves and started feeding. Tim broke the bread into the tin plate he'd provided for the kittens, mixed it with milk, and left it for them on the floor by the box.

Then he went out. He didn't feel particularly like talking to the cat just then. He shut the door firmly, tried it to make sure Black Mac couldn't open it, and then took a path up through the trees that would bring him out at the foot of the hill where Charlie's cottage stood.

As he walked his worries began to crowd in on him, bringing back his old fear of being out alone at night so far from the house. He walked more quickly, pushing along a narrow track that the sheep had worn through the undergrowth: his increased speed made him noisy, so that he couldn't listen for the things he feared, and when he began to run in sudden panic, needing to get quickly to the safety of Charlie's hut, things seemed to reach out from the brushwood and slap and stroke and mock him.

When he came out from the trees into the clear light and saw Charlie's hut standing above him on its scarp of stone he put on a burst of speed, so that he arrived with the breath sobbing between his teeth as he called, "Charlie, wake up, Charlie, quickly, wake up!"

The room was dark after the milder darkness of the open sky, and he could see nothing but the shapeless and moving heap which was Charlie stirring reluctantly under his grey Army blanket.

"'S'at you, Tim?" Charlie said. "What's 'appened? What's wrong?" His voice sounded peculiar, like the voice of a different person.

"There's nothing wrong, nothing's happened," Tim said. "Only I wanted to talk to you. I have to."

"Why?" Charlie said angrily, sitting up. "What time is it, anyway?"

"I don't know." Tim said miserably. He had needed to talk to Charlie so urgently that he'd forgotten for the moment how angry it always made grown-ups to be woken with questions, or, for that matter, to be woken up at all. "I'm awfully sorry, only I . . . I just wanted to ask you . . . if you like I'll come back when . . ."

Charlie sighed. "'Arm's done now, so you might as well fire away," he said. "Reach over and give me me choppers there, from the pannikin." With his teeth in Charlie sounded comfortingly more like himself. "Now, what's the trouble? What do you want to know?" he said.

"Black Mac got in with my cat," Tim said. The suspicion that Charlie knew and had known for a long time about the cat had worried Tim before, but now he thought he might as well make use of it to avoid long and possibly incriminating explanations. But Charlie was not to be dealt with so easily.

"What cat would that be?" he said.

Tim heard him fumble to make a light, knock the box of matches, and use an unusable word as they fell to the floor. Tim felt for them in the dark, picked them up, struck one to hold to the wick of the candle, and looked at Charlie in the sudden flare of light. "You know quite well about my cat," he said accusingly.

Charlie grinned. "I might do, and then again I might not," he said. "Nobody's told me nothing about no cat. What color of a cat would it be?"

"Brown," Tim said, crossing his fingers in the darkness outside the candle's circle of light. It wasn't that he didn't trust Charlie, but a man who had racing interests the way he did could probably use the five pounds that had been offered as a reward.

"Brown," Charlie said. "Well, that's something I never saw, a brown cat. Where'd you get it, Tim?"

"I found it."

"Where?"

"Down by the waterhole in the scrub paddock."

"And now she's gone and 'ad kittens and you want me to get rid of 'em for you, 'fore your dad finds out. That it?"

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BOOKSHELF

● Five Australian authors provide fact and fiction in the books chosen for mention this week. With one exception, which has the background of Western Australia, locales range from Italy to Iraq.

"The Devil's Advocate" . . . Morris West (Heinemann).

Suspenseful as a thriller, this is beautifully written, has convincing characters and the real atmosphere of Italy.

Monsignor Blaise Meredith, an Englishman, is sent by the Vatican to an isolated village which has a claimant for sainthood.

Meredith, a dying man, more accustomed to the stillness of libraries than a farming community, hears claims and counter-claims, eventually finds the truth—and himself in so doing.

"Wake Up In Europe" . . . Colin Simpson (Angus and Robertson).

Travelling the well-beaten Continental tourist trail, Colin Simpson provides a train-window view of Britain and Europe. Aimed at Australians and New Zealanders who will follow these tracks, the book gossips amiably about places, personalities, cathedrals, and cafes. With excellent color photographs.

(All books obtained from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.)

"Doctor's Wife In New Guinea" . . . Margaret Spencer (Angus and Robertson).

Absorbing account of a young woman's two-year stay at Minj, tiny settlement in New Guinea's fantastically beautiful Wahgi Valley. Margaret Spencer's husband was Government medical officer there.

"A Change of Mind" . . . G. M. Glaskin (Barrie and Rockliff).

An experiment in hypnosis. The minds of an accountant and a mechanic are transposed so that the accountant's brain is now in the body of the mechanic and vice versa. A far-fetched idea, more suitable for a short story, this novel disappoints in the telling. The setting is Australia.

"The Darkness Outside" . . . George Johnston (Collins).

A sense of unknown horror pervades this novel about an archaeological party in Iraq. When a stranger stumbles into camp, is he raving or not? Has the outside world been destroyed? Are Asian hordes on the march? Written in a rather labored style, the story has an unexpected end.

Beware of egg-beaters!

—says Kay Windsor

WHEN you buy an egg-beater remember this story of what happened when the Consumers' Association tested 17 of them, ranging in price from 1s. 6d. to £1 19s. 6d.

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Some of them were rotary beaters. Of these it wasn't the most expensive that came out top. It was the one priced at £1 1s., the Propert Swiftwhip named by the association as the best value for money of all rotary beaters.

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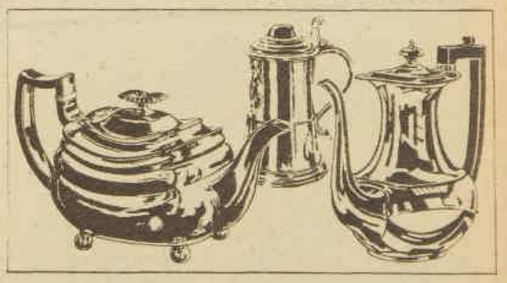

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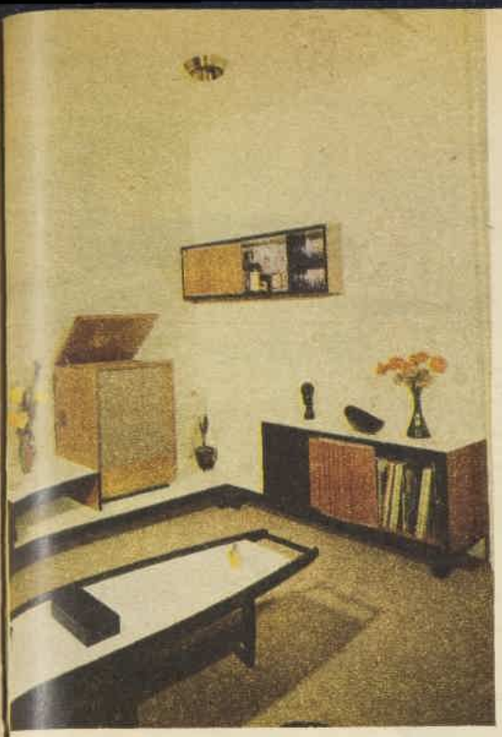

RECORD CABINET and radiogram are elevated on platform which runs around perimeter of living-room and forms the base of a divan. The ceiling is lowered to define this area.

HOUSE ON HILLTOP

THIS house, built on the highest point of Middle Cove, a new Sydney suburb, turns its back on the street frontage and overlooks a vista of bushland and harbor views. A feeling of spaciousness is achieved in an area of 11 squares with a deceptively simple layout; rooms that merge into one another; the use of neutral colors throughout; furniture specially designed as an integral part of each room; and glass curtain walls on the north side. The house was designed by Sydney architect H. P. Oser.

FREE - STANDING fireplace (above) heats both dining and living rooms, but can be closed to either. The surface is set with river pebbles, shells.

VIVID RED HALF-WALL (below) extends to form outside wall of painted brick. Color pictures on this page by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

UNUSUAL FINISH for study desk (right) is of scored maple. Grey wall panel opens to form handy drawing-board.

REAR ELEVATION of house. Grassy terrace overlooks fine bushland and harbor views.

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Continuing . . .

HALF ANGEL

from page 55

"Oh, no, I don't want to . . ."

"How many kittens she 'ave, Tim?" Charlie asked, reaching out for tobacco and papers to roll himself a cigarette.

"Not too many—just a nice little litter," Tim said. "I'm going to keep them, Charlie." It had come to him that there were too many kittens, especially if his suspicions were right and another litter might already be on the way.

"You can't do it, Tim," Charlie said. "Not without your dad's going to find out. Best thing's drown 'em now, straightaway, before ever their eyes are open."

"I can't," Tim said. "They're old. Nearly four weeks old."

"Well, blimey, you are in trouble," Charlie said sympathetically. "You won't be able to keep them out of your dad's way much longer. What's gunna 'appen to 'em then, when they're grown?"

"It'll work out," Tim said, using his father's phrase, but without much conviction. He didn't see himself quite how it was going to work out, and plainly Black Mac was such an immoral cat that he wasn't going to worry about the fact that the young female cats were his daughters. Not these, perhaps, because none of them were black, but the next lot, and the next lot, and the next lot . . . How many kittens would there be, say, at the end of two years?

"Well, blowed if I can see why you 'ave to wake me up in the middle of the night to tell me the damn cat 'ad kittens a month ago," Charlie said. "Now, 'ave a 'eart, Tim. You get back to bed, where you belong, and let me get a bit of sleep."

"But I haven't had a chance to ask you . . ." Tim said. He could hear that his voice had begun to shake again, and he swallowed hard to get it under control. "Charlie, Black Mac got in with her tonight."

"That's cats for you," Charlie said. "Nothing you nor I can do to stop 'em, young Tim."

"No, but he hurt her," Tim said. "He was snarling and biting her, and she was howling and howling . . ."

"Don't you worry, Timmie."

"But he might have injured her; she might be going to die!" Tim said, and burst into the flood of tears he'd been holding back for an hour.

Charlie reached over and gave him a sympathetic shove in the stomach. "You get yourself so wound up, Tim," he said. "I dunno, why can't you learn to take things quiet, like young Pete."

Tim didn't answer, because there wasn't any answer he could give. All right for Charlie to ask that sort of thing. How would he like to have come second in his family, so's the first had had time to think of everything before him?

"'Ere now, stop it, Timmie, for pity's sake," Charlie said, at a loss to know how to deal with tears which didn't arise from a bruise or a cut or a blow. "Old Mac didn't do her no 'arm, don't you believe it. And she wasn't complainin', neither. She was enjoying 'er-self."

"But I told you, she was howling and trying to get away."

"She looked like she was, that's all. It's all a show, Tim. Women are all the same; the sooner you realise it . . ."

"She's not a woman," Tim said. "She's a cat."

"She's a female, ain't she?" Charlie said, stubbing out his cigarette in the tin of butts he kept beside his bed.

Tim wiped the sleeve of his pyjama jacket across his nose and tried to think of a way of taking his leave. Coming to Charlie had been no good. He'd given away his secret, if it was a secret, and got nothing for it in return. He liked Charlie, and he didn't hold the failure against him.

Perhaps if he'd been able to find a way of putting what he was feeling into words, Charlie might have been able to help. But he couldn't find a way of doing it. He wasn't sure himself just what it was he was feeling. All he knew was that he'd been happy enough with the cat and that in some curious way, with Black Mac, the adult world seemed to have invaded his content.

"She's brown, you say," Charlie said. "What about a collar, Tim? She didn't have no collar on, did she, when you first saw her?"

"Collar?" Tim said, crossing his fingers again.

"There you are, then; you got nothing to worry about," Charlie said. "It can't be the same cat." He knew quite well that it must be, and he was thinking, too, about the ten pounds reward. A man's a fool not to hop in and claim it, he told himself. But what can I do when the poor little bloke's so shook on the silly cat?

Charlie yawned loudly and eased himself down on the creaking springs of the bed till he was lying flat. "You nip on 'ome and get a bit of sleep," he said to Tim. "We got some thinking to do about them kittens of yours, but I reckon we'll do it in daylight."

Slowly Tim went out from the hut. He was surprised to find that the sky had paled to grey while they'd been talking, and that a fine mist was hanging like smoke among the trees.

TIM knew, now that the light was coming, that he ought to hurry if he wanted to get back into bed without being caught. But he was tired and dispirited, and he dawdled through the trees as their foliage turned from grey to a brownish-green in the growing light, thinking how much easier things had been for him before he had the cat.

. . . . . .

He hadn't meant, next morning, to tell Peter about the night before, but when they arrived at the barn they found that Black Mac was before them, waiting with a look of patient determination for someone to come and open the door for him. They tried to hunt him away and Tim, filled with hatred against him, threw a stone at him, meaning to hit him, and succeeded. But Black Mac had a purpose and could afford to wait for his revenge. Now he rubbed against the door and made hideous guttural noises to encourage the boys to open it for him.

When they had managed to move him away and slide in through the door and bang it in his face, they found the cat lying in a patch of sun with six of her kittens. The seventh was alone in the shadows, under the wire of the bed. When the cat saw the boys go towards it she ran over and nudged it and lifted her head and complained and nudged the kitten again and then stood halfway between it and the others, undecided.

Tim put out his hand to it, expecting the familiar warmth and lightness of its body against

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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 58

his palm, and the skin of his arms goose-pimpled with the shock of feeling the rigid chilliness of death under the soft fur.

Together the boys examined the kitten, handling it gingerly, but they could find no mark and no wound to show why it had died. "It was that Black Mac, running over it when he was chasing her last night," Tim said, remembering the wild rushing and scuffling that had gone on.

"It's a pity he didn't get the deformed one," Peter said, going to the others.

"Yes, I s'pose," Tim said, but he didn't really agree. He had tried again and again to give the seven kittens names, but they wouldn't stick. The only one he could be certain of recognising was the little one with the right-angled kink in her tail.

They took the dead kitten out into the scrub away from the barn to bury it. Tim would have been content to cover it decently and gently with earth, and it offended him that Peter was determined to make a funeral game of it. "It's Siamese. We don't even know whether it's Christian," he said protestingly.

But Peter insisted on going on with his preparations, accompanying himself meanwhile by a chant of:

"Dust to dust,
Cats to cats,
He's gone to a heaven
That's full of rats."

Later the problem of Black Mac still had to be faced. Peter, who knew more about these things, held the view that he couldn't do any more harm than he'd done already, and they were frightened that if they kept him shut out too long his caterwauling would bring their father to the barn.

However, the noise had been heard at the house. "Black Mac's got a girl-friend somewhere," Jim Harvey said to his wife. "The old devil's been kicking up a terrible din."

Tim kept his eyes on his plate. This was one of the days when he didn't like his father—not his way of speaking or of eating or of breathing. After lunch, when Peter had gone back to the barn, he stayed for a while in the yard to amuse young Billie. He would have liked to take him across the paddocks to the barn with him, because he hated to see Billie left at the house to play second fiddle to their mother's new baby. But he couldn't do it. The secret of the cats was too much for a child Billie's age.

For a day or two after Black Mac's intrusion Tim kept away from the barn except at those times when he had to be there to feed the cat and her kittens or to clean and refill their waterbowl and their earth tray. For two nights he didn't go to give her her midnight run.

The weeks that he'd had her had made waking a habit with him, and on both those nights he'd lain sadly awake for a little while, while the others slept, thinking how unhappy she must be that he didn't come.

On the third night he found himself halfway across the paddock to the barn before he was aware of having made any decision about whether or not to go, but her demonstrative, talkative joy when he opened the door melted the last of his anger. Clearly the little cat had forgotten Black Mac as surely as Black Mac seemed to have forgotten her, and Tim wondered whether he had perhaps mistaken their fervor and made himself unhappy for practically nothing.

Now that he could be happy with her again he spent every moment that he could with her, aware all the time of the days dwindling towards the end of holidays and the return to school.

Then there would be so little time for her—no time at the beginning of the day before breakfast and the morning walk to the bus, and little enough in the afternoons when there were jobs his father insisted must be done. When school began he would have to depend on his night hours with her, and he was a little afraid that he might find difficulty in waking, since school always made him tired.

Now, in the tag-end of the holidays, the days that were usually for him just a mere waiting for something to end and something else to begin had become sweet and swift. Usually, when he was with the cat, he was with her alone.

The novelty of the kittens had worn off for Peter, and, though he still liked to visit them quite often, he didn't want to moon about the barn all day, and he was bored with their play in half an hour or so, and wanted to be off on one of his making or breaking schemes.

It suited Tim very well that his brother should choose not to spend as much time as he did with the cats. Though he tried as hard as he could not to be selfish about them, he couldn't help saying under his breath, "They're mine, they're mine," when Pete rolled them into lumps and stuffed them into his pockets, put them up on high ledges to see whether they were game to jump, or chose one and teased it so incessantly that Tim remembered the word "over-stimulated," which Joan used about the baby.

For Tim, who loved the cat so much more than the kittens, the charm in being with them was in watching them play rather than in playing with them. He loved their ferocity—the way they played with each other as though with mortal enemies—and he could see that they were good at imagining things.

One night the cat caught a bush rat—a big one—on their walk, and Tim stayed at the barn much longer than was really safe to watch her teaching the kittens how to hunt and kill. When they got back she ran ahead of him into the barn, calling through her clenched, carrying teeth to gather the kittens. When they came running with their endless, automatic kitten cry, she put the rat down for them on the floor, dead, and went a yard or two off and sat down to clean herself.

The kittens stood in a crowd, and they looked at the rat and their hair rose—the hair on their tails and the hair on their backs and the hair on their necks—rose and rose till it seemed to Tim it was lifting them from the ground.

Slowly, on tender pads, on splinters of glass, they moved forward, first one, then another, then a little rush of kittens, so that they were still bunched. One growled, and then another, and then they all growled, recognising it as the thing that had to be done, and the sum total of their six growls was no more than the sound of Black Mac clearing his throat to give tongue. The cat watched, still cleaning herself.

Then one kitten, bolder and more of a clown that the others, let his terror and excitement stream out through his legs and shot straight up into the air in a mad, quick, standing jump that scattered the other kittens into the darkest corners.

Tim waited, not moving from his place near the door, swinging his torch beam softly backwards and forwards so that he could watch them all at the job of approaching the dead rat, which now had to be done all over again.

As they came forward they began to spring and leap a little, with the awful intoxication of the rat's smell.

First one and then another tried a run, an attacking run that took them a little way forward and then a long, long way back. Gradually they came closer, their nerves strung to such a pitch of mania that a half-sight from the side of their almond eyes of one of their brothers' movements would send them up into the air like witches' cats with their ears flattened, their backs arched, and their tails furled like little pine trees.

THEY were very careful they didn't come close too soon, but when they found that the dead rat seemed to stay dead they began to make rushes at it; plainly they meant to bite it, but then they would lose their nerve and go bounding backwards and forwards over it, in the air, mocking it.

Then one — Tim thought perhaps it was the one with the kinky tail—ran past it in a flipping, staggering run and sank her teeth for an instant as she passed and moved the rat an inch or two on the floor. The other five fled in terror, but her terror was the greatest, and she caught them and passed them and beat them into the box under the bed.

The cat got up then and sniffed at the body again, to make sure that it was the kitten who had moved it, and not the rat's devil. Then she chose another part of the floor and another leg, and went back to cleaning.

In the shelter of the box the kittens had had time to think, and when they came out again they were fierce and bold and gay. They made runs at the rat, pulling it, mauling it, biting it, standing on their hind-legs to hit at it with their paws, jumping over it, despising and loving it. The cat had stopped cleaning herself now, and was watching them.

She let them play with it for ten minutes or so, till they'd become so full of themselves, so familiar, that they were lying on the floor beside it, holding it with their forepaws and scuffing at it with their hind-legs as they did with each other in play. The cat got up then, stretched herself mightily limb by steel-spring limb, and went over to the rat on her points, like a ballet dancer. The kittens fell back, expecting that something was to be made clear.

The cat shot out a long, brown foreleg, scimitar-claws extended, and raked the rat closer to her with a series of swift, short dabs. Then she went up in a bound—up, up, a yard up—turned in the air, and came down across the rat with her teeth in its neck. The kittens had scattered with fright when she jumped, and they scattered again when she jerked her head sideways and flung the rat down on the floor.

Then she killed it for them again, and again, and again, and again, and the floor of the barn was a flurry of moving kittens as they trembled and scattered and rallied and scattered again with the savage banging of the rat against the boards of the floor. Then they grew calmer, came closer to watch, even began to make passes with their paws, like shadowboxing, a yard away from her prey.

Tim watched as closely — more closely—than any of the kittens. Her dance fascinated him, and it almost frightened him, too. Her face was the face of an Oriental devil, and her eyes and her teeth gleamed with malice and cruelty. Suddenly she was finished with it.

She went and lay flat on her side with her body collapsed into softness and only the twitching end of her tail to show that her fantasy was smouldering out like a fire.

When the kittens were certain that their mother had finished with the rat they went back to their game with it again. Tim noticed that they played differently now — they kept away from the rat's head, they tried the tours en l'air over the rat's body and over each other with varying success, and they reached and dabbed at the rat from safe distances, instead of standing over and prodding it.

Tim was glad that he'd seen the cat teaching the kittens to kill, but it was when she played with them that he liked best to watch her. Then she was all warmth, all gentleness, beneath her mask of lithe ruthlessness.

The kittens would stalk her on their stiff sticks of legs and she would bound at one, stop herself short in mid-air, and let the side of her face hit the floor so that she rolled over, somersaulting, to clasp the kitten against her belly and hug it with her soft pads. Then she would scuff at it with her hind legs and chew at its ears, though Tim listened carefully he never heard any cries of protest from the kittens.

He liked the way she would play with them all at once, a push for one, a quick roll over and a bite for the one on the other side, a lick for the one who was trying to push a paw down into her ear, a bout to free herself from the one gnawing the tip of her tail, and then a wild rush from side to side of the barn, pushing and rolling and patting the kitten in her path.

What he liked was that he had time for all—there was no "Don't bother me now, I'm busy" in her family life. And what he liked most of all was that in the middle of one of these games, if he spoke to her she would come, including him in it, jumping over his feet, patting at his toes, or even letting the kittens and letting him pick her up if that was what he wanted. He didn't interrupt very often, because he didn't think it was fair. But when he did interrupt and she responded to him, then he was numb with love.

. . . . . .

Jim Harvey went to the barn two days after the boys had gone back to school. There were some roots of gum tree lying where he wanted to put a new fence through, but he left the job of blasting them out of the ground until he could do it without the boys' dubious help.

When he opened the door the cat retreated, spitting, into her box under the bed, and the kittens swooped like birds, crying for food. He closed the door automatically, with the countryman's instinct for preventing stock wandering from one enclosure to another, and then he stood watching them with a smile on his face.

When they found that he brought them no food they went back to their morning game, chasing, skittering, biting, and climbing through the rough wood of the corner-posts. It rather amused him that the little cat had defied him and managed to find herself a new home on Glenhaven.

Then he noticed a tin crum with old food on the floor and a dressing-gown on the wire of the bed which he thought he remembered seeing last in his own fireside during the winter. He walked over to pick it up, and the cat, remembering him, rushed, crouching, from under the bed to the closed door.

He picked the thing up—it was one of the boys' dressing-gowns, he was sure—and looked at it carefully. Not worn out, no holes at the elbows, and with a good hem to it, he could see Joan was careful of these things—clothes descended from the top of the family right down to the bottom if there was still wear in them—so he felt pretty certain that it wasn't just an old rag that had been thrown out and then used by one of the boys in one of their games.

He looked at the cat more closely, and she didn't seem to him to have the look of a feral animal who was hunting to feed (what was it—six?) kittens and herself. She looked like a cat who had her food brought to her regularly, and so had time for cleaning and meditation.

He tried the cupboard door and that confirmed his suspicions—an egg, the end of a loaf of brown bread, and a tomato sauce bottle half-full of milk. He sniffed at the milk and found that it wasn't sour. Since it was summer weather that meant that someone had

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"Pssst!"

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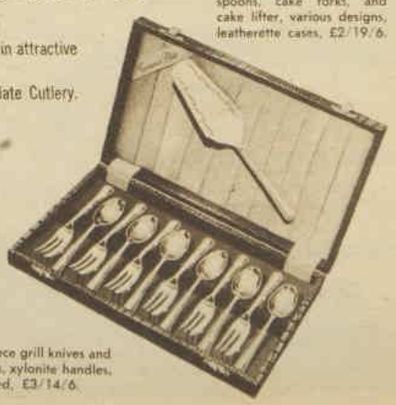

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The Australian Women's Weekly — December 9, 1959

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GELATINE COOKERY

is so simple— so exciting!

XMAS PUDDING

CARRINGTON MOULD

STRAWBERRY CREAM

Try these delicious recipes

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

(6 servings)

- 1 envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in hot water
- 4 oz. sultanas
- 1 oz. currants
- 4 oz. drained cherries
- 2 oz. seeded raisins
- 2 oz. prunes or figs
- 2 oz. shredded peel
- 1 oz. crystallized ginger
- 1 oz. blanched almonds
- 2 bananas
- ¼ pint sherry
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- Piece of lemon rind

Wash and prepare fruit. Cook sultanas, currants, raisins and prunes in a little hot water for 15 minutes to plump them. Strain. Shred almonds, slice bananas, slice cherries, cut ginger, prunes or figs in small pieces. Mix together, place in a basin. Pour over 2 tablespoons sherry, cover firmly. Place ½ cup hot water in saucepan with sugar, lemon rind and juice; bring slowly to boiling point. Strain, add dissolved gelatine and add cold water to make up to ½ pint. Add balance of sherry, pour over the fruit. Chill, serve with cold custard, cream or ice cream.

STRAWBERRY CREAM

(6 servings)

- 1 envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine
- 3 tablespoons hot water
- 16 oz. can strawberries (chilled)
- 2 bananas
- ½ large can unsweetened evaporated milk (chilled)
- Vanilla essence

Drain syrup from strawberries. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add at once to syrup, mix well. Whip evaporated milk, adding syrup while beating. Add a few drops of vanilla and continue whipping till thick. Fold strawberries and sliced banana through mixture. Chill. Serve with cream or ice cream. If liked a layer of berries and sliced banana may be set on bottom of mould. Set in a little of the strawberry syrup mixture.

when a recipe says 'gelatine' it means...

DAVIS GELATINE

CARRINGTON MOULD

(6-7 servings)

- Davis Gelatine
- Small can peaches or pears, apricots, etc.
- Sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ cup (¼ pint) milk
- Cochineal
- Vanilla essence

FIRST LAYER: Dissolve 1 envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine in ¾ cup hot water, add 3 dessertspoons sugar, lemon juice and strained juice from peaches. If necessary, add water to make ⅔ pint liquid. Pour a little in a round cake tin or mould; when firm, arrange sliced peaches. Pour in a little more liquid to cover. Leave to set. Place remainder of jelly mixture aside.

SECOND LAYER: Dissolve 1½ teaspoons Davis Gelatine in ¼ cup hot water; cool, add to milk. Add 1 dessertspoon sugar, few drops vanilla essence. Stir until sugar dissolves. Pour carefully on the peach layer, which should be firm.

THIRD LAYER: Take the jelly remaining from the first layer. Re-melt, if set, by placing the basin in hot water. Colour with cochineal. When cold, pour over the milk-jelly layer which should be firm.

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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

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ought it to the barn no earlier an after last night's milking.

He sat down on the bed and oked a cigarette while he atched the kittens. His anger finding that one of the boys d defied him didn't stop his joying their antics. The cat owled when he moved and ayed by the door, as far away om him as she could possibly et; but the kittens wanted to ay, and they liked playing ith people.

One climbed the leg of his rousers, supported itself by gging its claws through the uff and into his skin as it alked along his thigh and then eated into his face in a thin, onversational voice.

Its small triangular mask was smudgy brown color as though ry cocoa had been rubbed into he soft white hair, and the arge, dramatic eyes were as lue as the sea on a bright, old winter day and tilted so heir outer corners pointed up at the outer edge of the ears.

He rolled it over and ratched at its tummy, and its eet came up to hold his scratching hand, displaying their transarent claws and the touching ads, brown like small chocolate beans. He felt sorry for Tim — he could see how endearing this little kitten might e.

There was no evidence in the arn to prove it, but he felt retty certain in his own mind hat Tim must be the cat-reeper. Timmie had found the at, after all, in the first place, nd Timmie had wanted to keep er.

Timmie was, perhaps, he thought, the only one capable of a long deception, and how typical of him it was to lavish his love on a cat and a litter of kittens while he remained useless and worse with the animals in the yard.

When his cigarette was done he ground it out on the floor, and then got up quickly because one of the kittens was trying to get attention by clawing at the seat of his pants through the wire of the bed. He thought of leaving some mark of his presence in the barn, perhaps of tipping the rest of the milk into the plate so that Tim would know someone had been there during the day, but then he decided against it. Better to decide first how to deal with the insurrection, before giving away the fact that he knew of it. He bent to pick up the butt he'd left on the floor, and the curious kittens swooped to his hand to see what he did. Then he took the explosives he needed from the cupboard, rearranged Tim's provisions carefully in place again, and went out, shutting the door securely behind him.

At tea that night he watched all the boys carefully, but he watched Tim more carefully than the others. It occurred to him that the child looked peaky and drawn, but, then, Tim had always been whip-thin and rather pale. Around and through their mouthfuls of stewed lamb, the boys were discussing what they were going to do.

Pete, for whom the greatest glamor in life was to be found each year at the Agricultural Show, was going, of course, on the land. "I'm gunna have Herefords," he said. "Hundreds and hundreds of them, and not all just turned out in a paddock, either, but properly housed. And I'm gunna have horses as well, Percherons, and I'm gunna enter them in the shows, and . . ."

"Gunna, gunna, gunna," his father said mildly. "Proper place for you's the Army, my lad."

> **Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.**
>
> —*Goethe*

The boys stared at him for a moment, uncomprehending, and then went back to their talk.

"I," said Tim, taking advantage of the interruption to the flow of Peter's ambitions, "I am going to be a sea captain, I think."

This seemed to Pete so sudden and outlandish a claim that he forfeited his right to start speaking as soon as Tim stopped, and stared at him with a laden fork held halfway to his mouth.

"I've never heard you say that before. Why a sea captain?" Joan asked.

"I dunno," Tim said, because he couldn't think of any reasons that would be acceptable to them. "But it's what I want to do." The ambition had come to him only recently, and he hadn't thought out many of the details of it yet. But cats loved ships—there were always pictures of ship's cats—and the captain must be the boss of everyone, and he could have his cat on his bed if he wanted to.

"You going to start at the top?" his father inquired. "The usual thing is to start at a somewhat lower rank."

PETER was rather pitying in his tone as he said, "You'll be on the decks, just an ordinary old common seaman."

"I'm going to start at the top," Tim said confidently. "Like Lord Nelson."

Pete guffawed. "You'll have to get someone to shoot out your e-y-e," he said.

Tim spluttered, shooting a little gravy from his mouth on to the stretch of cloth between him and Billie.

"Ha, you got caught that time, Pete," he said. "Spells the same both ways, silly."

"We call it a palindrome," Joan said, improving the occasion.

"Timmie spat on me; he spat all over me," Billie said.

"I didn't spit. Some gravy fell out; that's different," Tim said, flushing.

"Yes, you did; you did spit. You spat on my face and you spat on my hands and you spat on my dinner. I feel sick. I can't eat any more," Billie said, pushing his empty plate inexorably away from him into the middle of the table.

"Well, never mind," Joan said, gathering the plate up and putting it with her own. "What are you going to be, Billie, when you grow up?"

"Car driver," Billie said, beaming.

There was an experimental yelp or two from the sitting-room and then a siren wail to announce that Edward, the baby, was awake and would like attention.

Joan sighed and got up to go to him. "I wonder what he's going to be," she said as she left the room.

"One of those people that stand outside circus tents and yell," Pete said. "You know, 'Roll up, everybody, ROLL UP, only sixpence to see the mystifying MYSTERY of the . . .'"

"All right, Pete, all right," Jim Harvey said, hands to his ears.

"Edward won't be able to be anything 'cos he'll only be a silly little baby," Billie said loudly.

"Nuts!" Pete said. "How can he be a baby when he's grown up?"

"He will so be a baby, Pete," Billie said. "He'll just be a little, silly baby that can't do anything, he will, he will."

"Nuts!" Peter said again, taking the opportunity of his mother's absence from the room to sop up his gravy with a piece of bread.

"He will, he will, he will," Billie said again, and burst into sudden tears.

It surprised Jim Harvey to see Tim put his arm consolingly round Billie's shoulders and lean over to speak to him. "He'll never be as big as you are, Bill, or as strong," Tim said. Because he was sorry for Billie about the baby it had come to him just lately that you couldn't get sorry for people without quite liking them.

Billie pushed at his arm. "Get away from me," he said. "I don't like you, Tim. You spit."

Later, when Peter and Billie were in bed for the night and Tim, for those hours when he slept with a small part of his mind left awake to tell him when it was time to go to the cat, Jim Harvey told his wife of the find he had made that morning in the barn.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Done it already," Jim Harvey said, not looking at her, watching his tamping fingers on the bowl of his pipe because he didn't know whether she would think he wasn't sure himself that the thing he'd done was altogether fair.

"I had to be in the town this afternoon, so I called in at the shop and got the address from Mrs. Fraser. Some people called Pollock. Sent them a postcard, telling them that we'd got the cat here, with six kittens, and gave them the phone number and the address.

"Poor little Tim," Joan said. "You'll have to tell him, Jim. You can't just let them arrive and take away his cat . . ."

"His cat!"

"Well, I know, but . . . I suppose that explains . . ."

"What?"

"Nothing." Two weeks running she had complained to the grocer that the sardines had been left out of her weekly order. The second time he'd been quite sniffy about it, claimed he'd put them in himself, with his own hands. "It explains a lot of things," she said. "Remember how I said, when I came back from the hospital, that Tim seemed as though he had something he wanted to keep quiet about? Poor little boy, I expect he's been in the absolute seventh heaven."

"That doesn't alter the fact . . ."

"I know, I know," she said quickly. "I'm not defending him, Jim. He's been very naughty about the cat. But it is going to be hard now. I mean —well, it was bad enough when he couldn't have her in the beginning, and then to have had her all this time and have to lose her . . . poor Tim. I

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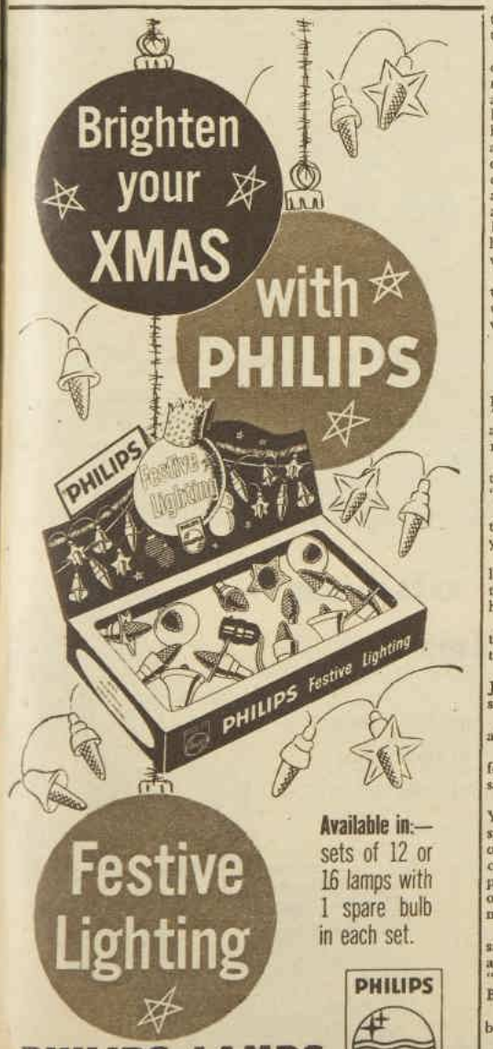

P2050/59

How a tiny teabag turned a HUSBAND into an ANGEL...

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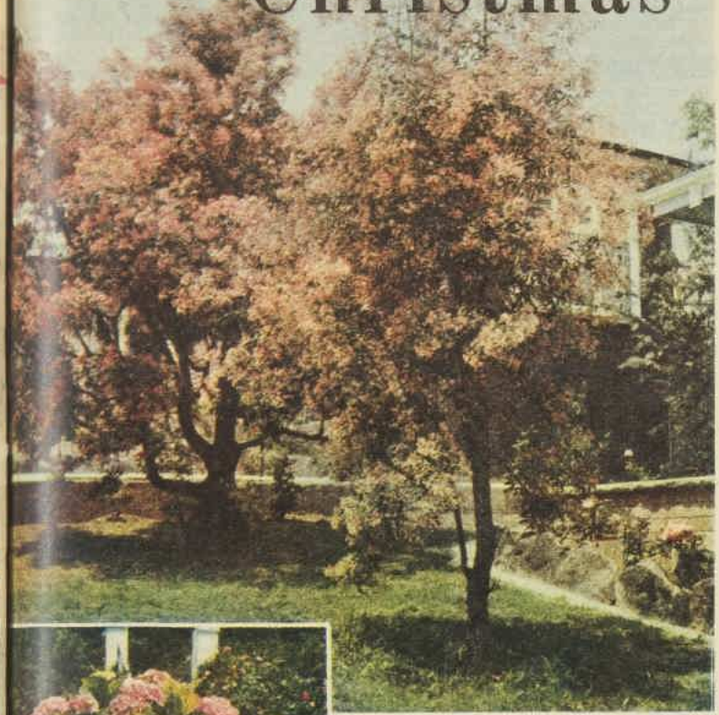
GARDENING

Plants for Christmas



CHRISTMAS BUSH (Ceratopetalum gummiferum), a native of New South Wales, grows to about 10ft. in a well-protected position, and needs cutting back fairly hard each February.

HYDRANGEA CAROLINE (above) should be pruned hard after flowering. Rex begonia Merry Christmas (right) does well potted in rich, sandy, fibrous soil. Don't wet leaves when watering. Needs some shade.

● Here are some suggestions that may help solve your Christmas gift problems. Plants are an "everlasting" present—they remind one of the giver for years to come.

CHRISTMAS bushes are old favorites. They are sold in tins or balls of soil.

They need care if planted in the open, and the clay balls mostly used round the roots should be soaked thoroughly before planting. Choose a sunny spot or the bracts will not ripen to a good red.

Hydrangeas are semi-shade lovers. They have shallow roots and suffer intensely from thirst on hot days. Plant out facing south or south-east for the best results. Cut back hard after flowering, but leave a few buds for next season's flowering.

Fibrous-rooted begonias vary from 10in. to 3ft. 6in., and some have lovely foliage and long-stemmed, long-lasting white, pink, or red flowers. Set out from pots to the open garden after the flowering.

Another useful gift plant is Ardisia (a shiny-leafed evergreen), which has red, holly-like berries. It does well in a tub for years—a very slow grower.

Other plants worth giving are geraniums in pots, pelargoniums, small conifers such as junipers, Thuya wareana, or Thuya nana aurea; Kurume azaleas (dwarf types), ericas of many kinds, aralia (fatsia), daphnes, gardenias, frangipani, fuchsias in bloom, camellias, bouvardias, rhododendrons, or any indoor plants such as philodendrons, peperomias, saintpaulias, caladiums, or dracaenas.

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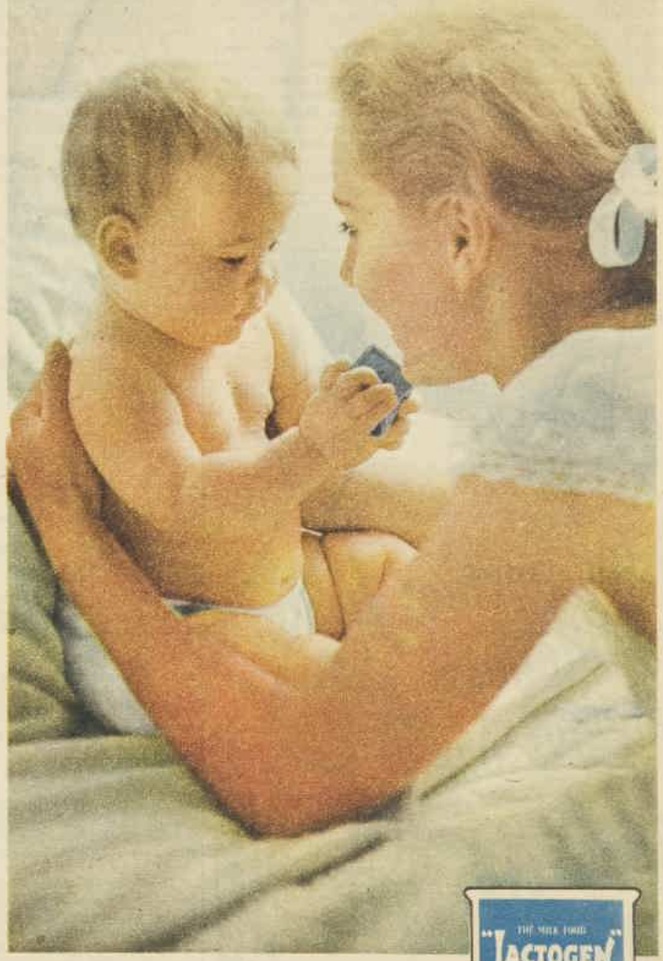

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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 63

don't know how he's going to bear it."

"Sooner or later that kid's got to learn that what I say goes," his father said. "It's all very well for you to feel sorry for him, Joanie, but it's the . . . the sneakiness of it I don't like. He knew he wasn't allowed to have her—but he kept her. He knows how hard up we are, and yet he's been pinching food for her . . ."

"She's not very big—couldn't have been very much food," Joan said.

"I know that," he said. "It's not the amount; it's just the fact that he's been doing it. And he would have done it just the same if the food had been costing me quids. I know you think I fuss," he said, giving her a quick, self-justificatory smile. "But I don't like the way Tim's growing up. He's a lazy little devil — won't do a hand's turn unless you're on to him all the time. That's bad enough, but I won't have him telling lies . . ."

"He hasn't told any lies," Joan said quickly. "Nobody's ever asked him whether . . ."

"It's the same thing. It was dishonest and disobedient, and . . ."

"Would you be so angry if it was one of the other boys," she asked, not accusing him, but wondering, all the same.

"That's beside the point, Joanie. It wasn't one of the others. It was Tim. It's not only that he disobeyed me. That's somebody's cat, and for all we know it may be a valuable one."

"How many kittens did you say, Jim?"

"Six. Want to go down and have a look at them?"

"No, no, I don't think so," she said.

"They're the prettiest kittens I've seen," he said. "I don't wonder the owners were anxious to get her back."

"Couldn't we let him keep one?"

Jim laughed. "I can see where he gets it from. They're not our kittens, remember?"

"But surely . . . didn't Charlie say they were offering a reward?"

"I think so."

"Well, surely . . ."

"You think I ought to say to them, 'Here's your cat and five kittens. I'm keeping the other as a reward for having kept your cat for a couple of months without telling you she was here?"

Joan laughed. "Tim found the cat," she said. "Surely they'll be grateful to him. After all, they did offer a reward, and they might easily think of letting him have one of the kittens instead of the money."

"That'd certainly confirm his opinion that crime does pay."

"Yes, I suppose so," Joan said, busily trying to find some way in which Tim could be taught a lesson without being bereft.

"He's got to pay for its food out of his pocket-money," Jim said.

"Yes, I suppose that's fair, though in a way it seems a bit hard when he can't . . . Jim, if they should offer to give him a kitten . . ."

"We've always told the kids the same thing. No pets, no animals that don't earn their keep till we're on our feet."

"Yes, I know, but I wonder whether . . . anyway, this is something out of the ordinary, isn't it?"

"Bit rough on Pete, too. After all, he wanted that pup young Thomas offered him, and we said 'No' to that. How's he going to feel if I suddenly turn around and say it's all right for Tim to have something I wouldn't let him have?"

"I know it sounds unfair when you put it like that, but Pete wouldn't mind," Joan said with absolute conviction. "The pup's water under the bridge—he's forgotten it. But the cat's here. And, come to think of it, we don't know that it's not as much Peter's doing as Tim's."

"Like to take a bet on it, a large one?" he said.

Joan laughed. "On second thoughts, no, I think I'd rather not," she said. "But, Jim, promise me you'll think about it if they should get the idea themselves of giving him a kitten."

"I'll think about it," he said grudgingly.

"D'you think Charlie Rush knows about the cat?"

"I asked him," Jim said. "He acted dumb—too dumb. He knows, all right."

"What did he say?"

"'Go on! Well, I'll be blowed!' " Jim said, mimicking Charlie. " 'E's a dark 'orse, the Old Timmo. Well, wattayerknow'."

Joan laughed. "Guilty. Guilty," she said.

"It's silly," Jim said. "But it made me mad. Charlie's got no right to think he can make a monkey out of me, just because . . ."

"I know," Joan said. "But don't go taking that out on Tim. That part of it isn't his fault. And Jim, promise me one thing. You'll tell Timmie? You won't let them just arrive without . . ."

"No, I'll tell him," Jim said. "I've got plenty to say to Tim. But I'm not going to say it until I hear from them. We'll get a few days' warning before they come. It'll be time enough then."

The Pollocks wanted their cat and her kittens. They would arrive in the early afternoon, drive seventy miles back before dark, spend the night at a hotel, and travel the rest of the way to Sydney the next day. They would bring food for the journey and a basket for the cat; they had found a hotel with a secure, dry room in its backyard where the cat and her litter could be housed. Plainly, nothing was to be left to chance, no expense spared in restoring the creature to her rightful place.

Jim Harvey left telling Tim about these arrangements until the evening before, and then Joan insisted that he must first be allowed to eat his tea in peace, so that it was night and very nearly bedtime before Jim called him to stand before him, alone, in the dining-room.

"What about this cat you've got hidden away in the old barn?" he asked.

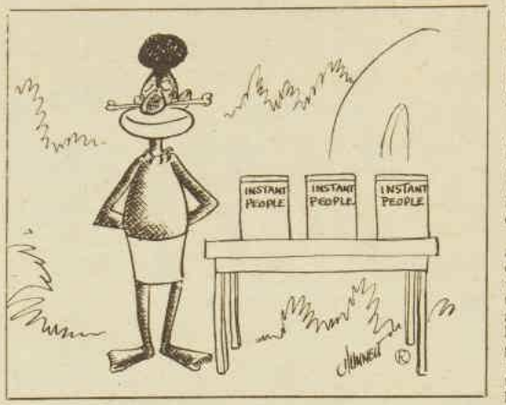
Tim said nothing. What was he supposed to say to that?

"Well, don't stand there like a dumbcluck," Jim Harvey said. "I want some sort of explanation, and I want it fast. What was the idea? You knew I told you that you couldn't have her."

"She didn't have anywhere else to have her kittens," Tim said, because it was clear that his father was going to get wilder and wilder if he didn't speak soon.

"You made certain of that, by shutting her into the barn. Now, look here, Tim, you've got to understand once and for all, if I give an order you're going to obey it. I told you that cat was not to stay, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Tim in a wholly neutral voice.



"All right. That's bad enough. But you knew that cat belonged to somebody else, and you knew who it belonged to, too."

"I didn't," Tim said quickly. "Charlie said . . ."

"Maybe you didn't know the name, but you could have found out. You could have asked Charlie to find out, you could have asked me, or you could have gone into the store yourself and found out from Mrs. Fraser. But you didn't do it. You hid the cat away, and you were going to try to keep it. That's stealing. That makes you a thief as well as disobedient."

Tim flushed. It seemed to him that everyone stole at times, but they didn't have to go round getting called thieves for doing it.

"And you've been stealing food all this time, I suppose. Well, have you?" his father asked, as he was silent.

"I had to feed her, didn't I?" Tim asked sullenly.

"Then you'll have to pay for it all. Where did you get the food?"

TIM looked up at his father. "I took milk, and eggs, and old bits of bread out of the bread-tin."

"How much milk?" his father asked.

"I don't know. Gallons and gallons, I suppose," Tim said. How could you measure milk taken in tins, taken in secret, taken in love?

"How many eggs, Tim?"

"I don't know," he said again, miserably.

"An egg every day? Every two days?"

"I don't know. About every two days, I think. Sometimes I couldn't get any because . . ."

"Because what?"

"Because you were hanging about the yards and you would have seen me," Tim said with sheep-as-a-lamb despair.

"Dodging about like a sneak-thief. I hope you're ashamed," Jim said disgustedly. "Now, come on, Tim, how many eggs? Two dozen? Three dozen?"

"I don't know, truly I don't," Tim said.

"Then we'll say five shillings for eggs. What about meat? Where'd you get that?"

"From the dogs, mainly, and from old Black Mac."

Jim allowed the shadow of a grin to cross his face. "I don't know how you'll settle your account with them," he said.

Tim looked up, hearing the change in his tone of voice.

"Now, don't you get the idea that I think any of this is funny," his father said firmly. "I'm disgusted with you, Tim; absolutely disgusted. You've been disobedient, you've been thoroughly dishonest, and you've spent your time mooching about, playing with that cat and leaving all the work to the rest of us. How much money have you got?"

"Not sure," Tim said. "About seven shillings left, I think, from Christmas."

"Then you'll give me that straightaway, to pay off a part of your debt. And you'll get no more money from us as pocket-money till you've made that up to twelve shillings to pay for the things you've taken. And don't think that you wipe the whole thing out just by paying back what you owe, because you don't. You'll have to pull up your socks. I want to see a big change in you from now on."

None of this mattered to Tim—financial arrangements, his father's hopes for the future. What about the cat? What was going to happen to her? He longed to explain it all to his father, to tell him what he felt, what the feeling was between him and the cat, but the thoughts were stuck in his throat like lumps, and they wouldn't come out as words.

"What's going to happen? What are you going to do?" he said, because it was all he could say.

"About the cat, d'you mean?" he asked. "I've got in touch with the owners, and they're coming for her tomorrow. Now, I don't want to hear any more about it, Tim. It's over and done with. You cut along to bed now, and don't forget what I've said. You give it some thought."

Tim stood, looking at the place near the door where his father had been, until he heard him go whistling into the bathroom and begin his nightly tussle with the bath-heater's paper and kindling. Then he went out to the kitchen. Joan had been working there, with one ear and the whole of her mind on the scene that was being played in the dining-room.

She turned and saw him standing against the door-post, saw his eyes and his thin, stricken face, and held out her arms to him. Tim was looking down, and he chose not to see that. It was too late for that, too late, much too late.

"Timmie, please look at me, please listen to me," she said, watching him through tears. "You'll get over this. You think you won't now, but you will, Timmie, truly you will."

He didn't say anything for a moment or two. Then he looked up at her with a look of pleading in his eyes, but all he said was, "I think I might go to bed."

"Yes, do that, darling," Joan said. "You get into bed. Would you like me to bring you something? Chocolate milk and a bun?"

"No, thank you, Mummie," he said politely, going. "I don't think I'm very hungry."

When Jim came in she smiled at him through her tears. "I'm sorry," she said. "I just can't help it. He breaks my heart. He's got so much self-control."

"What'll we do? Get him out of the way tomorrow, do you think? I've got to look at those sheep of Fletcher's some time. Might be an idea if I took the boys; it'd take up the best part of the day, and then he wouldn't have to stand around and see . . ."

"I don't think so, Jim. I don't think it'd work," Joan said slowly. "I don't think he'd go with you. Poor Timmie—he's such a funny one. I think he'd prefer to see it out to the end."

When Peter came to bed half an hour later, with the clumsy quiet people think will help the bereaved, Tim had his face to the wall, and he didn't turn around. He was wishing that his mother would come to say goodnight, would come to offer again the comfort she'd wanted to give him in the kitchen, but he knew that even if she came and offered it he wouldn't be able to accept it for fear of crying.

He lay for an hour—perhaps for two hours—waiting for the house to be quiet. And then just a few minutes after he'd heard his parents go to bed, he realised that this was the last night, and that anything he did now couldn't make his trouble worse.

He got out of bed and pulled the light blanket off it, and then he went over to Peter's bed and pulled a blanket off him. Peter liked to sleep under two or three covers, winter or summer, and Tim knew that he wouldn't wake up and wouldn't miss his top blanket. Then he got the pillow from his own bed and went out through the bedroom window, not bothering much about whether he could be heard. He didn't intend to come back until breakfast time, so he needed the blankets and pillow to provide some comfort on the wire mattress in the room at the old barn.

He stopped behind the hedge of the front garden to pick up the food he'd hidden there before dark—a square tin with an old brown breadcrust soaking in milk, a rock-bun, a piece of pork crackling saved from his own dinner, and a leg of rabbit slightly marked by teeth and surrendered very reluctantly by Black Mac. Then, with his burdens, he set out for the last time across the dreary night paddocks.

He surprised the cat; she hadn't expected him so early, and she was curled in the box with the kittens piled in a dreaming heap around her. He fed them all, tearing off shreds of meat for the kittens and refereeing their meal. They ate now like lion cubs, choking themselves with speed, growling, and pinning their neighbors to the floor with an armed foreclaw. Then he spread one of the blankets on the wire mattress, put the pillow in place, and climbed up and covered himself with the second blanket.

The cat came up to him at once, and he lifted the blanket

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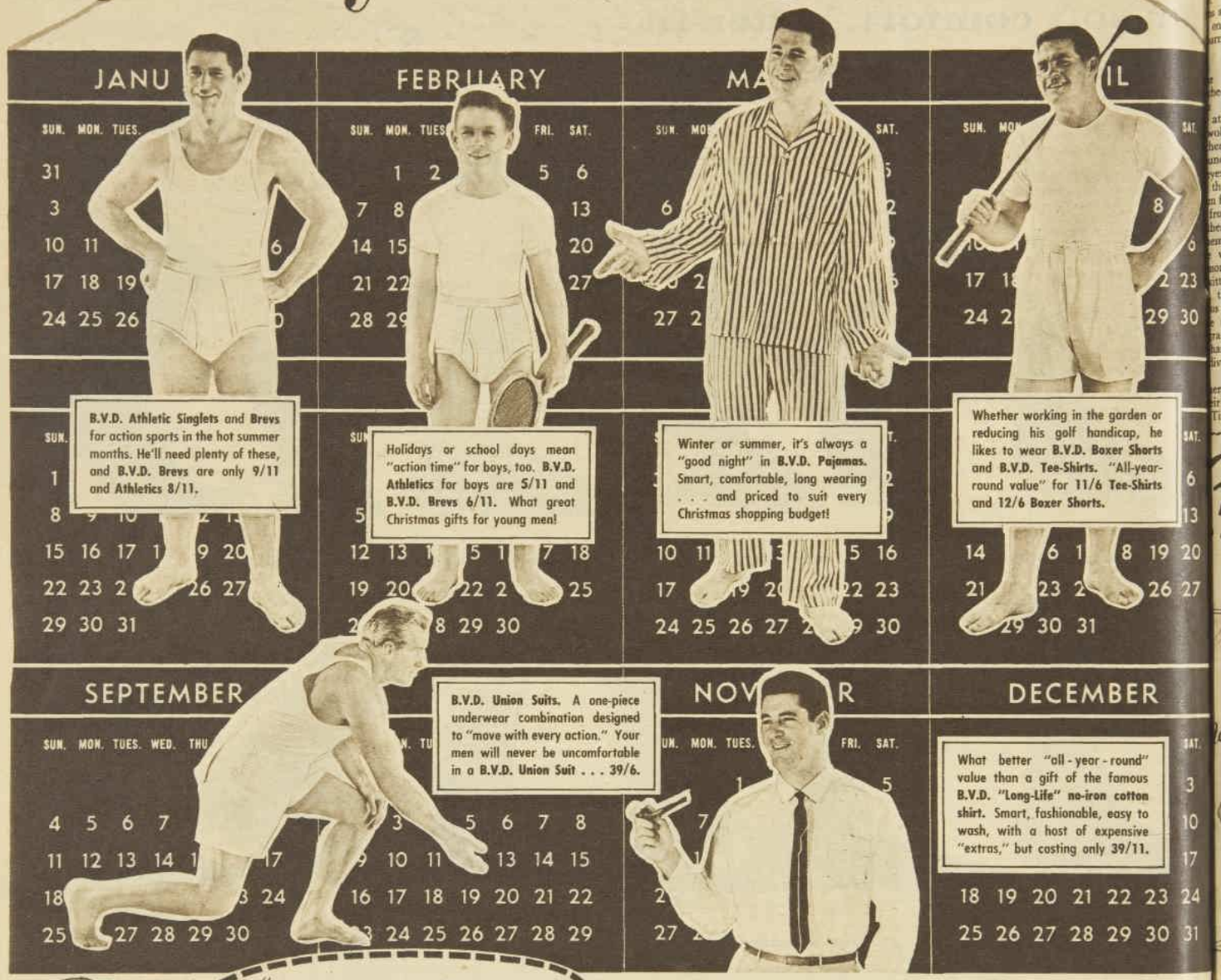

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...her in against his chest. ...e kittens, one by one, ...get on the bed, slipped, ...their claws in, slipped ...and finally mounted, ran ...down a little, looked ...e mother, gave up look... ...d finally mounded them... ...to a heap near his feet. ...ulled the blanket over ...d and curled himself ...so that he had the ...of her breath on his ...the sound of her warm, ...purring in his ears. He ...going to say anything ...he wanted her to be ...he didn't want her to ...Soon the cat and the ...slept, and Tim was the ...e awake in the dark ...n.

. . . . .

...kittens got up and ...ed in the earth-tray and ...to wrestle with each ...t the first light; and the ...ke, waking Tim, and ...d herself lengthily and ...ndly, and yawned so that ...s seemed about to pop ...their sockets.

...fed them with what he'd ...om the last night's food, ...n opened the door and ...m go out into the light. ...was no need to worry ...re; it couldn't matter if ...tens were seen playing ...the barn. They were ...at first, and kept close ...safety of the doorway, ...dually they got bolder ...sed each other in swoops ...es into the tussocks of

...two of the kittens tired ...play and came back to ...im tucked the top of his pyjamas into the trousers and wore the kittens inside against his skin for comfort.

When the cat came back to him and began to talk in her strident, arguing voice, he remembered that she had missed her walk the night before. They set out together, leaving the barn door open so that the kittens could go in for security.

Sometimes the cat led and Tim followed her, and sometimes he led and she followed. Tim wanted to go to all the places that he had been with her, because he felt that when she had gone he would never be able to go back to them again.

They went to the hollow among fallen trees where she had caught the bush rat; to the leaning gum where she could walk from the branches of one tree into another; to the sheep-trough where she liked to give herself the shivery thrill of touching cold night water with her nose; and to the fallen gum-tree where Tim had found her after her six days' absence at the beginning.

He had a box there, hidden under the upended roots of the tree, and in it he kept the brilliant, jewelled collar. He wasn't going to give that back, and he didn't care. He had to have it. It was somethng she had worn.

When they got back to the barn the light was bright and he thought it was time for him to go back to the house. He caught the playing kittens and pushed them one by one through the door, closing it after each. Then when he picked up the cat it swept him

Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

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suddenly that this was the last time—the last time ever, ever in his life—that she would be wholly his.

He held her tightly against his body and pushed his face against hers, and his hot, painful tears ran into her fur and dotted it with damp smears. The cat suffered it at first, answering the pressure of his face by pressing hers against him. But then the moist warmth of his grief embarrassed her, and she struggled to free herself.

He put her down then and crouched beside her on the step to the door. "Amanda, Amanda, they're going to take you away and I'll never see you again," he said in an agony. The cat rubbed herself against him and purred with a deep delight, loving his voice.

During the morning he wandered disconsolately between the house and the barn, finding no comfort was to be had in either place. Sometimes Peter was with him, and sometimes not; and once when he went he took Billie with him to see the cats and then dragged the protesting child away from them, because he found Billie's cries of excitement and joy too painful to be borne.

There was cold meat and salad for lunch and then gooseberry jelly and cream, but he didn't eat much of either because all day he'd felt very close to being sick. Nobody said anything, it was as though the whole world had forgotten the law about What's - on - your - plate - has - got - to - be - eaten - up. Peter, who hated gooseberries anyway, took advantage of this to fiddle with his until it looked tired and flat, and then left it on the plate.

THE Pollocks arrived in their car at half-past two.

Tim watched them, standing back against the wall of the verandah. He couldn't go down with the others to greet them and bring them into the house, but he couldn't go away, either. He had to see. The man was quiet and he didn't seem to say much. The woman's voice was chattery and high and quick, and in her shiny, silk, tight brown dress she looked to Tim as corpulent as a raisin soaked for cake-making.

As they went into the sitting-room, with Tim following, she was piping her wonder and astonishment at having the cat restored to her after so long.

"It was our son, Tim, who found her, Mrs. Pollock, and he's been looking after her, too," Joan said, putting her hand on his shoulder to bring him a little forward.

"Timothy, Timothy, my darling child, how can I ever thank you!" she said, enfolding him in an embrace which he suffered manfully. She knew she was making a bit of a fool of herself, and perhaps of him, but she wasn't used to kids, and she had to say something. When she drew back and had a look at his face it occurred to her that he was either an unusually stupid child or else that he was suffering.

"I'm very grateful to you, Timothy," she said more quietly. "I've been so worried that something might have happened to her. She's a naughty, wee, wilful thing, isn't she? Don't you think so? I'm very grateful to you."

"'Sall right," Tim said, with temperate politeness. He thought it was the silliest description of the cat that could be made.

"Truly, I haven't slept, worrying about her. I haven't, Stan, have I?" she said, turning towards her husband. "I imagined her with nothing to eat. Starving. And all the time you good people have been feeding her."

"The least we can do is put that right with you, Mr. Harvey," Stan Pollock said, accepting the cigarette that Jim was offering.

The turn of the conversation was not entirely acceptable to Jim. "Tim's looked after all that," he said. "He paid for her food."

"Darling, do tell me, what did you feed her on?" Mrs. Pollock said. "She's such a choosy cat, won't eat this, won't eat that."

Tim saw that nobody was going to help him out, and swallowed. "I just gave her ordinary things," he said. "Milk and that. And eggs. And sardines. She likes sardines," he said, watching his mother from under his lowered lashes. Sardines hadn't been mentioned in the accounting last night, but he'd rather mortgage his pocket-money for a year than have the cat go without that delicacy.

"Fancy, I never thought of giving her sardines," Mrs. Pollock said. "Thank you for telling me. I'll remember that, Tim."

"Thank you," he said, hoping she really would.

"Hey, Mrs. Pollock, she's going to have kittens; did you know?" Peter said, pressing forward.

"Kittens, but I thought your father said . . ."

"More kittens," Peter said with enthusiasm.

"Oh, dear, but they'll be . . ."

"Black, I'm afraid, Mrs. Pollock," Jim said. "Only cat on the place is our house cat, and he's black."

"Oh, how awful!" Mrs. Pollock said. "Then that's the end of her for breeding, isn't it? She'll be absolutely ruined."

"Yes, but will she?" Stan Pollock said, turning to Jim. "That's a thing I've never been sure of, to tell you the truth. What do you think, Mr. Harvey?"

"It won't hurt her," Jim said. "She's had one litter already without having any trouble, and she'll have the next one the same way."

"But it's not that," Mrs. Pollock said. "It's the taint."

Jim smiled. "You mean if they have one litter to a common or garden cat then they'll go on throwing his kittens from later matings?"

Mrs Pollock looked apologetically to Joan. "I didn't mean to start all this in front of the . . ."

"They're farm children, Mrs. Pollock," Joan said, smiling at her. "You needn't worry."

"Of course," she said, and turned anxiously to Jim. "Isn't that true, Mr. Harvey?" she said. "I've heard it is, with cats and dogs and cattle and . . . and even with people."

"No, truly, it's an old wives' tale," Jim Harvey said. "You mate her next time with a Siamese, and you won't have a thing to worry about. Just as well," he said and laughed.

Mrs. Pollock turned warmly to Joan. "I want you to do something for me," she said. "I want you to let me give your little boy one of Chichiboo's kittens."

Joan looked quickly at Jim, and found him watching her with a steady and acquiescent eye.

"That's very, very kind, Mrs. Pollock," she began gratefully, but Tim interrupted her.

"I don't want one," he said.

"Tim!" his father and mother said together.

He looked at them in a startled way for a moment, and then realised what they had meant. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Pollock," he said stiffly, "but I don't want one of the kittens."

"Well, in that case," she said, taken aback. "In that case . . ." She looked for help to her husband.

"How about something to put a bit of stiffening into your money-box?" Mr. Pollock said. Then he turned to Jim. "We offered ten pounds reward, you know, and this nipper of yours has earned it."

"That's very generous of you, Mr. Pollock, but no, thanks very much," Jim said. "I wouldn't take money for returning another man's straying stock to him, and I don't think Tim would, either. A kitten would be a different matter, but . . . you quite sure you don't want to accept the kitten, Tim? It's very kind of Mrs. Pollock to offer it."

"I don't want it," Tim said again between stiff lips.

"We'll have a cup of tea. It won't take a moment. I know the kettle was boiling when you came," Joan said, to relieve a situation which seemed to her to be becoming quite unbearable.

"Well, thanks, but we ought to be on our way pretty soon," Mr. Pollock said.

"I'll be quick," Joan said. "Pete, you go and get the cat for Mrs. Pollock, and Tim, you can come and help me if you like."

"I'll get the cat," Tim said, and went to prevent any argument.

To page 71

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Then you go with him, Joan said, pushing him Tim. "I'm awfully sorry Tim," she said impul- turning to Mrs. Pollock. not usually so rude. He's fond of your cat, and he's sad that she's going."

Poor little boy! You're sure wouldn't like to have one little kittens?"

don't think so, thank you much. Please don't worry it."

Then let him have the for his bank account."

No, no, thanks, really, we do that," Jim Harvey "We're only too glad to able to give her back to

But the little boy paid for food himself," Mrs. Pollock turning back to Joan. rely you'll let us give him the money for that?"

Well . . . how much was Jim? Do you know? About pound?"

About that," Jim Harvey

Joan Pollock got quickly from chair and handed her two shilling notes. "I'm sorry won't take more, but at the lad won't be out of ket," he said as he sat down

Behind their backs Joan held notes high in either hand, a boxer acknowledging ap- and grinned with de- affection at her husband. then she tucked the money into belt and went out into the then to make tea.

In the barn Peter undid the of the basket they had taken the back of the Pollocks' and stooped to gather the nearest kittens and put them in.

"Don't! Don't touch them! I'll do it," Tim said, pushing at him.

"O.K.," Peter said, patient with pity. He wandered over and looked in the cupboard to see whether there was any food there. "Did you hear what she called the cat?" he asked. "Chichiboo, wasn't it?"

Tim had bundled the kittens in and slammed the lid shut. "Come on, Pete," he said. "Get a move on."

"Hey, wait on, you've left Mrs. Fuzzy-bottom out of the basket," he said.

"You carry the basket and I'll carry her," Tim said, picking her up. "She doesn't want to go in that damn old thing."

They walked back in silence across the paddocks to the house. The cat had taken up her favorite position with her paws on his shoulder and her chin resting on them. It seemed to Tim that she must be looking longingly back towards the barn, and he thought, too, that he could feel her heart beating against his shoulder.

In the sitting-room, among the teacups and dragging conversation, Tim and Peter put down the cat and the basket.

"Chichiboo, oh, you wicked child," Mrs. Pollock cried, swooping on her. The cat looked at her with recognition but no surprise. "Just look at her, Stan, she knows me. She knows me after all this time," she cried with delight.

The cat looked sharply once or twice at the basket to make sure that all was well with the kittens, and then began cleaning herself.

Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

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"And the kittens, I must see them," Mrs. Pollock said, swooping again.

"Just fancy, all those kittens, and she didn't even lose her figure," Mrs. Pollock said, with her face pressed against the basket so that she could see. "She's a clever girl, that Lady Chichiboo Precious Gem."

"Come on, dear, we mustn't take up any more of their time," her husband said, getting up.

"You've got a long drive ahead of you," Joan said, anxious for them to go.

"Excuse me," Tim said, and made a bolt for the door. He couldn't watch; he couldn't actually see her taken away. But at the door he turned and looked back at her, for one last look. She was watching him, trying to understand why he had got up so quickly, and when he looked into her proud, soft, brilliant eyes the seeds of sorrow that had been pressing all day in his throat burst into awful flower and tried to choke him.

He ran down the steps and across the yard to the shed and behind it. Out of sight of the house, he threw himself on the ground to try to ease the sobbing pain in his chest. But then he heard them come out to the verandah and he got up and ran again to get out of sight, out of sound of the car that would carry her away. He ran through the trees—trees dripping with misery—over the paddocks — paddocks empty with final loss—till the pain in his side from running and the pain in his chest from crying forced him to stop.

He lay down then and cried to her, crying her name, tasting the peculiar juice of his own tears in his mouth.

In an hour — perhaps two hours — his tears had washed the pain down into a corner of his mind and covered it with tiredness. He got up and began his slow march through the trees, going again to all the places about the farm that he had visited with her that morning, all the places they had gone to on their dark night walks. He left the old fallen gum-tree till the last, and as he walked to it he walked more slowly and more slowly.

When he got there he knelt down and put his hand into the clayey cave under the roots and felt for the box and drew it out and opened it and took out the little kitten, the one with the kinky tail. She was hot and hungry and so tired of being alone that the vehemence of her small cry showed him the back of her throat and flattened her ears.

He picked her up and held her to comfort her, finding no comfort himself in the embrace.

He looked at her, comparing her point by point with the love he had lost. As he looked the tears ran again down his face, but the kitten didn't see them the way the cat would have done.

She held her foolish head a little to one side, watching him watching her. There were two straight lines from the outer edges of her wide, wide ears down to the little pointed chin, the lines broken only by a defiance of stiff white whiskers.

Her little paws were oval and nigger-brown, and then the color faded from brown to chocolate and from chocolate to golden-brown and then to fawn and so through smoke color, mist color, and palest, softest pink till the eye could see color no longer and the legs were white—white as a cockatoo's feather, white at the white of her plump and jutting breast.

But, just as the breast was plump only to the eye while the fingers discovered it to be made of delicate, paper-thin, knife-edge bone, so the white of her breast when his fingers ran through it displayed new depth's of whiteness at the roots, ever whiter, whiter, as it was closer to the skin.

He knew that she would darken to the color Amanda had worn, but now all her color was in her ears and her nose and her tail and her tender paws and across her loins a moth-pale cloud no more than the color of smoke on a sunny day.

"I'll have to call you 'he' or 'Tom'," he said to her, and she answered him in her thin voice. He didn't mean to hide her, didn't mean to start over again the business of stealing food and time for her.

TIM decided he would keep away from the house until the Pollocks had had time to drive too far to be worth their coming back, that was all. He expected there'd be some sort of a row about it, and, after all, the people had offered to give him a kitten.

He sat holding the kitten, hoping that she might grow to look and to be something like her mother. But he didn't believe much in likenesses. People had to be like themselves, that was all.

It seemed to him that the world was a much worse place than anyone had told him, full of loss and sadness and loneliness and despair. And it seemed to him that no one could help you in it—not your mother nor father, certainly not your brothers.

He fished into the box again and brought up the brilliant jewelled collar and held it against his face because she had worn it. Then he saw the kitten looking at him with her mad, blue, eager eyes, and he slipped her mother's collar over her head. It was too big for her, and too heavy, and she backed away under the burden of jewellery and slipped her head out of it and let it fall.

He picked it up and undid it and buckled it round her middle, where it fitted her better, and she rolled on the ground in an ecstasy of excitement and scuffed at it furiously with her long hind-legs. He picked her up suddenly then with a rush of tenderness for her, and held her upside down in his arms like a baby and scratched her under her chin.

She protested at first, and struggled, but soon her eyes narrowed into slits with pleasure, and she burst into an inexpert, irregular purr.

Tim lowered his head to listen to her, his face suddenly alive with the conviction that this was the first time she had purred, that he had taught her to do it.

He would never forget Amanda—never, never. But it came to him while he held the kitten and scratched her chin and listened that there might be something quite wonderful in loving something younger, something small and weak and silly and dependent on him.

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The novel "Half Angel" is published by J. M. Dent and Sons.

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With the help of Della Street, his secretary, and Paul Drake, private detective, Mason goes into action.

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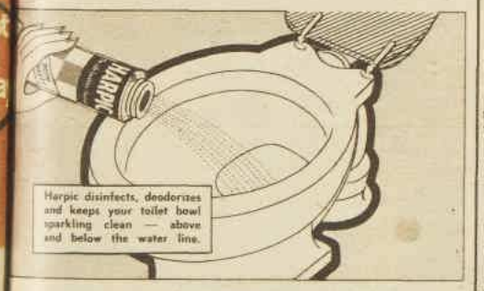

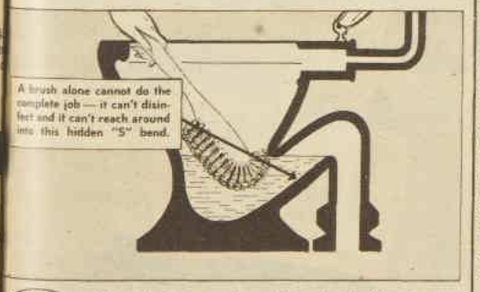

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"Ferry to Hong Kong"

SCHOOLTEACHER Sylvia Syms, who is travelling in charge of a group of Chinese schoolgirls, is invited to dinner by the ferry's unwanted passenger, Curt Jurgens, a man who has neither passport nor landing permit.

Entertainment

★ *Filmed in color by the Rank Organisation in the fascinating port of its title, the dramatic "Ferry To Hong Kong" has an international cast headed by Curt Jurgens, Orson Welles, and Sylvia Syms.*

Plying between Hongkong and Portuguese Macao, the old ferry is forced to carry an unwanted passenger — Jurgens, a waterfront drifter.

AFTER a savage storm and surprise pirate attack almost cripple the ferry, it is Jurgens who unexpectedly assumes charge and supervises the transfer of Sylvia and her charges to a native junk.

ORSON WELLES, as Captain Hart, the bullying, blustering, ferry captain. He lets his enemy save his boat and its passengers when events have reduced him, beaten, to a pitiful and cowardly incompetence.

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Hollywood girls are worried

● Pretty Hollywood girls are these days anxiously asking: "What have the Continental girls got that we haven't?"

IT'S bad enough—say the girls — when the European imports, with their cute accents and unfamiliar faces, get the plum screen roles.

But when they begin to pick off Hollywood's most attractive young men as well — right under the noses of the local girls — it's time to do some worrying.

Two former Miss Universe beauty contestants with screen ambitions, Norway's Jorunn Kristiansen and Denmark's Evy Norlund, are the current offenders.

Jorunn has become engaged to Barry Coe, one of the screen's most eligible and good-looking bachelors. Evy and Jimmy Darren will be married as soon as his divorce from his wife, Gloria, becomes final.

Barry, whose most recent movies are "A Private's Affair" and "But Not For Me," says, "I dated Jorunn first a few months ago, and we fell in love right off the bat." They will be married in Norway.

Jimmy met Evy at a Columbia acting class soon after he and Gloria had parted. By the time he is free he will have finished his next two pictures, "All the Young Men" and "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," and the two will leave for an extended European honeymoon.

★ ★ ★

PARAMOUNT will begin shooting "The World of Suzie Wong" in Hongkong early in the New Year, with **Bill Holden** starring. The studio has been trying to talk **France Nuyen** into repeating her Broadway role, but she says she wants to give up her career and "live like a human being." It's felt, though, that a sudden end to her romance with **Marlon Brando** could make the exotic actress change her mind.

★ ★ ★

IMMENSELY experienced, and once the possessor of a truly magic touch, veteran director Rouben Mamoulian is the man selected to steer **Elizabeth Taylor** through the costly film "Cleopatra."

★ ★ ★

HOLLYWOOD seemed to have lost interest in suave Italian charmer **Rossano Brazzi,** who a couple of years ago was hustled into one picture after another. But now comes news that he will star in "The Ferrari Story," to be made in Rome next year by Robert Aldrich in partnership with Galatea Films.

★ ★ ★

AS a title, "Strangers When We Meet" has proved prophetic. Stars of the movie, **Kim Novak** and **Kirk Douglas,** are talking to each other only when the script demands it. Open warfare broke out on the set when Kim tried to show Douglas how to play a scene. When he recovered from his surprise, Kirk walked off, and the two have never addressed an unnecessary word to each other since.

★ ★ ★

DIALOGUE for the dubbing of the German version of "On the Beach" has been written by "All Quiet On the Western Front" author **Erich Maria Remarque,** husband of former star Paulette Goddard.

BARRY COE and Jorunn Kristiansen, who was Miss Norway in last year's Miss Universe contest, photographed at a Hollywood nightclub soon after they had announced their engagement.

New Film

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above Average
★ Average
No star — Poor

★ YESTERDAY'S ENEMY

War drama, with Stanley Baker, Leo McKern. Victory, Sydney.

SELF-CONSCIOUS dialogue, corny attitudinising, and fake scenery ruin the chances of this British war film.

Believing that the end justifies the means, the tough leader of some weary British troops (Baker) orders the execution of two Burmese villagers to extract important information from a captured native informer.

A war correspondent (McKern) and the padre (Guy Rolfe) both disagree with Baker's point of view.

But McKern looks too fat to have survived the supposed rigors, and Rolfe — instead of looking worn-out and worried —moves about with the grace of someone strolling in the Forest of Arden.

Later, the village is retaken by the Japanese, and the British leader must either divulge information to the enemy or watch the killing of his own men.

It's a good, strong theme, and could have resulted in a first-class film if the other key players had been as convincing as Gordon Jackson (the sergeant)—and if the dialogue had been natural.

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b. **STANDARD POUCH:** in Hunter Green or Saddle Brown - £14.9.6.

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TO SET A JELLY QUICKLY
Dissolve the jelly crystals in some hot water and make up to the required quantity with iced water. This method cools the mixture and enables you to chill it quickly.

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"Live" Domain telecast challenge to minister

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "I Challenge the Minister," a controversial question-and-answer religious programme conducted by the Rev. Alan Walker, head of the Central Methodist Mission, will be telecast "live" from Sydney's Domain on Sunday, December 6, at 4 p.m.

IT should be a real day out at the Domain, traditionally Sydney's soapbox arena where anyone from eccentric spruikers to political leaders and hangers-on can gather a crowd.

The crowd is always well behaved (the police see to that), but it is generally a critical and heckling crowd—which is exactly what Mr. Walker hopes for.

He wants this first "live" outside telecast to be challenging both to him and his audience.

I think there is no doubt about that. No question or subject is taboo in this open forum. And Mr. Walker has a well-deserved reputation for the straight answer.

"I Challenge the Minister" was once filmed at the Sydney Trades Hall with an audience made up of members of the Waterside Workers' Federation.

Mr. Walker certainly had a challenging audience that day. They challenged him right, left, and centre with as curly a series of questions as could be imagined.

He handled the questions with amazing honesty and forthrightness.

It was an excellent example of his expressed hope — that he proves the pulpit is not a place of retreat and safety from contentious subjects.

He has taken his TV pulpit also to the railway workers at Chullora, where the show was filmed, and to the University, where he happily survived the questioning of students.

Generally, "I Challenge the Minister" (Channel 9, Sundays 4 p.m.) is telecast direct from the studio, and draws an audience of between 500 and 600, rain or shine. More than 2000 people are expected at the Domain, the biggest programme yet attempted.

Mr. Walker hopes to do another "live" outside telecast from one of Sydney's biggest beaches this summer and later do similar outside telecasts from Melbourne and other capital cities.

I asked him whether any special preparations would be necessary before the Domain telecast, which is likely to be the most lively and controversial yet.

He was surprised that I should think special preparation was necessary.

"I will follow the same rule as I always do — complete honesty," he said.

"People don't despise a man if he says 'I don't know the answer to that.'

"But they do despise him if they know he knows the answer but plays safe or hedges on controversial issues.

DAVID JANSSEN, private eye Richard Diamond (Channel 9, Fridays, 8 p.m.), talks to Louella Parsons at a Hollywood party given by Merle Oberon.

"If you are not frank, you are finished.

"And the big thing that helps me is my belief that God won't let me down—the certain confidence that this conviction brings."

I asked Mr. Walker if he felt the programme had increased his regular Sunday congregation. He said many people had told him they were there because of the TV programme.

"I think there is no doubt that this open encounter with people does show that the Church can stand up for itself.

"I believe it does help all churches and does show the reasonableness and the intellectual strength of the Christian position.

"The Christian faith is the most satisfying intellectual interpretation of life that can be found.

"It can come out into the open and it can stand up to anything."

Mr. Walker is visiting America in January. He has been chosen to deliver the Wilson Lectures at the South-Western University in Georgetown, Texas.

The Wilson Lectures are an annual lectureship made up of a series of lectures on the Christian faith. The lectures are also published in book form.

Mr. Walker's Wilson Lectures certainly should be enlivened by the practical Christianity he has practised in "I Challenge the Minister."

★ ★ ★

"SILENT SERVICE" (Channel 7, Thursdays, 7 p.m.) has always been one of my favorite programmes, but the one last week really rocked me and made me wonder whether this based-on-fact series is as good as I thought it was.

The story concerned the rescue by the submarine Nautilus of a group of nuns from a Pacific Island, and told how every member of the crew felt enriched by the presence of the nuns aboard.

My first laugh came when an Australian lieutenant appeared. His uniform, complete with one of those never-before-donned Digger hats turned up stiffly at the side, had to be seen to be believed.

But the show was really notable for one of those remarks that I'm certain never was made.

The senior nun was very sick in bed in the sub's sick bay, lying back in the bunk completely habited and coifed. It was very hot and the doctor chatting to her asked if she always wore her habit.

"Yes," she said, "ever since I was sworn in."

★ ★ ★

WHEN I talked to United Press International correspondent Oscar Fraley recently as he waited to board a plane to Hongkong, neither of us could get the conversation started along the lines we wanted it to go.

I wanted to talk about his book "The Untouchables," from which the splendid TV series is made (Channel 7, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.), which he "ghosted" for Elliot Ness. He wanted to talk about the golf telecasts he'd seen in Australia.

"Yeah, yeah," he said, "I did write 'Untouchables' for Ness, but say, that golf was wonderful. It was miles better than any golf we telecast in America.

"Yes, I wrote 'Untouchables', but that golf, those commentators. I congratulated them and they were very flattered.

"Back home when we have a golf match they get a big name to do it, but they don't care whether or not he knows about the game.

"Naturally his commentary gets to be a little hairy—kind of rough—and he's quite likely to say that someone is driving off with a putter.

"We laugh about it but that's what we get. Now that Ampol telecast and the Canada Cup were really something."

Mr. Fraley came to Australia specially to cover the Canada Cup, so it was natural for him to want to talk about the golf, but I eventually got him back to "The Untouchables."

("The Untouchables" tells the story of the fight to clean up gangsterism in Chicago in the Capone era in the 1930s. Elliot Ness was the detective in charge of the special organisation which did it.)

He hasn't seen the series now being shown here, but he is more than interested in it.

The book appeared more than two years ago. To fivewire Mr. Fraley — who has been in Helsinki, Tokio, Melbourne and "all over" since, has turned out a daily column and written and published another book—it is past history.

His second book, also ghosted, was "The Taste of Ashes," the story of famous sports and newsreel commentator Bill Stern's 16-year addiction to the drug morphine, which was discovered after his dramatic collapse at the microphone during a football broadcast last New Year's Day.

Mr. Fraley, whose column appears under the name "Fearless Fraley," seems to have got well among the more sensational best-selling ghost writing. As soon as he can fit another book into his crowded schedule, he is going to ghost one about American Supreme Court Judge Joseph Crater, who disappeared in 1930.

Judge Crater's disappearance is regarded as one of the most baffling mysteries of the age. His wife, who has since remarried, has never spoken about it publicly, but she has asked Mr. Fraley to ghost the story from her angle.

And getting back to TV — Fraley's hoping Hollywood will be looking interestedly in the direction of his other books. Judging from "The Untouchables," they'd make good TV.

TELEVISION PARADE

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Continuing . . . TOO LATE FOR LOVE

from page 25

ree, every day on the hill together, most nights walking home together, dances, parties, and in the early mornings begging to each other in front of her house, cramped in a dented green coupe.

"I remember Helen very well," he told his son. "I kept in touch with her for a long time. She was living in San Francisco, last I heard."

"She lives right here now," Billy said. "Her husband is in the English department, Doctor Chartier — Petey, everybody calls him."

"And the girl, Louise, what's she like?"

"Well, she's great," Billy said carefully. "Blond, brown eyes, terrific build, stacked like mad. Serious kind of girl, but with a big sense of humor. Bright. Just the living end of it all, Louise is."

"I'd like to meet her," his father said.

"Well, I have this little problem," Billy said. "I'm very serious about Louise. You know how it is with me; I don't jump around a lot. Like I knew when I was twelve that I wanted to be a chemist, and I still do. And you remember, Tommy Barton has been my best friend since we were in the eighth grade. I'll admit it may not sound too crafty to be talking this way when I'm only eighteen, but I'm very serious about Louise."

A reasonable kid, his father thought. The way to manage Billy had always been to stay in close, get in your blows while he was still considering something, leave him alone afterwards.

"Tell me more," his father said.

"I want to ask her to marry me," Billy said. "In two years, when we both get out of school."

"And is that the problem—to decide whether you'll ask her to marry you?" Birmingham said.

Billy laughed, crinkling the smooth tan skin around his eyes. "Oh, that's no problem," he said. "She understands. Her father's no problem, either. What Louise wants, he wants. Always been that way, she says. But we think her mother might lower the boom on the idea.

"She takes a pretty firm line on most things, her mother does. She's a nice woman, real nice, but you wouldn't call her a progressive parent."

"And then there's that other minor matter," his father said. "There's your mother, and there's me."

"Ah, don't get hard, Dad," Billy said. "You know I wouldn't do anything like that without telling you first. When did I ever? But you have to ask the girl first. What would be the point otherwise?"

His father shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you think, Dad?" Billy said. "Am I crazy?"

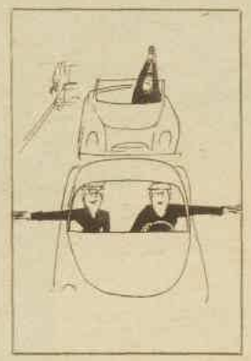
"I don't think it's the greatest idea I ever heard," his father said. "It would take me an hour to tell you why. You ought to know some of the reasons yourself. There are a lot of married students here. If you know any of them well, I think you know they're not having any great time.

"When you're young you should stay single, move around, learn enough so that you can make a sensible judgment about what you're going to do with your time in the world."

"But I told you we wouldn't be married until we were graduated," Billy said.

"If you become engaged now, boy, you won't want to wait two years to be married."

"If I say I will, I will," Billy



said, "and I think you know that."

"You asked me what I thought," Birmingham said. "And I've told you: don't do it. And Louise's mother will tell her the same thing. That's automatic; any mother will say that to an eighteen-year-old daughter.

"I'm on her side. Why tie yourself down at your age? Why assume responsibilities that you aren't ready to handle? Believe me, you aren't ready, whatever you think."

The boy reached across the table for his father's arm. "Look, Dad, I believe you," he said. "I know there are good arguments against it. I've been all over them with myself a hundred times, believe me. But they all collapse on one point, and they would for you, too.

"All I have to do is let you meet Louise. If I don't tie Louise up, man, somebody else is going to. If I had real good sense, I'd marry her now. And if I lose her—well, I'll never forget it; I'll never forgive myself, all my life. You'd feel the same way, I know you would, in the same spot."

His father didn't answer. "He has me there, all right," he said to himself. "He doesn't know — he can't know — but he has me there."

He pushed his coffee-cup aside. "O.K.," he said. "I won't tell you you can't do it; you know I won't do that. But you know you won't do it until I'm convinced you should, and I'm telling you right now you've got some all-night arguments ahead of you."

"That's fair," Billy said. "I don't want more. Look, you were always a reasonable father, to coin a phrase; that's why I'm such a reasonable fellow myself. O.K.?"

"Sure," his father said. "Let me have one of your cigarettes."

Billy shook the pack open and lit a match almost in the same motion. "But there's one thing you can do for me, Dad," he said. "One little thing, and I can't do it for myself."

"I can guess," his father said. "And I'm not going to do it. I'm not going to go around and see Helen Belldon and tell her what a great idea it is for you and Louise to be married."

"I can see why you're the terror of the construction world," Billy said. "Always one jump ahead."

"Don't kid me," his father said.

"I'm not, man; I'm not," Billy said. "I wasn't going to ask you to tell Louise's mother that it's a great idea. I'm not going to ask you to do that. I just wish you'd see her, and talk to her, and find out what she thinks, in a general way.

"Because, you know, if Louise asks her, and she says no—a final no, no for good — then we're much worse off; then it's almost hopeless. I don't like to play by ear. I want to know how the ground lies when it's an important matter, and this is very important. To me," he said, almost as an afterthought. "To us."

Howard Birmingham smiled. "I can admire your strategy," he said, "even if I am opposed to your purpose."

"Well, thanks," Billy said. "Will you do it, then? It's not a hard thing to do. After all, she's an old friend; you knew her well; you can tell how she thinks."

"Yes, I knew her well," his father said. His son's face showed nothing but open eagerness. He meant only what he said, Birmingham was sure. "All right," he said finally. "I'll renew my acquaintance with Helen Belldon."

"Great, Dad!" Billy said. "You don't mind? I mean, it's no trouble for you?"

"No trouble," his father said. "I'll call her this morning; maybe she'll ask me to lunch. If you've got a ten o'clock, you'd better beat it. I'll pick you up for dinner."

They walked into the sunlight, stood for a moment on the walk, and parted.

The Chartier house was near enough to the campus, on a hilly little street running up from the lake. It was a big house, square and white, guarded by shrubs; it looked cool and comfortable.

Walking to the steps that mounted to the broad, old-fashioned porch, Howard Birmingham felt his palms go moist, and for a moment he regretted the impulse that had made him drive two hundred miles out of his way to drop in on Billy. "I never wanted to do this," he told himself. "I never wanted to do this. I've been afraid of this for years."

She came to the door before he could touch the bell, a tall woman, moving, it seemed to him, with the same old grace, smiling, her hair darker, but that was all, both hands held out to him. She kissed his cheek as though she'd seen him last a week before.

"I was watching for you," she said. "I knew it would be so good to see you again."

"I'm sorry it was on such short notice," he said.

The porch ran all the way around the house, and in the back it faced on a garden. They sat on a wicker couch, a bottle of sherry on the table in front of them. There was no sound in the house. A jay muttered crossly somewhere in the garden. Far away on the lake an outboard buzzed.

"This is nice," he said.

"It's comfortable," Helen said. "It's calming. I think we're likely to stay here."

She didn't say, Howard thought, "I guess we'll stay here for a while." She said, "I think we'll stay here." Finality. Helen Belldon and husband, Doctor Chartier, called Petey by his students!

"I saw Jerry Robinson in New York a couple of months ago," he said. "Remember him?"

"Of course," Helen said.

They dredged up out of their memories and recatalogued a dozen other people. They talked on easily, and their conversation moved steadily backward in time.

"We were in New York for a year in '56," she said. "Peter was at Columbia. I called your office once, but they told me you were going to be in Europe for a long time."

"I was in France nearly all of '56," he said. "I nearly didn't come back at all."

"Your wife was French, wasn't she? Someone told me you met her in France."

"That's right," Howard said. "I met Marie in Paris just before the war, and we were married six weeks later."

"I saw her picture in a magazine when her first book was published," Helen said. "In 1950? I thought she looked very pleasant."

"Oh, she is," Howard said. "Marie is a remarkable woman—pretty, extremely intelligent, kind——"

"You've had an interesting life, certainly," Helen said.

"Haven't you?"

"Oh, I think so. It hasn't been very exciting, but you know me; I could amuse myself on a desert island." She laughed shortly. "Have some

To page 82

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more sherry," she said. "I want some too."

He didn't move. Then, after a bit, he reached for her hand lying in her lap, and it closed on his like a coiled spring. She fell against him, and he against her, so that their upper arms burned against each other.

"The last time I saw you," he said, "was the Sunday after graduation. You remember, Gordie Watson had phoned me from Chicago; he had a job waiting for me if I could be there on Monday. Your mother had died. We were barely alone together that day, and out of all the time I had thought there was to tell you so many things, suddenly there was no time left.

"That was actually the last time I saw you, but I never think of it as the last time. When I have thought of you all these years, I've thought of that last night earlier in June, when we went to the house in Brentwood. You remember, don't you?"

"I remember," she said softly.

In May of that year Howard Birmingham and three other men had leased a little house in the suburbs for the summer.

The others were going to summer session; Howard had an inconsequential job, temporary, but enough to keep him, and he had planned to spend the summer in an elaborate reconnaissance by mail for permanent work in the autumn.

Slowly he turned to look at her. Her eyes glistened, and in his own he could feel the first tears he had known for years. Though they were still sitting facing the little green sea of the garden, their bodies were so close that the turning of their heads brought their lips almost together.

Continuing . . . TOO LATE FOR LOVE

He pressed her head against the cushioned rest behind her and her hand tightened again on his and then fell limp; they came apart, and stared at each other, their eyes full of compassion. Helen spoke first.

"My dear," she said, "this is the year of our Lord and grace 1958, and 1936 is a long way behind us; behind us for good too."

"I know all that, Helen, darling," he said. "I know all that, but I want to go back for just one minute! I want to ask you something."

She dropped her head back against the cushion. "I don't think you should," she said, "but if you must, go ahead. And are you never going to pour me another sherry?"

The last night with Helen, just a week before graduation, they had met at seven o'clock. He had borrowed a car; he had a vast sum of money — more than fifteen dollars — and they had had an elaborate dinner. They had said very little. They had for a long time lived deep in each other's hearts; their great comfort was in their presence; speech was no necessity, and when they did speak they were quick and elliptic.

Too, they were on the brink of a book's end in the histories of their lives; they were saddened by it, a little frightened, and the first creeping tendrils of the nostalgia for this place and this time, the homesickness that would loom so large in later years, were already forming.

They drove to a grove of beeches on a point of land reaching into the lake, and they sat there quietly for a long time after the sun had gone, quietly at first, and then desperately in each other's arms.

from page 79

It was not the hunger of passion that held them so tightly together — they were not lovers — they were rather like children caught in a field with thunderclouds rolling up.

The dim lights of another car coming up the road shattered their precious privacy like a siren's howl; it was unbearable that anyone else should be near them, and Howard drove to the empty house in Brentwood.

He carried Helen into the house through the side door, up the three steps to the hallway, into the living-room to the big couch in front of the screened window. They stayed there all night, until dawn, putting themselves through torments of restraint. The strong physical attraction between them was conquered by their belief that love must uphold honor.

Insane with love, pitiful in their youth and their inexperience, they wildly kissed each other, but in the end retreated to cry helplessly at arm's length.

Finally, in the light of day, they were comforted by the most pedestrian thing they could think to do: they made scrambled eggs and coffee.

Before they left the house they convinced themselves that they were happy—indeed, very happy. They stood on the lawn for a moment, watching the pink sunrise, and then walked arm in arm to the car.

"You remember, my dear," Howard was saying, "when we left the house, and stopped on the lawn, we stood under that big tree for a little while. We leaned against it and watched the sunrise; you remember?"

"Of course," Helen said, "I remember."

"Tell me quickly now. Just then, if I had asked you to marry me, what would you have said, right then and there?"

Helen turned her head slowly to look at him. "Why should I tell you quickly," she asked, "or slowly? I don't have to think about it. I know the answer. I'd have said yes, of course. But, my dear, you didn't ask me."

"No, I didn't ask," Howard said. "I didn't. I calculated my worldly goods, which

> **After a good dinner one can forgive anybody, even one's own relations.**
>
> *—Oscar Wilde*

amounted to seven dollars and some change; I examined my prospects — which were fifteen dollars a week for ninety days — and I didn't ask you."

"You are not to be blamed for it," Helen said.

He wasn't listening. "Then, when I got the job in Chicago, I figured I'd come back to you soon enough, having plundered the Indies in the meantime, and we'd live happily ever afterward.

"It all seemed perfectly simple. Thinking back on it now, it seems as if I were another person, thinking in another language, in another time and place, but I remember it well enough."

"I know, my dear, I know," Helen said.

"You got tired of waiting," he said. "You're not to be blamed for that, either."

"I didn't get tired of waiting," she said. "After all, you wrote to me. But a new life was forming for you; you were excited about it; I seemed to have no place in it. I didn't think I was waiting for you any more because I didn't think you were waiting for me. Then I met Peter in Phoenix, and—well, he was very dear, it wasn't hard for me to convince myself."

"The stupidity of the young," Birmingham said. "It's incredible. Actually, I didn't know, until you were married, what I had done with my life." He stirred impatiently; he shook his head. "Tell me," he said, "when did you know?"

"Oh, I knew that night, I think," she said. "The night in Brentwood. Or so it seems to me now, looking back. But how can we tell? And why should we try?" She stood up. "Lunch is ready," she said.

He looked up at her. "I really don't feel a lot like eating," he said.

"Don't be silly," she said . . .

She came to the car with him an hour later.

"You know," she said, "we didn't talk about the one obvious thing."

"Louise and Billy?"

She nodded, smiling, her head a little to one side.

"I think we did," he said. "I think we talked about that most of all."

She gave him her hand, firm and strong; he twisted the key and started away. He watched her in the mirror. She stood for only a second; then she was moving toward the house, her head high, secure in grace and beauty.

At five he called Billy.

"What's the word, man?" his son said.

"We had lunch," Birmingham said. "We had a very pleasant lunch. We talked about this and that. You don't have to worry about Louise's mother. It will be all right."

"Are you sure, Dad?" Billy said. "I mean, what did you say when you brought it up?"

"I didn't bring it up. I didn't talk about it. Just take my word for it. Just believe me when I say I'm sure."

There was a long silence. "Well, whatever you say, man," Billy said.

"And another thing," his father said. "I've changed my own view of the matter a little. My advice now, if you want advice, is, ask the girl to marry you. Ask her tonight. Look, if you don't want to wait two years, let me know. I can work it out."

Billy's voice was thin, when it came. "You were always reasonable father, man," he said. He tried to laugh. "I don't know how to thank you. But look. Don't worry about it. We probably won't, you know; we'll probably wait right."

"You can see how it works out," his father said. "Phone me in a week or so. If you don't lose her, that's all."

"What do you mean, we don't to you?" Billy said. "Are we having dinner together?"

"I shouldn't have stayed so long, Billy," Birmingham said. "I think I'll push off."

"Well, O.K., Dad," Billy said. "I wish you'd stay though."

"Don't kid me," his father said. "Tell Louise I'm looking forward to meeting her."

The road climbed steadily from the city limits, and when the car settled over the last rise, five miles out, Birmingham thought of stopping for a few minutes to look back at the town, green and white in the long valley that sheltered it, but he thought better of it, he kept his foot down, he didn't even turn around.

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1 *K&A STANDARD...huge mesh top... fully adjustable...**gleaming white tubular steel legs**...folds flat. Complete as shown...**£11/7/6***

2 *K&A ARISTOCRAT...fully adjustable... **huge wooden top.** As shown...**9 GNS.***

3 *K&A BIG TOP...**fully adjustable.** As shown, no fittings...**£6/12/6***

4 *K&A MINUTE MOP for quick, easy **once-over cleaning**, floors, walls. Shampoos carpets. **No stooping... hands stay dry...26/-***

5 *K&A WAXMASTER spreads an **even, long-lasting** film of liquid wax **without stooping** or mess...**55/-***

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8 *K&A MOPETTE window cleaner with **detachable long handle...19/6***

9 *K&A SUPER MOP...**most luxurious made...** black with red fringe...or red with blue, red with pink. (Handle extra)...**29/6***

10 *K&A ACTION MOP...top quality cotton in **rust-proof socket and new-type gripper** outlasts 3 ordinary mops...sizes **11/-, 12/3***

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V222B

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning December 7

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a new venture.

★ You may rush into town, make hasty purchases, work on new materials, push aside domestic duties in favor of an undertaking which must be completed. Whether its a Christmas dressing for a loved one or a dress for a special occasion, you'll be an eager beaver. Some of you let the dishes stand in the sink and sit up late to finish the job.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, mauve. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a secret.

★ There may be whispering behind doors, stifled laughter, excitedly in the air, but you'll be as the snow. If wishing to hide an object don't just tuck it away; put it under lock and key to secure it from curious eyes. Your secret could be anything from the announcement of your engagement if young, to a wonderful toy for a child, if a parent.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, mauve. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in love.

★ Your nearest and dearest hold first place in your thoughts. The man in your life will be happy to fall in with your ideas if you present them attractively. If married, you begin to organise the children's festivities. If older, holiday entertaining. This is likely to include celebration of a distinction to a member of the household. You give and receive love.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a crowded programme.

★ There will be no time for regrets, sadness, thoughts turned inward. You'll be so busy dealing with problems which must be solved that you'll be in top gear. Whether you're organising a party for children, visiting the elderly, planning a surprise for one you love, you will be the one who gets things done. Your efficiency arouses admiration.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in social life.

★ As the tempo quickens you mix around among people. New acquaintances become friends and friends drop up. Invitations are showered on you; unfortunately you can't be in two places at once, so some must be declined. A scheme may be put forward which would extend through the summer, making it memorable. A dashing personality appeals.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a happy ending.

★ A cycle in your affairs, interests, activities is coming to a close, but the new chapter has not begun. The in-between period gives you a chance to reflect on the past, plan the future on the basis of experience. A breach in personal relationships may be healed, or, having attained an ambition, effort is no longer necessary in that direction.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in many short journeys.

★ Go in person if the matter is important. Delays, mistakes are likely if you rely on others. Guard your belongings carefully in public places; count your change, make sure you receive what you bought. You may grizzle over a fruitless journey, or domestic demands on your time, but out of confusion you produce order and see your way clear.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in the marketplace.

★ If just starting your career, whether the job be temporary or permanent, the stars are kindly, while a modest beginning will soon lead to more important work. The buyer or seller of goods or services should enjoy a successful period, although nervous tension may result. A small favor done for a stranger could have a wonderful aftermath.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, violet. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in carrying out your plans.

★ Ways and means, the financing of your schemes will keep you on the hop. Don't trust to the inspiration of the moment; write down details, check off each item as you attend to it. Be precise when giving instructions, or misunderstandings are probable. A social situation may arise which requires tact, patience, but you can smooth it over.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a windfall.

★ Something comes to light on which you hadn't counted, it changes the entire picture for you. It may be an increase in pay, a valuable present, the offer of a job, or relief from a domestic burden, but it brightens your outlook. In some cases this applies to the man in your life but you benefit indirectly from improved conditions.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in a new friendship.

★ A member of your own sex may move into your neighborhood. With many interests in common you now have a pal to share your spare-time activities. A new friend may open the gate to a new world, bringing wider social experience. Should this new friend be of the opposite sex, a love affair may spring up. Give it time to develop gradually.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in favorable publicity.

★ It's not enough to do a good job in your occupation, your social life, your efforts on behalf of the community; unless people know about it you may be passed over. Your sign is by nature modest, you allow others to take all the credit. Whether you are eager for promotion or to be selected to play in a sporting fixture, show off.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6341, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5356. — Cool over-blouse has unusual bodice. Requires 1⅞yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/-.

F5258. — Pretty half slip and matching camisole top. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material for slip and 1 to 1½yds. 36in. material for camisole, 8yds. beading ribbon, and 9½yds. ⅛in. ribbon. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/9.

F5396. — Smart and youthful semi-fitted sheath dress. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/9.

F5326. — Smart working-day frock, suits any age or figure, has short or ¾-length sleeves. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/9.

F5259. — Cute summer shortie pyjamas. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material and 7yds. lace edging. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/9.

F5301. — Pretty and cool frock for a little girl has matching bolero. Requires 2⅞ to 3⅜yds. 36in. material and 12yds. ⅛in. lace edging. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 years. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 173—SUNFROCK AND BOLERO
The cool sheath dress has a simple matching bolero. Available cut out ready to make in a star-printed cotton poplin in green, saxe-blue, rose-pink, grey, and avocado; all printed with white. Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust, 37/3; 38 and 40in. bust, 39/9; 42 and 44in. bust, 41/9. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 174—GIRL'S SHORTIE PYJAMAS
Little shortie pyjamas have scalloped edge and heart-shaped pocket. Available cut out ready to make in pretty blue-and-white seersucker and in dainty pastel designs in blue, lemon, and pink. For a 2-year-old, 18/9; 3 to 4 years, 21/6; 5 to 6 years, 23/6; 7 to 8 years, 25/3; 9 to 10 years, 26/9; 11 to 12 years, 28/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 175—LITTLE GIRL'S PARTY FROCK
Pretty little frock has puff sleeves and bodice detail. Available cut out ready to make in sanforised poplin in pale blue, lemon, pinky-beige, grey, red, and bolero-blue. For a 2-year-old, 19/9; 3 to 4 years, 21/-; 5 to 6 years, 23/9; 7 to 8 years, 24/9. Postage 2/3 extra.

No. 176—TENNIS FROCK
The simple tennis frock is available cut out ready to make in no-iron white poplin and white piqué. For a 10-year-old, 22/3; 11 to 12 years, 24/9; 13 to 14 years, 27/9; 15 to 16 years, 31/6. Postage 2/3 extra.

● ***Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.***

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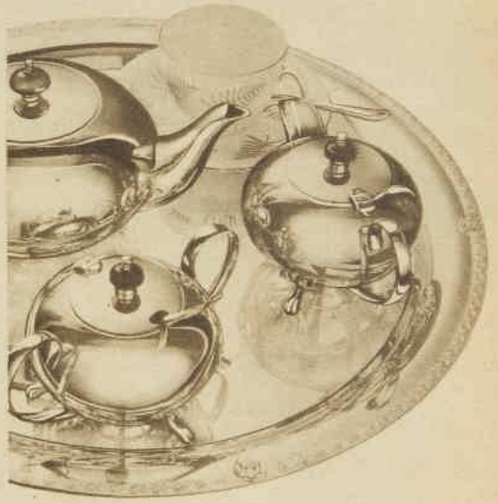

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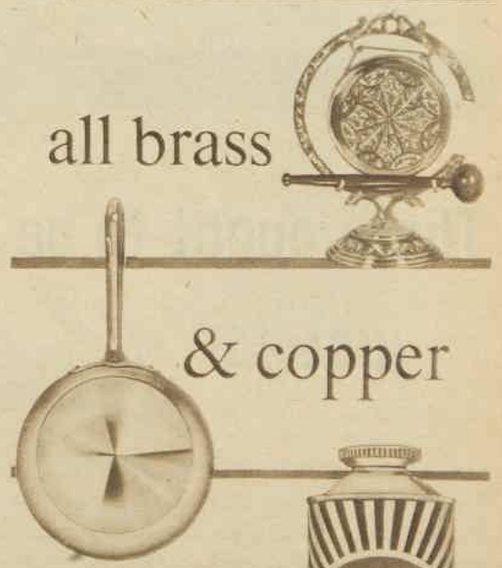
52

all brass



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"Tempting?" "Tantalizing?" — no, even those words are not good enough! This reporter knows there ought to be a better word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They deserve it

There ought to be a better word than "DELICIOUS"... just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes

NEWS ITEM: WORLD-WIDE RELEASE

Everywhere, every morning, people of all ages enjoy the baffling taste sensation of crisp, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Baffling? Yes – for years now, many have tried to copy that world-famous flavour – but all have failed. The corn comes from Nature – but the flavour is a well-kept Kellogg's secret, because Kellogg's do wonders with corn. (And did you know that corn is Nature's favourite grain?)

yes! so difficult to describe

ever since Kellogg's started making Corn Flakes

full of energy from the sun!

Better tasting, more sustaining because Kellogg's do wonders with corn

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TROUPER

...cious little Janice Swan-
...aged 3, of Croydon
South Australia, will
...inging and dancing on
...ren's TV sessions soon.
...re does she get her
...gy? *She enjoys Vegemite*
...ry day.

...emite — the *only* pure,
...entrated yeast extract —
...e richest food source of
...min B, which is *essential*

- healthy nerves
- good digestion
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...r children will enjoy deli-
...s Vegemite. Spread it on
... sandwiches, biscuits —
...n baby's rusks.

...EMITE — made by Kraft.

BARRASSING HAIR GONE

...our hair can
...embarrassing —
...ness, too. But
...emove it the
...way. Avoid razor
...ne scratchy stubble
...new formula VEET
... New VEET is whiter,
... than ever — *faster*,
...It's the modern cosmetic
...wash stops quick
...ch by dissolving hair
...that level. Apply VEET,
...then simply wash the hair
...Feel how soft, how smooth
...skin becomes! Don't be
...this special beauty cream,
...ble for facial hair, too!
...tube: large size, 5/6

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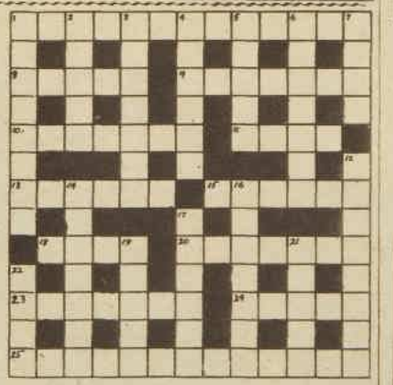
Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, PRINCESS NARDA, and DR. TATE have been listening to the fantastic story of the robot caveman inside the "shaking" mountain. He has explained that his masters, the beings of other planets, put him on Earth to watch and wait till the Earth people became advanced enough in science to become a threat to other planets. During the ages he has been collecting samples of all animals to take to the mother planet. Now he wants human samples. NOW READ ON:

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Meteorologists, if they are not good, may have this seasoned appearance (13).
8. Improve, mostly by finishing your prayer (5).
9. Such partner has ring (7).
10. Opposite to the weather side (7).
11. Sell more than once 45 inches (4).
13. Deny its net age (6).
15. Pieces of bony armor in a crocodile which is attractive in a steamer (6).
18. Coinery of an aromatic plant (4).
20. A bird worth 10 dollars (2, 5).
23. Eat me an issue (7).
24. Two French friends, the first headless, in Florida (5).
25. Standard of flourishing physical conditions at Michaelmas (5, 2, 1, 5).

DOWN

1. Fragile fish for a feeble person (8).
2. Give extreme unction in an elementary case (5).
3. Pipe made mostly of dry ant (7).
4. Flower in the Red Sea (6).
5. Obliterate a seer (5).
6. One of the three (7).
7. Almost but not entirely night (4).
12. Say tripe (Anagr., 8).
14. Make a wry face with a ghastly card (7).
16. Starved in the North of England (7).
17. It is not a female vehicle but a kiss (6).
19. Harts are worthless stuff (5).
21. Mohammedan fanatic (5).
22. Single thickness of a folded paper growing on plants (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

If you go for real chocolate flavour—you'll go for milk-drinks made with QUIK—in a big way! Nestlé's QUIK is real chocolate, finely powdered and specially made to dissolve the moment it goes into milk. So get the tallest glass of the coldest milk, spoon in two teaspoons of QUIK—and start drinking the most chocolatey drink of all!

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Xmas 1959

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3LB. CAKE IN TIN

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